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ANGEL OF PEACE.

BY ELLEN E. MILES.

Sweet Angel of Peace, go forth in thy beauty!
Bear thy glad tidings to cottage and hall.
Fold not thy pinions till finished thy duty,
And "Good will to men," be echoed by all.

Carry thy message to hearts that are breaking;
Bid them rejoice, for the hour is at hand,
When the whole earth from its error awaking,
Shall float the white banner of peace o'er the land.

Wrap the broad earth in thy mantle of glory,
Scatter the olive of peace by the way,
Over dark battle fields, blood-stained and gory,
Wreathe the bright palm with unwithering bay.

Palm,— as an emblem of sweet peace victorious;
Bay,— for the heroes who conquered by love;
May they forever united wave o'er us,
Until we find rest in the Eden above.

New Haven, Conn.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Do you not think *New Year's Day* is one of your brightest and pleasantest holidays? Those delightful greetings of loved parents and brothers and sisters on New Year's morning, "I wish you a happy New Year, "I wish you a happy New Year," and the same kind wish repeated by every schoolmate and friend that we meet during the day—how glad and joyous it makes us feel. The Editor asks the privilege of joining with your many kind friends in heartily wishing each one of you a very happy New Year.

Shall I tell you, in a few words, how you can make this New Year a very happy one? Imitate little Harry Noble. On last New Year's morning, his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, had all wished him a happy New Year. All day long the words "Happy New Year" kept ringing in his ears like the strains of sweet music. At night, before he closed his eyes to sleep, he asked himself, "What can I do to make this year a happy one?" Then came to his mind the words of that simple, pretty verse that the children all know so well,—

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden, like the Heaven above."

"Now," said Harry, "I wonder if this is so. I hope it is. For I want to be happy, and I am only a little boy. I cannot do great things. I cannot speak great words. But I know I can do little acts of kindness. I can speak little words of love. They are just my size. I mean to try this year and do as the little hymn teaches. I will see if that will make me happy."

And, before he slept, he lifted up his heart in prayer, and asked his Father in Heaven to bless him and help him keep his good resolution. Now, all through the last year Harry has watched for opportunities when at home and at school, and wherever he has been, to do little deeds of kindness, and to speak little words of love.

I need not tell you how many, many such opportunities he has found. Hardly an hour of the whole year has passed in which he has not done some little kind act, or spoken some little loving word to father, mother, brother or sister, or teacher, or playmate.

How has Harry's experiment proved? Why, he says, the last year has been a very happy one, and he is so much delighted with the experiment that he means to keep on in the same way this year. Perhaps Harry does not know that by this course he has not merely made the year a happy one for himself, but has done much to make it a happy one for all his friends. His presence has been like sunshine. Let all the readers of the *Angel* follow Harry's example, and they shall find this year a happy one.

HEROINE.—There is one word of which four others can be made, which alternate curiously between the genders:—

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

FROM REV. TITUS COAN, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I desire to say a word to the dear children, especially the boys of my native land. I hope the children will pardon, if what I say appears *boyish and egotistical*. The subject is

MY MILITARY EXPERIENCE.

When I was a school-boy, eleven years old, Uncle Sam sent word to John Bull that he "would *fight* him and *whip* him." Old John replied, "Try it if you dare." So they pitched in like two mad bullies, or bulls. They shook fists at each other, and swore some, and defied and looked death. I was living on the north shore of Long Island Sound, and for three years, from 1812 to 1815, I saw the great British ships of war sailing up and down the sound, chasing our boats and sloops and brigs up the rivers and into the harbors, or running them upon the rocks and upon the beaches high and dry. Day and night I heard their big guns thunder, and saw the infernal smoke from their fiery mouths. And the alarm bells rang at mid-night, and the shore batteries blazed and thundered to keep off the bloody barges which tried to land and burn my native town. I had a brother in the army, and when he was about to go into camp, he drew his new sword and went out of the house and fought a *tree*. I thought he was mad; but he told me that he was trying his sword on the tree to see if it would break. I wish all fighters would break their swords on trees, and not on human heads. During the war, armies marched and fought on land, and ships fought on oceans and lakes.

Many of the ships were named after their owners, as *Vixen*, *Vindictive*, *Vengeance*, *Spitfire*, etc. I never saw one named "*The Prince of Peace*," or "*The Sister of Charity*," or "*Good Will*," or "*Mercy*." Well, after three years, the bullies concluded to stop fighting. Very few, if any, knew what they had been fighting for; but Sam and John said to each other, "Let us fight."! I don't know which spoke first, but I think their hearts spoke together. One said, "I'll quit if you will," and the other said, "Agreed." So after John Bull had taken Washington, burnt Buffalo, destroyed several hundred vessels, driven our commercial marine from many waters, and done sundry other mischievous and bloody deeds, and after Uncle Sam had killed a lot of Red-coats, blown up several ships, towed several crippled prizes into ports, and skedaddled from his own capital, Peace was proclaimed, and no one ever knew which of the Bullies had *whipped*.

Then came the Jubilee. Many good men had wept and prayed that the war might cease. Many fathers and mothers, and widows, and orphans, and many friends and lovers wept and mourned for dear ones smitten to the earth by the fiery hail of war.

Now the country was ablaze with illuminations, jarring under the thunder of artillery, and shouting under the electricity of eloquence—some praying and praising the Lord, and others feasting, reveling and dancing.

My townsmen prepared for a grand Peace celebration. The programme was published, which included religious exercises, a parade of infantry, cavalry and artillery, firing, a big dinner, etc. I was a school-boy, and all the boys caught the spirit of the times. We met in council, organized a company of Light Artillery, chose officers, prescribed an uniform and procured a small blunderbuss, mounted it on a carriage, with drag-ropes and other appurtenances. The boys all chose me captain; but I declined. Was not that modest? I nominated another boy, a year older than myself, and told them to elect him, and I would consent to be lieutenant. All this was agreed to, and we went on filling up our company with juvenile artillerists, preparing our uniform, drilling, etc., etc. We decorated our hats with cockades of red, yellow and green morocco and feathers, and our coats with shining buttons, ribbons, and gold lace. We made *wooden swords*, and painted them. I wish all military men would carry *wooden swords*, all ships of war *wooden guns* and all infantry *bamboo rifles*. We then drilled and drilled, till we could "*mark time, right face*, left face, right about face, right and left wheel, march and counter-march, change front, form line, draw sword, present sword, right protect, left protect, thrust, assault, return word, etc. Then we could limber and unlimber, hook and unhook drag-ropes, take up drag-ropes, lay down drag-ropes, open and close drag-ropes, swab, load, prick and prime, fire, all in the old fogy style. Then came the great day of celebration. The military were marshaled. Our colonel and captains were all awake. Evolutions were performed, salvo after salvo of artillery was fired; the infantry rattled and cracked, and *our blunderbuss bellowed and roared*. The colonel and staff and the captains of companies saluted the boy regiments, coming to us with chapeaubras and glove in hand, eulogizing our martial appearance, and giving us money to replenish our exhausted magazine of powder. So we *fired and fired*, until we rent our *gun-carriage* and found our heated blunderbuss leaping to the ground. Old folks and young folks, and especially the fair misses, gathered around to do us honor. The blood and tears, the desolated houses and crushed hearts, and all the horrors of the war seemed forgotten in the jubilant excitement of the day. And that, dear children, is *one* way in which soldiers are made, while the hell of war beneath is covered and the dancing ground above is adorned with all that is gay and glittering to fascinate and beguile.

And what came of all this? Let me tell you:

I grew up a youth fond of military display. The seeds planted in boyhood germinated. I became an officer in artillery, with a second lieutenant's, and soon after, a first lieutenant's commission, with the prospect of rising as high as the gas in my balloon would lift me. I carried a beautiful sword, wore a splendid sash, put on epaulettes, dressed in blue, neatly trimmed with gold lace and buttons, with a great white plume waving in my military hat. Had war come on then, I should doubtless have been in it, and perhaps in another world fifty years ago.

I went into the State of New York to visit. The Lord detained me. I was offered business. I remained a teacher and a student. I was, as I think, *converted*. All my military ardor left me. I resigned my commission against the earnest remonstrances of my fellow-officers. I exchanged my sword for the "sword of the Spirit;" my foolish uniform for the "robe of Righteousness," offered me by the Prince of Peace; studied now to *save* men, and not to *kill;* became an humble Sabbath School Superintendent, then an ordained minister of the gospel; then a Missionary to Patagonia, and, finally, a Missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, where, with the best temporal gift God ever gave to man, my precious wife, just gone to heaven, I have lived near thirty-eight years, with more happiness than any king upon an earthly throne.

Last Sabbath I received a number of boys, about twelve years old, to the Hilo Church, making the whole number gathered to the church under my care, 12,000.

And now, my young friends, let me ask you which course would have been the wiser in me—to have been a soldier and to have killed 12,000 men, or to be a soldier of Jesus Christ, to bring a few thousands to lay down their arms, and submit to our good and glorious King?

Let me persuade you all to *enlist now* under the banner of Jesus, and may the God of Love and of Peace make you useful and happy in life, peaceful and triumphant in death, and glorious in heaven.

Dear Brother Miles, I had no idea, when I took a pen to address a line to you, of inflicting such a long communication upon you. Will you ponder it? and if you see anything in these papers worth printing, use it at discretion, if not, throw it with your waste papers. If I ever became a disciple of Christ, I then became a *Peace man*. God help the blessed cause. Yours, in the bands of Peace, T. COAN.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—Little Minnie, only three years old, to amuse a homesick cousin who was visiting at her house, brought out her choicest playthings. Among these was a tiny trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps, a very pretty toy; but Freddie bent the lid too far back, and it broke off. He did not mean to do this; and when he saw what he had done, he was frightened, and began to cry. Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes full of tears, said:—

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make!"

That was certainly a great deal better than fretting. She made the best of it.—*Children's Hour*.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

From the German of Schmidt.

In a time of famine, a rich man allowed twenty of the poorest children in the town to come to his house, and said to them,—"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come again at the same hour every day, till God sends better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, struggled and fought over the bread, because each wished to have the largest and best loaf; and then they went away without a word of thanks to their friend.

But Francesca, a little girl meanly, though neatly dressed, stood at a distance, and gratefully took the loaf that was left in the basket, which was the smallest; then she kissed the good man's hand, and went quietly home.

The next day the children were just as naughty and ill-behaved; and this time there was left for poor Francesca a loaf that was hardly half as large as the others. But when she reached home, and her mother cut the bread, there fell out a number of new pieces of silver. The mother was frightened and said, "Take back the money this moment; for it is certainly in the bread by mistake." Francesca took it back.

But the kind man said, "It is no mistake, my good child: I had the money baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward you. Be always as contented and yielding as you now are. He who is contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest, will receive abundant blessings."—*Children's Prize.*

A LITTLE HERO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18—, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day, he found the snow on this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a well!

He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First, he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully, all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to 'mother.'

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked God for him!

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY H. E. H.

"And there shall be no night there."

How blest the vision!
Redolent of youth and health
And strength; when weariness
No more shall pall the senses,
Or heaviness oppress and overcome
This mortal frame.
When mortal shall assume
Its bright unclouded
Immortality—and the eye
Shall beam undimmed,
Curtained no more by night's panopoly
Of darkness; which now
So gratefully doth cover
This frail frame of dust
"No night there." Ah!
What whispered consolation
To the sleepless invalid, who
On bed of restless pain
Longeth for light of morning.
His soul may dwell upon
This sacred promise, and find
Comfort.
Or to the mind tortured
With wakefulness, thro' weight
Of many cares and earthly conflicts
(Denied the compensation of
Nature's sweet restorer,)
How *restful* comes the thought
There's "no night there!"
Ah yes! No night of *sorrow*,
For "all tears are wiped away,"
No night of *doubt* and *fear*,
For the light of Heaven's unclouded vision
Hath dispelled all clouds,
And we see *no more* "Thro' a glass
Darkly."
O! *fit* us Lord,
Our Saviour, for that realm,
Where Thou dost "need no candle,"
That we may come up out of
Death's shadowy vale, covered
By "robe of righteousness," redeemed
By thine own sacrifice,
Into the presence
Of Eternal Light!

MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS.

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn long chapters,
As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses,
That mamma has taught to me,
And I say them every morning,
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is "Thou God seest me."
Is not that a pretty text?
And "Suffer the little children
To come unto me," is next.

But the last one is the shortest;
It is only "God is love."
How kind He is in sending us
Such sweet verses from above!

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
So I think He sent those three
Short easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE.

We are sure the children, as well as some of larger growth, will be pleased to read in the *Angel* some anecdotes of that great and good man, Wm. Ladd, the Apostle of Peace.

Mr. Ladd, in his youth, was fond of gunning. One one occasion he had been out without finding anything at which to point his gun. As he was returning homeward he saw a robin singing in a tree. He lifted his gun and fired, bringing the bird to his feet. As it fluttered, dying, its reproachful eye lifted to his seemed to say, "*Why did you shoot me? Why did you shoot me?*" He said to himself, "I will never shoot another bird," and *he never did.*

In the social circle, Mr. Ladd was the life of the party, full of fun and frolic. His natural temperament was of the most joyous kind. He played with the children as though he were one of them. Some one pleasantly remarked, "When you become a man you should put away childish things." He promptly replied, "Ah, I fear that I shall never be a *man*, I can never be anything more than a Ladd."

Rev. Dr. Ide, of Massachusetts, Mr. Ladd, and a company of clergymen, were returning from New York city, when they held a peace meeting in the cabin of the steamer. In the course of the debate—pros and cons—Dr Ide proposed this question to whoever might answer it: "Man has two fists; and, when he is pressed or abused, he feels inclined to use them to defend himself. Now, what was man made so *for?* Mr. Ladd immediately sprang to his feet, in the best of humor, exclaiming, "I'll answer him, I'll answer him." And reaching out his two hands with fingers all spread out like claws, repeated from Dr. Watts:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so,
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

Then looking around on the company like a father on his children, continued:

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

This recitation in Ladd's comical manner *brought down the house* in a roar of laughter.

True Friendship.—Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlett writes; "but wanting that, have wanted everything." And again, "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? A friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold. "Life is too hort to quarrel in."

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VOL. II. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1873. No. 2.

THE ANGEL IN THE STONE.

"The story is related of Michael Angelo, that while walking through one of the obscure streets of the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth and striving to lift it up from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock. 'Oh, there's an angel in the stone,' was the answer, 'and I must cut it out.'"

"Oh, there's an angel in the stone!"
Faithless, deriding, passed they by;
Yet was the angel there to him,
Who saw it with the sculptor's eye.

And his the sculptor's task to free
The wings in stony casement lay;
The statue was within the stone,
As once the man within the clay.

Pierce to the core of common things,
Chisel and mallet patient wield,
Thou knowest not what glorious forms
The shapeless masses yet may yield.

Seemeth thy life a common thing?
Thou hast not let the angel out,
The stony bars still hold it fast,
The stony doors still close about.

Work with the Christian's trained eye,
The Christian sculptor chisels deep;
Work with divinely strengthened hand,
Thine angel soon shall wake from sleep.

And lo! it shall Christ's image bear;
How canst thou fail with hope so dear?
O, sculptor, time thy strokes to prayer,
The likeness shall grow strong and clear.

—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THE WHITE DOVE.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

"How beautiful it was!" exclaimed Mary Burleigh, "I am glad Aunt Ellen thought of it." "Thought of what?" asked her mother, as she looked up from her sewing, and saw Mary coming in with her brother George, who was carrying the sled upon which he had kindly dragged his sister home from school. "I'll tell you, mother," answered Mary, "as soon as I've helped George put the sled away." So she held the door open, and the sled was placed in the closet under the stairs, and then Mary came back to her mother, and said, "Why, mother, we passed by Aunt Ellen's and she called us in, and showed us the white dove she has had stuffed for the Sabbath School. It is to be placed under a glass case, and put up over the banner, and when we have concerts and celebrations in the church, it is to be used there among the decorations. Aunt Ellen said it was an emblem of peace."

Mary's mother was much pleased, and next Sabbath day when they all went to the Sabbath School, lo! there was the white dove, and everybody thought it was very pretty. Then the Superintendent told the school that the dove was a present to them all from a class of little children who had worked with their little fingers and made small articles, such as pincushions, needle-books, and the like, and at a fair which the Sabbath School had, they sold their things, and with that money they purchased the white dove. The little bright eyes in that infant class sparkled with pleasure as the Superintendent told of their labor and their success, and thanked them for the pretty gift in behalf of the whole school. "For," as the pastor afterward said, "they could all enjoy the pretty dove and the lesson it taught." And that lesson was the lesson of peace. Doves are very gentle, and are often mentioned as emblems of that peace which comes from gentleness and good will. And the pastor told the children about the Saviour's baptism in the river Jordan, and then one of the scholars

recited Willis' beautiful poem about the baptism of Jesus, closing with these words :—

"With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, th' Apostle silently
Follow'd his Master's steps—when lo! a light,
Bright as the ten-fold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Envelop'd them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim-blue ether, like a veil;
And as a voice, fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, 'THIS IS MY MUCH LOVED SON
IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED,' a snow-white dove,
Floating upon its wings descended through;
And shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled and fluttered to the Saviour's breast."

KANT AND THE ROBBERS.

John Kant was Professor and Doctor of Divinity at Cracow. He was a pious man, with a spirit peculiarly gentle and guileless, and he at all times would have preferred to suffer injustice rather than exercise it. For many years he had conscientiously followed his duties as spiritual teacher of the place to which he had been appointed by God. His head was covered with the snows of age, when he was siezed with an ardent desire to revisit the scenes of his youth in his native country, Silesia. The journey appeared fraught with peril to one at his advanced age; but he set his affairs in order, and started on his way, commending himself to the care of God. He rode slowly along, attired in his black robe, with long beard and hair, according to the fashion of the time. Then he pursued his way through the gloomy woods of Poland, which scarcely a sunbeam could pierce; but there was a light in his soul, for God's Spirit irradiated it.

One evening, as he was thus journeying along, holding communion with God, and taking no heed of objects beside him, on reaching an opening in the thick forest, a tramping noise was suddenly heard, and he was instantly surrounded by figures, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the pious man saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers. Scarcely conscious of what passed, he alighted from his horse and offered his property to the gang. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, unclasped the chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayer, which was clasped with silver. Not till he had yielded all he possessed, and seen his horse led away, did Kant intercede for his life.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber-chief threateningly. "Have you no more money?"

In his alarm and terror, the trembling doctor answered that he had given them every coin in his possession; and on receiving this assurance, he was allowed to proceed on his journey.

Quickly he hastened onward, rejoicing at his escape, when suddenly his hand felt something hard in the hem of his robe. It was his gold, which, having been stitched within the lining of his dress, had thus escaped discovery. The good man, in his alarm, had forgotten the secret store. His heart, therefore, again beat with joy, for the money would bear him home to his friends and kindred; and he saw rest and shelter in prospect, instead of a long and painful wandering, with the necessity of begging his way. But his conscience was a peculiarly tender one, and he suddenly stopped to listen to its voice. It cried in disturbed tones: "Tell not a lie! tell not a lie!" These words burned in his heart. Joy, kindred, home, all were forgotten. Some writers on moral philosophy have held that promises made under such circumstances are not binding, and few men certainly would have been troubled with such scruples on the occasion. But Kant did not stop to reason. He hastily retraced his steps, and entering into the midst of the robbers, who were still in the same place, said meekly:

"I have told you what is not true; but it was unintentional— fear and anxiety confused me; therefore, pardon me."

With these words, he held forth the glittering gold; but, to his surprise not one of the robbers would take it! A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. They could not laugh at the pious man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if siezed by a sudden impulse, one went and brought back his purse; another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse toward him, and helped him to remount it. Then they unitedly entreated his blessing; and, solemnly giving it, the good old man continued his way, lifting up his heart in gratitude to God, who brought him in safety to the end of his journey.

NEARER HOME.

O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on,
Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone;
Gone for aye — its race is o'er,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still, 'tis sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying,
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As the life boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
I am one day nearer home.

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

"Nearer Home?" Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high —
To the green fields and the mountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.—*Selected.*

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.

During the late war between France and Germany, the German army defeated the soldiers of France, drove them before them from point to point, and at last captured Paris, the proud seat of government of a proud people. It was a glorious war in the eyes of the conquerors, but alas for the misery, the suffering, the sorrows, which it brought upon thousands in both France and Germany! War is a fearful, horrible scourge.

Boys are very fond of "playing soldiers," but the real war is killing men, destroying eyes, cutting off arms, trampling down fields, burning houses, and spreading grief over whole countries. War generally comes from the wicked passions of wicked men; it always brings with it hatred and is followed by woe.

One of the battles in France raged around a little village. Its inhabitants, terrified by the horrid fray, fled from their homes. When the fight was over, some German soldiers found two little French children sleeping on the ground, and beside them their faithful dog. Deserted by their friends, their dog never left them. The soldiers were touched by the sight, and cared for the poor little things as well as they could until some of the French people returned to look after them. Whether they were restored to their parents we do not know, but we hope that they were. Let us give thanks to God that we now have peace in our own dear land, and let us pray that peace may prevail throughout the world. Jesus is the Prince of Peace; when all men love Him, war will cease.—*Pres. S. S. Visitor.*

AN OLD SLEIGH SONG.

The snow lies deep upon the ground; the north wind howls on high,
And the mountain tops stand, white and clear, against the dark blue sky;
The swamp is solid as the rock, the river flows no more,
And lakes are bridg'd by iron ice to bear us from the shore.
The roughest roads are smooth as lawns; bring out the flying sleigh.
Hark! hark! the music of the bells. Away we go, away!

The farmer and the farmer's wife sit by the fire at home,
And as they hear the chilling blast, they pity those who roam.
But we find pleasure out of doors and fear no wild winds' wrath,
And, swift as arrows o'er the pool, we cleave ourselves a path.
There 's fresh delight in rapid flight; bring out the flying sleigh.
Hark! hark! the music of the bells. Away we go, away!

A hundred miles our course we keep; and though the way be long,
We'll find a welcome at the end, a welcome and a song!
Around our father's cheerful hearth the yule log sparkles bright,
And happy faces gather there to spend the Christmas night.
We'll join them ere the week be old; bring out the flying sleigh.
Hark! hark! the music of the bells. Away we go, away!

A LITTLE ACT OF KINDNESS.

One dull Saturday night I sat by my window watching the people as they passed to and from the market, where was a store of good things for the Sabbath's eating. The wind blew hard, and the rain was beginning to patter against the window panes, and make large drops upon the pavement.

It was not very pleasant to be out of doors; but food must be had, and all classes of persons were hastening to get it.

Soon I noticed two little colored girls hurrying past with an empty basket, and I heard one of them say; "Oh, be quick, for it is going to rain hard, and the chips will be all wet."

"Yes, I'm coming in a minute," said the other who lingered behind,—for what purpose, do you think?

Leaning against the lamp-post at the corner of the street was a poor old woman, bent with age and infirmities. In one hand was her market-basket, in the other a bundle, and she was trying to open an umbrella. The wind blew against her, the bundle slipped from her poor old fingers, rolling into the gutter, and the umbrella would not come open.

But the quick feet and fingers of this little girl soon set all things right. First, she hastened to rescue the bundle, and restore it to its owner; then opened the umbrella and placed it securely in the old woman's hands. She waited for no more, hastening on after her companion; but, amid the falling rain, I heard the old woman say: "God bless you, my child!"

Ah! it was a little deed, but done so cheerfully and quickly that I knew the child had a kind heart. Was the act not seen and noticed by our Father in Heaven, and will He not bless the child who helps the aged and infirm?

Dear little ones, do not let *one chance* of helping another, or of doing good, pass by.

If your eyes are open, you will see these opportunities *every day*, and O, how happy you may make your own heart, and the heart of some other, while your dear Father in Heaven will smile upon your efforts.

A BEAUTIFUL, TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Bible tells us that woman is to be a help-meet to man, and the man is to be the support of the woman. To make married life a source of happiness, affection must rule the hearts of both. The married pair must be mutual helpers, one to the other. Then the conjugal state becomes a smooth and pleasant road, fringed with fragrant flowers, which bloom even in the depth of the winter of adversity and sorrow.

"I have read," says the author of a recent work, "a beautiful illustration of this point: A lady, travelling in Europe, visited, with her brother, a town in Germany, and took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and woman. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the person, says: 'When we knocked at the door for admittance, the two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, the husband and wife invariably came, side by side. And our requests were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, having arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this *double* attendance.'

"When the time to retire came the lady was surprised to see both husband and wife attending her to her chamber, and, on looking with some seriousness toward the husband, the wife, noticing her embarrassment, said to her, 'No offence is intended, madam, my husband is *stone-blind*.' The lady began to sympathize with the aged matron on the great misfortune of having a husband quite blind. The blind man exclaimed: 'It is useless for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely *deaf*, and hears not a word you say!' Says the lady boarder, Here is an exemplification of the divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better matched? They were indeed 'one flesh.' He saw through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after it was interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their inseparableness. The sympathy for each other was as swift as electricity, and this made their deprivation as nothing. This beautiful domestic picture would only suffer from any words of comment."—*Lutheran Observer.*

MEMORIAL OF GRATITUDE.—A very poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: "Why do you plant trees, who can not hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit, I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."—*Anon.*

DEWDROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS. NO. 10.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE DUTCH BOOR AND HIS HORSE.

I know not which a kind man can make his best friend, a dog or a horse. He can make both love and serve him with a faith and trust which should be his joy and pride, as well as his good, to gain.

When I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read of a horse that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, or a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plow and hoe. He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But one day came that was to prove the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds, that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings. Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft; and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side with a rope tied to her tail. She wheeled and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she staid but for a breath. At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart. She walked straight out in the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half way 'tween ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black sea-weed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death near a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

JESUS THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BY J. E. H.

Within the Saviour's circling arms
The children found a place,
He with a mother's tenderness
Bent down His loving face.

Of such, He said, my kingdom is,
Such little ones as you;
That kingdom has not changed since then,
His words are now as true.

And I a little child can come
To Jesus every day,
And tell Him all about myself
My books, my friends, my play.

And He will be as glad to hear
As is my dear mama,
For heaven, where the Saviour lives,
Is not off very far.

And every time I say my prayers
The Saviour comes to me,
Puts round about me His strong arms,
And listens lovingly.

And then, when I am good and kind,
It makes Him very glad;
But when mama I do not mind
I know it makes Him sad.

Dear Jesus, take me in thine arms
And help me to be good,
Ane teach me while a little child,
To love Thee as I should.

Hartford, Conn.

Never fail to do that good which lies next to your hand, Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages, shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves, as a perfect and finished day.—*MacDonald.*

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"SPERO MELIORA," OR I HOPE BETTER THINGS.

BY MRS. A. L. ANGIER.

"Spero Meliora—though trouble be near,
This motto the sorrow-bowed spirit can cheer,
Spero Meliora, this watchword can give
Fresh courage to labor, new motive to live.

Spero Meliora—when billows run high,
From thy tempest-toss'd ark, bid Hope's messenger fly,
And she will return with a green branch of peace.
Sure pledge that the storm is beginning to cease.

Spero Meliora—the promise of good
Was writ in the rainbow, o'er-arching the flood;
A light in the cloud could the old Prophet see.
What that sign was to him, be this motto to thee.

Spero Meliora—this watchword hath power
To nerve for the struggle in trial's dark hour;
Spero Meliora—then banish despair:
Give thy fears to the winds, for life's battle prepare.

Spero Meliora—an anchor will prove
On our voyage through time to the haven above;
And Spero Meliora our motto shall be
When we launch our frail bark on eternity's sea."

DEWDROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS. NO. 11.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

A POOR DAME'S PAY FOR KIND ACTS.

No man, boy or girl is too poor, too old, or too young to do kind acts. Such acts need not be great and brave, as the world holds the deeds it crowns with praise. It is the heart that one puts in a kind act that God looks at, and which gives it all the worth it has in His sight.

Some few years since, the wife of a poor man who had long been dead, though poor and old, paid for kind acts done her in a way that I will tell you of. She dwelt in a gap in the wild woods far from a town. Her one child, a girl of twelve years, lived with her, and she fed and clothed both with what she could earn by hard toil. She kept a large lot of hens, and their eggs she took to a town ten miles from her small hut in the woods. She at first walked all the way, for she was too poor to ride on the rail-road train that passed near her. But the man who had charge of it came to know her as she walked by the track to and fro. He was a kind man, and thought he did no wrong to the men who owned the road when he gave her a ride to or from the town free of charge. All the men on the train were kind to her, and loved to say a good word to her.

Well, the day came when this poor, old dame could pay, in what was worth far more than gold, for all these kind words, thoughts and acts.

Once, in the rough month of March, when the deep snows felt the sun and flowed down the high hills in deep and swift streams, and the winds blew, and the floods beat upon the bridge that crossed a deep, black chasm near her house, she heard a loud, long crash in the dead of night. The floods, with their thick blocks of ice, had crushed it like the shell of an egg. The night was black and wild. The winds blew, and the rain fell fast. In one half hour the train which had borne her to town once a week, free of charge, would be due at the bridge. The life of the kind man in charge of it, and the lives of all on board, hung, under God, on what she could do in that half hour. She did not waste one breath of time on the thought that came swift to her mind.

She cut the cords of her one bed, and took the dry posts and side-beams in her arms, and climbed up to the track of the rail-road, a few rods from the steep walls of the bridge that was gone. Her young girl took both their chairs with a pan full of live coals. In quick time the dry wood was in a blaze, and made a light that could be seen a long way. But the fire would soon go out, and they could not feed its flame with the wet, green wood in reach. The old dame took off her red gown, and put it at the end of a stick, and stuck it up on the track a few rods from the fire, and there she stood with a heart that quaked with fear.

She had done all she could. Would it save the train and all on board from a death so full of dread to think of? She will soon know. Hark! it comes at full speed. She hears it on the far side of a curve in the road. There! its great red eye comes in sight, and casts its light on the rails all the way to the red gown on the pole. Sharp it screams like a live thing on the edge of death. It quakes with dread. A cry and shout run from end to end. The men at the brakes bend with

all their strength to check the speed. The wheels grind so hard on the rails that they strike fire in the rain and dark. They now turn round more slow. A rod from the blaze of the bed-posts and two chairs, the train comes to a stop.

On the black edge of that deep chasm, filled with the loud flood piled high with blocks of ice, the train stops. Then all on board see what a death they have been saved from. First the kind man in charge comes to the front and looks down that chasm Then he kneels by the still wheels, so near its edge, and sends up his thanks through the rain to God for His grace. The men with hard hands at the brakes come and kneel by his side, and thank God with hearts too full for words. Then all those on board, who had slept up to the verge of that swift death, come and kneel in line, and in a long row they thank God that He has so saved them through the means of the poor old dame and her young girl.

So you see that, in this case, that kind acts paid for all the thought, and for all else they cost. The man in charge of the train, and the men at the brakes judged right when they felt that they did no wrong to those who owned the road when they gave her rides free of charge. Did they not all get their pay for these kind acts? and does not this case prove that no one is so poor, or so young that he or she may not do such acts in thought, look, word, or deed? For, sometimes, mere looks, thoughts, or words are acts which take hold of the hearts of men and do them good.

"LO, THE POOR INDIAN!"

I suppose the readers of the *Citizen* have heard of Logan, the famous chief of the Cayuga tribe of Indians. This chief was born within the limits of what is now Auburn, and through the generous efforts of friends has been erected to his memory on the summit of Fort Hill, a locality which derives its name from an Indian fort of very ancient construction, the outlines of which are still visible. This hill, together with surrounding grounds, constitutes a most beautiful cemetery, situated in the very heart of the city. The mention of Logan brings to mind the history of this noble and distinguished chief, though his end on earth somewhat eclipsed the former part of his career Early in life he became a convert to Christianity, and upon being baptized received the name of Logan, out of respect to James Logan, formerly secretary of the Province, for whom the Indians entertained great regard. Logan was a true friend of the whites, and for years used his authority to promote peace. But after the Cayugas had settled on the banks of the Ohio, a war broke out in which Logan became involved. A large part of his family while crossing the Ohio one day was most wickedly murdered by a company of men under command of a Colonel Cresap. This rendered the hitherto peaceful Indian chief almost insane with rage and revenge, and he immediately raised the war-cry which struck terror into the hearts of his pale-faced brethren. The Indians, however, were eventually overcome, and scattered in confusion.

A council of the whites and Indians was called to reconcile matters between them, but Logan refused to attend, sending, instead, a message to the governor of the colony, which, for beauty and force of expression has rarely, if ever, been excelled. "I appeal," said he, "to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my country-men pointed as they passed, and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. WHO IS THERE TO MOURN FOR LOGAN? NOT ONE."—*Lowell Citizen.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white;
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their soft evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loves to gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

Mrs. Samuel Colt makes out of her revolvers $800,000 a year. She supplies the New York markets liberally, as is proved by the frequent murders that are perpetrated with her pistol. It is almost time this Colt was tamed.

There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle and virtuous habits, which, growing up, would yield to old age and enjoyment a glory and shade.

Be not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

HEAPING ON COALS.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Every night he visited the corn store and filled his bag with the grain which the good old Friend's toil had placed there for preservation. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn. This was very annoying, and must be stopped. But how? Many a one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself; take a gun, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But this pious Friend was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation if possible; so he fixed a sort of trap close to the hole through which the man would have to thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with a bag in which to carry off his spoil. Unsuspectingly he put forth his hand to get the corn, but lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged and pulled, and alternately cried and swore; his hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast partially subsided; he gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were generally sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it; his tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his weary eyes would fain have closed in slumber—but lo! there was no rest, no sleep for him; there he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at the same time he desired and dreaded the return of the morning. Morning came at last, and the person whom he had been attempting to rob looked out of his window, and found he had "caught the man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good beating, just as he stands, and then release him; that will cure him." But not so said this Friend; such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and perhaps meditating revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good-morning, friend," said he, as he came within speaking distance. "How dost thou do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, and burst into tears.

"O, fie!" said the Friend as he proceeded to release him; "I'm sorry that thou hast got thy hand fast. Thou put it into the wrong place, or it would not have been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and, begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat.

"Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the lips of his injured neighbor — "stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thou needs corn, or thou wouldst not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it." And the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the good man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the most pleasant conversation imaginable—all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor; but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the good old gentleman as the man was about to hurry off, having muttered once more his apologies and thanks—"stay; Ruth has breakfast ready ere this; thou must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping on coals" with a vengeance. In vain the mortified thief begged to be excused; in vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment; his friend was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over. "Now," said the old farmer as he helped his victim to shoulder the bag, "if thou needs any more corn, come in the day-time and thou shalt have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty individual turn from the dwelling of the pious man! All, we presume, who have read this article will be ready to say that they suppose he never again troubled the Friend's corn heap; no. I have something better to tell you—he at once repented, was reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterward heard him state, at an experience meeting, the substance of what I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Friend had pursued to arrest him in his downward course.—*Christian Advocate.*

THE MARCH WINDS.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Blow fiercely winds of March! amid your howling,
I hear the sighing of the summer breeze,
And fancy brings to mind the blossom season
When soft the zephyrs play amid the trees.

First month of Spring art thou, oh stormy March!
And thus we hail thee, tho' the stormy blast
Flies through the valleys, sweeps among the hills,
And bends upon the deep the swaying mast.

So do we hail, amid the sounds of battle,
The prospect of a coming day of peace,
When o'er the earth there shall no death-balls rattle,
And strife and error shall together cease.

And tho', like blustering winds the promise come,
And peace is conquered first on many a shore,
Yet the glad anthem, of good-will succeeds,
And spears to ploughshares change forevermore.

New Haven, Conn.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

An esteemed clergyman writes thus:

Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father from a public house.

He found his parent drinking with some other men. One of them invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the boy replied:

"No, I can't take that; I am in the Band of Hope."

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation.

The man then said:

"Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some bull's eyes"—a kind of sugar confectionery.

The boy took the penny, and said:

"I thank you; but I had rather not buy bull's eyes. I shall put it into the Penny Bank."

The men looked at one another, and for some moments were entirely silent. At last one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words:

"Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge, and put our savings in the Penny Bank, the better."

The men immediately left the house.

Such was the effect of the two speeches of a boy only six years old. How many old people have made much longer, but less effective, speeches! "A little child shall lead them!"—*Gem.*

"In small things," says Spurgeon, "lie the crucibles and the touchstones. Any hypocrite will come to Sabbath worship, but it is not every hypocrite that will attend prayer meetings, or read the Bible in secret, or speak privately of the things of God to the saints."

A GOOD FIGHT.

It is a sad thing to see a *man* contending for a livelihood under disadvantages; but to see a delicate *woman*, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home; and passers-by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the pass of Thermopylæ, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on; but there were none to applaud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night, by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No! contending soul the midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky: "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." Some one said to a very poor woman: "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call 'cross-prayers.' When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy, and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of a street, I say: 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say: 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."—*Talmadge.*

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No 6.

Dear Young Friends:—I am writing this letter to you on New Year's Day. You will not see it, I suppose, just yet, and when you do you will perhaps think me rather late in wishing you a very happy New Year; still "better late than never," so as I was, through illness, prevented writing to you last month, I send you my best wishes now.

The way, dear children, to be happy is to be loving and affectionate to every one; first of all to God, and also to one another. An unkind thought, an angry word, is enough to make us sad for a whole day, so as I want you to be glad at heart I hope you will "see that ye love one another."

Now what am I to tell you about to-day? I think you will like to hear of a little house near here called the "Emigration House." It is another of the links which bind America and England together. It is not a simple link though, but a chain made up of links; not a golden, nor an iron, nor a silver, but a *human* chain. This house is kept by a good gentleman named Middlemore, and his plan is to take poor deserted little boys and give them a home for some months, where they are cared for and taught, and then when he thinks them fit for it he takes them over the sea to Canada to gain their living there. Poor little fellows! They come to him dirty and wretched, poor children who have known hunger and thirst and cold, and have not known love and tender care.

I made my first visit to this Home a day or two ago, and saw the fourteen little boys gathered round a long table having a lesson. They looked bright, eager and happy. A good, motherly woman takes care of them, and Mr. Middlemore does all he can to make them happy. I went up stairs and saw the little beds, side by side, where the boys sleep, each having one to himself; and the wooden boxes where each lad keeps his clothes, and I heard that in April they are all coming over to you in America. I hope they will grow up good, useful men, and that you will be kind to them and make them happy with you.

Do you know an English face when you see one? If you do will you speak a gentle word to any little lads who may come in your way, because, perhaps, they feel rather sad in being so far away from their native land. For every true-hearted English boy loves his country, just as I have no doubt you love America. I think if ever I have the opportunity of travelling about, I shall choose first to come to see all the great wonders of *your* beautiful country, your grand mountains and woods and falls;—how glorious they must be! but that is not likely to be yet.

This evening I am going again to the little Home to spend an hour with the lads when they have had their tea. I am going to read and talk to them, and I shall tell them I have been writing to you to-day.

Besides this Home for little boys Mr. Middlemore has another for girls, and they are to come out to you as well; but I cannot tell you much about them yet, for I have not been there. What a good thing it is for us that our poor people who cannot find work to do here, can come over to you and find plenty. You are like a big sister holding out her arms to the little ones and saying, "Come to me and I will take care of you," and just as a big sister is always happiest when she is kindest, so the kinder you are to our poor little ones who come to America, the happier you will be. Especially to the poor children be good and kind for Jesus loves them; "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and we read that their angels do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven. Be good to them for Jesus' sake, and you will not lose your reward.

Again wishing you a happy year, I remain your English friend, Philippa.

MARK THIS, BOYS!

"Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?" This was the question put to a gentleman who had been in business *forty years.* After reflecting a while, he replied, "*Not one!* I have seen many men become rich as if by magic, and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder, and suicide, are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich, regardless of means."

Boys, stick a pin here! You will soon be men, and begin to act with those who make money. Write this good man's testimony in your minds, and with it put this good word of God: "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

Boys recollect this.

You who can drink one glass of wine and feel no craving for the second may, by your example, tempt another to his ruin; some, alas! do more than this; they place the cup to their neighbor's lips and then turn away unmindful of the misery they have wrought.

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THE LIFE CLOCK.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on, and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the parting hour!
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threatening darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast
Till that strange life is ended.

—*Episcopal Methodist.*

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA.—No. 7.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—In my letter of this month I should like to write to you about courage. It is a great thing to be courageous, and I expect there is not a lad amongst you who would not blush to be called a coward. Now, I think those who belong to the Peace Society should be especially courageous people; first, because they require courage, manfully to bear the scoffs and jeers of those who say they are "afraid of war," "dare not fight a battle," and such like spiteful things; and secondly, because they ought in themselves to give no cause for such remarks. Courage, too, is wanted for other things beside fighting; it is needed to save lives as well as to destroy them. I will tell you the true story of a little Scotch boy who was a real hero. In Scotland there is a small town called Wick; the great business of the place is herring-fishing, the men earning their living at it and the boys being brought up to follow the trade of their fathers. Now it happened that rather more than a year ago a lad thirteen years of age, named Sutherland, went out fishing in company with six other boys and they were in their little boat not far from the shore, when something in the water catching their attention they crowded to one side to look over, the boat capsized and they were all thrown into the sea. In this case many would think only of themselves and eagerly secure their own safety; but our little hero was not so selfish. He directly caught hold of his nearest companion and holding him fast, swam with him to the shore. They and another boy were now safe, but to their horror, the four others, unable to swim were struggling in the water. Sutherland stayed not a moment, but dashing into the sea went back to the boys and seizing another swam again to the shore. And now the brave boy started again and saved another; but there were still two more and Sutherland was tired, so tired he could hardly spread out his arms and legs to swim, but yet he went and the sixth boy was saved. Now one more remained but Sutherland's strength was spent and it seemed like facing death to start again. He, a brave child of thirteen, had saved the lives of four others and now must he try for the fifth? Yes, the courageous boy would rather die than neglect his friend. Again he began to swim, but the effort was too great, his strength was all gone, he could no longer stretch out his arms; and his lifeless body sank in the water, and lay on its sandy bed.

Now I will tell you another story about courage of a different kind.

Hadley Vicars was a gay young officer in the army, surrounded by all the light and thoughtless; he was a bright, merry fellow, much beloved by his comrades, but he was not a Christian. He and his friends made fun of religion and religious people, and for a man to speak a word for Jesus, would be to bring down ridicule upon himself. Hadley Vicars however had not long been in the army when God taught him about Himself, about His great love for sinners, and for him, yes, even for him, who had cared nothing for God.

Hadley Vicars was now a Christian and he must confess Christ, for whosoever is ashamed to confess Christ before men of him will He be ashamed before His Father in Heaven. It is a hard thing to subject oneself to the scoffings of all one's companions, but Vicars was no coward. He placed his Bible one morning upon the table and laid the colors of his regiment on the open page. He thought his friends would be calling and so they did; at first they laughed and would not believe that their comrade had become a Christian, but he confessed the truth, and bearing all the jeers of the worldly, Hadley Vicars from that day to the day of his death acknowledged Jesus Christ to be his Lord and Master. I can tell you this, dear boys and girls, it took more courage to lay that open Bible on the table than to go out to the fiercest battle.

And now, children, I want you to seek for true courage, for such courage as should cause you to try to save the life of another at the risk of your own; but still more for that moral courage that shall enable you never to be ashamed of Jesus Christ. To God alone you must look for this, to Him "who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might increaseth strength." "Be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart." I am your English friend,

PHILIPPA.

GOOD LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well—
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of best things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of the life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure:
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright:
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

SWEET SPEAKERS.—During the late war a man out West, [and one up North, and one out East, and one down South,] in a small gathering of friends, was urging upon their minds the importance of enlisting. "Go, my brave friends," said he; "fight for your country—die for it, if it be necessary, for it is sweet to die for your native land." "But," said one, "if it is sweet to die for one's country, why don't you go?" This was a poser, and for a moment disconcerted him; but rallying, he declared that he, as an individual, "was not fond of sweet things."

Another war would doubtless bring its quota of these sweet speakers to the front—of the *stand*.

"War," says Luther, "is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it." Again, "cannon and fire-arms are cruel and damnable machines." When he heard that Zuingle was appealing to arms in defence of the reformed doctrine, he was deeply grieved, and said, "Christians fight not with sword and arquebus, but with sufferings and the cross." There is testimony in one of Sir Thomas More's works to the fact that, in the general estimation of their opponents, the doctrines of the Reformers were, and, as it were, *must be*, the doctrines of peace.

DEWDROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS. NO. 11.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE RAILROAD-BRIDGE MAN WITH THE TWO CRIES IN HIS EARS.

In my last dewdrop I told you of the old dame in her hut by the railroad, and how she paid for free rides on the cars. You saw how kind acts paid in their own kind to rich as well as poor men.

I will now tell you of a poor man who was set to tend a draw-bridge that crossed a wide, deep stream for a railroad track. Small ships and crafts with sails passed down this stream to the sea. When they came to the bridge this man was to move it round as you would a gate, and let them go through on their way. Well, one day one of them had just gone through when the railroad train came on to the stream at full speed. The scream of the steam-horse was loud and sharp in his ears. He had moved the bridge half way back to its place when he heard such a cry as steam could not make. It was the cry of his boy of four years whom he had let play on the bank of the stream. He had gone too near. His feet slipped, and he fell out of sight in it. Could a man have two cries in his ears at once to pierce his soul like these? His boy was at death's door, and he could shut that door if he would leave his post. It may be this was all the child he had, and a few more breaths in the deep stream and it would die. Think of that! He thought of it; O, how he thought of it in one breath of time! He thought of it with all a man's heart could hold of love for his child, but he had to think of lives as dear as his boy's was to him. There were scores of such lives close to the door of death, and in that quick death they would plunge if he left his post to save his own child.

The brave, true man stood true to his post with the two cries in his ears, and deep down in his heart. He brought back the bridge to its place. The train crossed it safe like a bird on its wing. Not one on board knew what his life had cost the poor man. There were scores in those swift cars who had dear young boys at home, and home they went to take them in their arms, and dance them on their knees. Bright-eyed ones they were in such nice clothes as the poor man's dead boy in the stream could not wear.

The brave and true bridge man went down to it with all the joy and life gone out of his heart. He saw that face so dear to him lie pale and dead in the slime, and those bright curls that once touched his own gray hair with the tint of gold as he held him to his breast now blent with the coarse marsh weeds. He raised him out of the bed of the stream, and pressed the cold form to his breast. He would have been glad to give to him his own life to see him live once more, but he could not do it. The spark had been put out in the stream while the brave, true man stood to his post to save scores of lives as dear to their homes as the one he had lost was to his own.

They did not and could not know how near they were to death, or what their lives had cost him. They flew past at such speed that they could not have seen the dead child in the stream though they had known that it lay there to save them. They did not and could not thank the poor man for what he had done. In their bright, glad homes they did not and could not know how the light of his was put out for their sakes.

So the poor man bore back to his small house his dead boy. It was as hard for him to lay that form in the grave as if he had owned half the railroad which he had watched at such cost. But He who could not, or would not save his own life, though He had power to save a world, He knew what the poor man did, and why he did it, and what it cost him to save scores of lives which, all in one sum, might be worth more to the world than the one he gave up to snatch them from death.

These are acts which are good for boys and girls, for young and old, rich and poor, to read, to think of, and to love. No tales of war can show such acts as these; none so brave, true and good; none so void of *self*, so free from the love of praise and fame; none that God holds as pearls of such worth in the lives of men.

AFRICANER, THE PEACE-MAKER.

Africaner was the chief of a tribe of Hottentots, and the terror of the country in which he lived. He attacked the villages, burned the farm-houses, and carried away the cattle. He was a skilful soldier and very strong. He attacked a missionary station, and burned the chapel. He was called "the wild lion of the desert." But he heard the gospel preached. The Holy Spirit changed his heart. He laid aside his weapons of war, and became a pious, useful, and peaceful man. After this he met Berend, an old chief. They had not seen one another for twenty-four years, and then they had met as enemies. Then they fought for five days with great loss of life. Now they met as believers in Christ; the gospel had turned their enmity into love. They asked forgiveness from each other for former injuries, knelt together in prayer, and then united in praise to God. Africaner was now known as "the peace-maker." He heard of two parties of Hottentots who were ready for battle. He hastened to the spot, and implored them to put away their spears, and to live in peace. "What," said he, "have I now for all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I have taken, but shame and remorse."

COMPENSATION.

BY J. A. FROUDE.

One day an Antelope was lying with her fawn at the foot of the flowering Mimosa. The weather was intensely sultry, and a Dove, who had sought shelter from the heat among the leaves, was cooing above her head.

"Happy bird!" said the Antelope. "Happy bird! to whom the air is given for an inheritance, and whose flight is swifter than the wind. At your will you alight upon the ground; at your will you sweep into the sky, and run races with the driving clouds; while I, poor I, am bound prisoner on this miserable earth, and wear out my miserable life crawling to and fro upon its surface."

Then the Dove answered, "It is sweet to sail along the sky, to fly from land to land, and coo among the valleys; but, Antelope, when I have sat above amidst the branches and watched your little one close its tiny lips upon your breast, and feed its life upon yours, I have felt that I could strip off my wings, lay down my plumage, and remain all my life upon the ground only once to know the blessedness of such enjoyment.

The breeze sighed among the boughs of the Mimosa, and a voice came trembling out of the rustling leaves: "If the Antelope mourns her destiny, what should the Mimosa do? The Antelope is the swiftest among animals. It rises in the morning; the ground flies under its feet, in the evening it is a hundred miles away. The Mimosa is feeding its old age on the same soil which quickened its seed-cell into activity. The seasons roll by me, and leave me in the old place. The winds sway among my branches as if they longed to bear me away with them, but they pass on and leave me behind. The wild birds come and go. The flocks move by me in the evening on their way to the pleasant waters. I can never move. My cradle must be my grave."

Then from below, at the root of the tree, came a voice which neither bird nor antelope nor tree had ever heard, as a Rock Crystal from its prison in the limestone followed on the words of the Mimosa.

"Are ye all unhappy?" it said. "If ye are, then what am I? Ye all have life. You! O Mimosa, you! whose fair flowers year by year come again to you, ever young, and fresh, and beautiful—you who can drink the rain with those leaves, who can wanton with the summer breeze, and open your breast to give a home to the wild birds, look at me and be ashamed. I only am truly wretched."

"Alas!" said the Mimosa, "we have life, it is true, which you have not. We have also what you have not, its shadow—death. My beautiful children which year by year I bring into being, expand in their loveliness only to die. Where they are gone, I too shall soon follow, while you will flash in the light of the last sun which rises upon the earth."

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

Here is a capital imitation of the style of "The House that Jack Built," worthy to become a household favorite:

War—This is the fire that Old Nick built.

Standing armies—This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Military schools—This is the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Love of Glory—This is the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Public opinion—This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Peace Convention—This is one of the blows we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Peace Society—This is the smith that works with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

Eternal Truth—This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the smith to work with a will to give force to the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the ax that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.—We see a household brought up well. A mother who took alone the burden of life when her husband laid it down, without much property, out of her penury, by her planning and industry, night and day, by her wilfulness of love, by her fidelity, brings up her children; and life has six men, all of whom are like pillars in the temple of God. And oh! do not read to me of the campaigns of Cæsar; tell me nothing about Napoleon's wonderful exploits; I tell you that, as God and the angels look down upon the silent history of that woman's administration, and upon those men-building-processes which went on in her heart and mind through a score of years, nothing exterior, no outward development of kingdoms, no empire-building, can compare with what she has done. Nothing can compare in beauty, and wonder, and admirableness, and divinity itself, to the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women bringing up their children to honor and virtue and piety. I tell you, the inside is larger than the outside. The loom is more than the fabric. The thinker is more than the thought. The builder is more than the building.—*H. W. Beecher.*

"WHERE IS MY BOY?"

BY MARY D. BALFOUR.

Thus ask'd the mother, o'er her buried child,—
Tell me, Oh God,—I ask,—in accents mild,—
Where is the one, I fondly call'd my child,—
Where is my boy?

Free from all suff'ring,—hear the Father say,—
Where dwells no night, but one eternal day,—
In my 'sweet home,'—your little one doth stay.—
I have your boy.

A seraph,—mid the bright angelic band,—
Crown on his forehead,—harp within his hand,—
Here in this happy,—far off happy land,—
Here is your boy.

Do not distrust me; calm your ev'ry fear,—
Each setting sun but brings the moment near,—
When from the portals,—thou the call shalt hear,—
To meet your boy.

Walk then in faith: my grace is thine each day,—
Till thou at last, from earth art call'd away,—
Never in anguish, or in doubt again to say,—
Where is my boy?

But through the ages,—as they roll along,—
Give God the glory,—and make Christ your song,—
Who conquer'd death, and sin, and every wrong,—
And kept your boy.

END OF FOUR GREAT CONQUERORS.

The four conquerors most conspicuous in the world's history, are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte. What was their end?

Alexander, after climbing the dizzy heights of his ambition, his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there were no other worlds for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a drunken revelry and debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and put all her armies to flight, stripped "three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights," and made her very foundations quake, fled from his own country, hated by those who once exultingly united his name with that of their God, calling him Hani-Aal, and died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unwept and unhonored.

Cæsar, after conquering eight hundred cities, dyeing his garments in the blood of millions of his foes, and pursuing to death the only rival he ever had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those whom he considered his nearest friends, and in the very place which it had been his greatest ambition to reach.

Napoleon Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after spreading everywhere the terror of his name—after deluging Europe with blood, and clothing its nations in sackcloth, closed his days in banishment, on a lonely island, literally exiled from the world.

What comments on the evanescence of human greatness, especially the greatness won by the sword! These men all stood for a time on the very pinnacle of what the world calls greatness, and each in turn made the earth tremble by their tread or their bare word; yet they severally died a miserable death—one by intoxication, or by poison mingled with his wine; another, by his own hand, a suicide; a third, murdered by his friends; and the last, a lonely exile! How wretched the end of such greatness!

The *Episcopalian*, commenting on the folly of a war establishment, remarks: "How many millions of waste of material and money, now consumed in the manufacture of war material and in the support of standing armies would be saved! What a multitude of idle officers and soldiers would be liberated to increase the wealth of the country!"

TO THE "OLD AND YOUNG."

With this number of the good *Angel of Peace* we issue twelve thousand copies and will not conceal our joy at its success and the favor with which it is universally received. The *Angel* goes to all parts of our country, to Europe, to the Sandwich Islands and to Africa, and we trust ere long will visit every continent and island of the sea. Some one has proposed "an Angel of Peace in every household on the globe"—a beautful idea! One friend of our blessed cause has paid for one thousand copies per month for 1873-4—twenty-four thousand for *free* distribution. Blessed are the peacemakers.

Now we design to make the *Angel* a pure gem, and to send it out at cost, and can with confidence invite the aid of all who love "the things that make for peace" in extending the flight of the *Angel* singing "On earth peace and good will to men"—"Nations shall learn war no more." This can be done, first by getting up clubs in every neighborhood, secondly by sending for copies for gratuitous distribution, and thirdly by sending us the means of scattering our paper in fields uncultivated, sowing the gentle seeds of truth and peace, trusting the Lord of the harvest for the increase. Friends of peace help! D.

HARD AND BITTER WORDS. We all speak and write too many hard and bitter words. We try to break, not to mend the bruised reed. While we strive to be strong in faith, let us not despise the faith of the weakest; for there will come a day to all of us when, in the giving way of the powers of nature and the pouring in of the great water-floods, we may grasp at something which may hold up and carry us over. And then, not how much we have searched out and know, not how much we have disputed and prevailed, will help us, but how much we have lived on Christ and imbibed his spirit.—*Dean Alford.*

A KICK FOR A HIT. "When I was a little girl," says a lady, "I was looking out of a window into my father's farmyard, where stood many oxen, cows and horses waiting for a drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek aud quiet, till one of the cows wanted to move and tried to turn round. In trying to do this she hit the one next to her. In five minutes the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit; just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears.'"

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L. H. PILLSBURY, General Agent for the West.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MAY, 1873. No. 5.

MAY FLOWERS.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

They're springing forth and fragrant in many a woody dell,
Arbutus blossoms, fair and sweet! and to my heart they tell
Of sunny hours and long, bright days, and balmy summer air,
When all the vales are fragrant, and all the hillsides fair.

Thou trailing plant with perfume sweet as Araby the blest,
I gladly hail in thee the proof that stormy winds may rest;
That clouds and gloom may now give place to skies and hopes serene,
And in our daily paths the proofs of spring time may be seen.

Ah, welcome to our spirits is each token, fair and sweet,
Of brighter days in store for earth, when all in peace shall meet;
When in good will the sons of men in every land and clime,
Shall meet with sounds of war no more to mar the holy time.

Our Pilgrim fathers hailed with joy arbutus sweet and fair,
While "merry May" now gives to us its fragrancy to share;
To all it is an emblem of brighter days to be,
Foreshining on the war-cursed earth the peace she yet may see.

New Haven, Conn.

NOT FOR CHEWERS OR SMOKERS.—A gentleman, receiving a legacy of ten thousand dollars from his father's estate, gave it to Phillips Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, for the benefit of poor students trying to master an education. But this proviso is made: they must not use tobacco in any form; for, says the donor, "no boys shall smoke cigars or chew 'fine cuts,' at the expense of my father's labor."

A SKEPTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked him how it could be true that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. "O," replied he, "dare's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I put it in de fire till it gits red-hot—now de poker's in de fire and de fire's in de poker."

Govern gently. Govern the child by gentleness; even the camel moves not swifter before the whip than behind the flute.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 8.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Will you put on the wings of imagination, fly over to England and, taking this for Sunday morning, come with me to St. Luke's Sunday School? It is now two or three minutes to the time for commencing and the hands of the clock are close upon half-past nine. As we enter the porch we may take a peep through an open door at the boys as they sit with nice clean faces and best Sunday clothes in their classes with a kind teacher in front of each class. Then going up the stairs we enter the girls' school; here there are three rows of classes arranged down the length of the room; forms compose three sides of each square and a chair makes the fourth, this last being the teacher's place. Now will you come and sit by me as I take my place and say "Good morning" to my children. First, I will introduce you to the girl at my left hand; she is tall and thin, with a little shade of care upon her face, for she is the eldest of a large family and has plenty to do in helping her mother to keep the house and mind the little ones. Her name is Emily and she is a dear good child of about fourteen, who has been my pupil for some years, declining the offer to go into a higher class, because she likes best to stay with her old teacher. Next to her are two sisters, Florence and Katie, one very quiet and bright, the other gentle but not intelligent. Then come Lizzie and Florence and Emma, and sometimes one or two more, but these are my regular ones. School is now commenced by the superintendent reading the fourth commandment to which we all reply, "Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law," and then after singing a hymn and joining together in a few prayers we settle down to our work.

First, the lessons have all to be said and then the children read some chapter or part of a chapter in the Bible, and the teacher explains its meaning and tries to persuade the children to follow its teaching. At half-past ten the bell is struck and we all go away, some of us to church and some into the boys' school, where a children's service is held for the little ones. This is one of the bright hours of the best and happiest days of all the seven, and one of the most useful too, for lessons learned in the Sunday School are often remembered in after years and though perhaps for a time the good seed lies hidden and apparently dead, it springs up at last and we learn the truth of God's promise that His word shall not return unto Him void.

The children are not always quiet and good, sometimes they are very naughty and troublesome, but if the teacher tries to be patient, and above all, *loving*, she is often rewarded by seeing an unruly girl grow into a good and useful woman. I will give you an instance of this. The Sunday before last a friend of mine,—who for many years past has been the superintendent of a neighboring parish Sunday School,—was walking past the church when she met a young woman who looked smilingly at her and whose face she thought she knew. Stopping before her my friend said, "I think I ought to know you, I can remember your face." The young woman replied "Yes, ma'am, I am S——A——, and I used to be the plague of the class,but," she added "I love Jesus now and that makes all the difference." Was not that a simple and sweet declaration of faith? My friend inquired where she was living now, and learned that she had been obliged through her parents removal from their house to leave the school, but she still attended at another school. A day or two after this, my friend found on inquiring of her present teacher that S——A——was indeed a good and Christian scholar and "quite a little missionary."

Dear children, it does indeed "make all the difference" when we love Jesus and I want you whether you go to a Sunday School or not to ask yourselves if *you* love Jesus and remembering this little story of S——A——, try that that great difference shall be able to be seen in your life. not only in your Sunday School but also in your every-day life. This is my best wish for you that you may "love Jesus." Now little birds, flown over from America, I have shown to you one school and my own class—if you stayed for afternoon school you would see more children, for they like best to come in the afternoon but perhaps I have kept my visitors as long as they would care to stay. So good bye, birdies.

Your English Friend, PHILIPPA.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

The work of woman is peace, is peace!
She has no nobler work to do—
Man's woes to soothe, man's weal increase:
Let her that noblest work pursue.

The work of woman is peace, is peace!
At home, abroad, and everywhere
Where bliss abounds, where discords cease,
The place of woman is there, is there!

The path is stony, the task is hard;
But all worth gaining, by toil is gained.
The work itself is its own reward,
And well begun is half attained.

Then onward, woman! your mission's great,
Our race from bondage to release—
From bonds of envy, spite, and hate:
The work of woman is peace, is peace!

THE TWO FRIENDS.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other; "as you please dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you're welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again. I often think of this fable when I feel more inclined to be sulky than sweet—*Children's Hour.*

FREELY FORGIVE.

IT is very easy for us to say we will forgive those who injure us, but it is quite another thing to put it in practice. Many people forgive very much as the little school-girl did to whom her teacher said, "Mary, if a naughty girl should hurt you, you would forgive her like a good little girl, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," she said, "if I couldn't catch her?"

Another little Sunday-school scholar had a notion of forgiveness very much like hers. His lesson had been upon this subject, and his teacher asked him if, in view of what he had been studying he could forgive those who wronged him.

"Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for instance, who had struck you?"

"Y-e-s, sir," said the lad slowly, after thinking a little, "I could—I guess I could;" and then added, in a husky tone, "I know I could if he were bigger than I am!"

These little folks put us in mind of an old gentleman who had a quarrel with a neighbor, and thinking he was about to die, sent for the neighbor, that the difficulty might be settled before he died. "I can't bear," said he, "to leave this world while there is any bad feeling between us. But, mind you," he said with all the energy his feeble voice could assume, "If I get well the old grudge stands!"

Ah, that is not like the teaching of Jesus. The enemy is not only to be forgiven, but treated like a friend. True forgiveness empties the heart of all remembrance of old grudges and hate, and fills it with kindness and love.

DEWDROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS. NO. 13.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE FRIENDS AND THEIR FAITH AND TEST.

There is a sect of men, on both sides of the wide sea, who will not take up arms to fight in war, nor hire, nor pay men to do it. For this they have had much to bear. They have been put in jail; their goods have been sold to pay the fines put on them for their faith in Christ's words, which, they are sure, teach that no one who loves Him, and loves men as he did, can raise the hand to kill one for whom He died. There was once a great war in Ireland,where men of the same race and tongue,and who claimed to have faith in the same God and Christ, fought like wild beasts, slew, burnt, and worked the work of fiends more than of beasts; for beasts, such as wolves, but kill what they need to eat.

Well, the Friends in this sad land and time, were in a sad case. They stood there with a fire in front and rear, and it roared and blazed on them, as if it would burn them up. The men of war tried to drive them from their faith; to make them fight, now for this side, now for that. They were as mad as they could be, and did all they could to make the Friends take up arms. They put on them scorn, hate and wrong of all kinds to drag them down from their life of peace and good will to all. But these brave men, of soft words and stout hearts, stood fast and firm to their faith. No fire, nor sword, nor door of jail could scare them, for the face of Christ smiled on their souls, and they heard His voice and step by their side, and He helped them to walk with and like Him. He gave them of his power to melt the wrath of their foes. And that power was love, and it burnt like a coal of fire on their heads. And this was the way it burnt:

The two mad sects who were at war could and did slay and burn at their bad will. They made the land red with homes in a blaze, and the sky black with their smoke. But they

could not bleed nor burn out the faith the brave Friends had strong and warm in their hearts. These men of kind eye, hand and voice could and did wield arms with an edge too keen for steel swords to match them. These arms were thoughts and acts of love to their foes on each side. When a day or night of blood was done, they would go out with their wine and oil, like him Christ tells us of, and they would bend down, and, with a hand and voice which He had made soft, would raise poor men out of their blood, bind up their wounds, bring them to their own homes, and watch and tend them, and say to their sad souls words of cheer. With these arms the Friends fought both night and day, and their foes, on both sides, had to yield to a force which their sharp steel swords could not cope with. They could and did slay with hot wrath men who put their trust in swords, but these who armed their hands with deeds of love, and put their trust in Christ, and walked and talked like Him, had a power which they could not break nor bend.

So it came to this: When the men of war rushed on a town, their first cry was, "Spare the Friends!" and they did spare them, and they were safe in the midst of the fire, in the midst of the hail of lead and streams of blood that fell and flowed round them. Mad and beast-like as both sides in the strife were, they would as soon have dried up the springs at which they drank day by day, as to have quenched the life of that love which Christ had put in the hearts of these brave men, and which flowed out in such kind deeds, the same to foe as friend. Thus did the Friends in that time of hate, and fire and blood prove in their own case this truth of so much worth, that, "Where a man's ways please the Lord, He makes his foes to be at peace with him."

LICENSE OR NO LICENSE.

Vote yes! and the lava-tide of death
Over cottage, hall and bower,
Shall roll its dark, blood-crested wave,
While madness rules the hour.

Vote no! and the white-winged angel, Peace,
Shall dwell in the drunkard's home;
And beams of temperance, truth and light,
Dispel the withering gloom.

Vote no! and the mother's heart shall leap,
The sister's eye be dry,
The poor inebriate clasp his hands,
And raise his voice on high.

By the cherished heart's great wrong,
By the spirit's deathless woe—
In the name of God and the name of man,
Let every vote be no!

Perhaps, this little incident may interest your readers. *It is strictly true.*

Two widows, friends, both poor, lived in the same town, not far from each other. One night one of them could not sleep, she was *impressed* with the idea, that her friend was suffering from want. She arose very early, dressed, and with a little dough she had mixed the evening before, and a salt fish, went over to the house of her friend. On entering she said to a daughter, "I hope you will not be offended that I have brought you a little dough for biscuit, and a salt fish."

"Mrs.——," the daughter replied, with much feeling, "we had no supper last night, and my mother is *now* up stairs praying the Lord to send us a breakfast."—*Olive-Leaf.*

The Christian is at peace with his neighbor; and more than this, he is a peace-maker—he brings peace. His words and looks and acts are filled with the patience and gentleness of Christ, and his influence resembles that of his Master, who, because of his work, was called "The Prince of peace."

JEM'S ANGEL.

Jem was cold and hungry and miserable. It had been raining all night, and toward morning a sharp north-east wind began to blow, freezing the rain as it fell. Jem's bed was a pretty hard one—a pile of straw partially held in place by what had once been some lengths of blue jean, and covered by the remnants of an old calico quilt. Once Jem had thought himself quite well off, but that was when Bob was alive. Old Lotty, who was a kind soul if she did get drunk, pitied the poor homeless boys and gave them the privilege of sleeping in her garret, at three cents a night. In the morning they went out, often without breakfast, to do anything they could find to do—run of errands, sweep crossings, hold a gentleman's horse for a minute, anything that was not begging.

Bob had splendid dreams of some day becoming a newsboy. The time was always coming—alas, it never came!—when such an amount of surplus funds would be left over after the day's expenses, that Bob would enter at once upon his career, and then good-bye to hunger and cold and all the ills of life. It would take but a few days for Bob to make profits enough to set Jem up in trade too, and then wouldn't they lead a jolly life? Bob's imagination even saw a little cottage in the country, and old Lottie in it, cured of her love of drink, and peace and plenty and comfort everywhere. Jem believed in Bob devoutly. It never occurred to him that such glorious plans *could* fail. Bob had always taken care of him, and always would, of course. He was so much bigger and stronger, and then he was so cheery. There was never a time so dark that he couldn't see something bright just ahead.

Poor Jem! all that light was gone now. Bob was very tired one night, and the next morning he didn't even know Jem, but kept talking about the green fields, though it was in the depth of winter, and the little baby sister who died before Jem could remember. Old Lottie didn't go out that day; she had a few pennies in her pocket, and she did what she could for the dying boy, but it was no use. He smiled once, before he died, on the wretched little boy at his side, sobbing with cold and terror, and said, "Cheer up, Jem; it'll all come right."

The overseers of the poor took Bob away, and Jem was left cold and hungry and miserable.

The sun shone out from a wintry sky that morning after the cold rain. Jem went out. He didn't know where he was going, and he didn't care. He just wanted to be where Bob was. Bob was his heaven. He wandered on. Once he stopped and looked wistfully at a stall; there was hot coffee and rolls and great slices of bread, but he didn't say anything. The man at the stall saw him. "Poor little chap," said he, and threw him a thick slice of rye bread. He felt better after that, still he couldn't see how it was to come right, as Bob had said; but then Bob always knew.

He had got a long way from the garret by this time, but he was very cold. Two little boys, warmly clad, ran along ahead of him. One said, "I'm 'fraid we're late," and then they turned in at a church door. As they disappeared, the chorus, "Yes, Jesus loves me," came ringing out. Jem stood looking in, and wondering what it meant. The singing went on, and then a sudden longing filled his aching heart to learn *who* it was that loved the little boys and girls in there so much. He pushed the door open and entered. A great stove, bright and glowing, stood right by the door; he slipped behind it and no one saw him. Pretty soon they sang again. This time it was, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Jem was in a maze of wonder and delight. It was all beginning to come right; he knew it would, but he didn't expect it so soon. Finally the warmth stole into him and he slept.

When he woke a gentleman was talking. Jem rose to his feet and listened. A great card was hanging where all could see it, and though Jem could not read, he knew that the gentleman was talking about the words on the card: "He shall give his angels charge over thee." Jem didn't know what that meant, but he listened, and the gentleman spoke very simply. "Is there anything in all the world to be afraid of, dear children? Why, think! God gives an angel—a great, strong, powerful angel—the charge of you; that means, the *care* of you. He sees that you are not able to take care of yourselves, and so he gives each one of you an angel to go with you and take care of you. He is with you every day, and at night, when you lie down to sleep, your angel watches over you, and keeps you from harm." Jem heard with his heart in his throat. Why, this was just what he wanted, now that Bob was gone. He didn't know who God was, or what an angel might be, but felt pretty sure by this time that the Jesus of whom they sang, and the good God who sent the angel, and even the angel himself, were all one and the same good Being who took care of every body in the world, and so would take care of him. Bob must have known all abont it, and that was why he said it would all come right.

They sang again, and then the children went away. Jem wanted to make quite sure. He must ask the kind gentleman about it, so as to know where to find God. Nearly all had gone before the gentleman came. He saw the eager face of the ragged boy before he reached him, and stopped.

"Please, tell me," began Jem, "where is the man what takes care of litttle boys as hasn't got any Bob?"

"It is the good God, who takes care of every body, my poor boy," said the gentleman, kindly. "But what has become of Bob?"

"I do' no; they took him off an' put him in the ground; he said it 'ud all come right, but I was 'fraid till you said as how God ud' send a angel; say, mister, be you the angel?"

"No, my boy," said the gentleman in a husky voice, "I am not an angel, but perhaps God has sent me to you for all that. He takes care of you all the time, and it is he who sent you here to-day."

"Yes, I guess he did. I was so cold an' hungry, an' I didn't know what to do, 'cause Bob's gone an' wont never come back. But I aint 'fraid now. I'll go home an' tell old Lotty. God 'll send a angel to go 'long with me, an' it 'll all come right. Bob said so. Thank you, sir, for tellin' me 'bout it."

The brave little fellow started to go out, but Mr. Brown stopped him to learn where he lived, and the next day sought out the child who had taught him such a lesson of trust. Old Lotty wasn't drunk, and told him how friendless the poor lad was; how his father died of hard drink, and his mother, a gentle lady, struggled a little and then died, leaving her boys too young to know the name of mother. Mr. Brown's eyes grew moist as she told of Bob's devotion to his little Jem, and when she had ended, he took the child by the hand and went out.

Jem never forgot, in the happy, prosperous days that followed, the lesson of trust he learned that morning in the care of the dear Father, and Mr. Brown's faith is strengthened every day by his simple assurance that every thing will somehow and some time "come right."

THE CANARY'S WISH.

It is said, but I will not affirm the truth of the story, that a pretty yellow canary, in a fit of fretfulness, cried out one day, 'I wish I were dead!'

Upon this, the tortoise shell cat looked up with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said: 'I don't wonder at it, my dear. Shut up as you are in that cage, it is not strange that you should wish for death.'

'Yes,' replied the bird, 'I am shut up, while my friends are out in the bright sunshine, sporting among the beautiful flowers. It is too bad!'

'So it is,' rejoined the cat, in a tone of tenderness.

'And such a sweet singer as I am,' added the canary.

'Yes, dearest, your songs are sweeter than those of birds that are free. I don't wonder you are wretched.'

'O, I do wish I were dead!' groaned the bird. 'My life is all pain and vexation. I'm a poor, miserable prisoner.'

'My little love,' replied the cat, as he rose to his feet, 'if you will have the pluck to come out of your cage, I will help to free you from all your grief and pain.'

'What! what!' chirped the canary, with a terrible flutter in his heart, as the cat rose up on his hind legs and placed one of his fore-paws on the door of the cage.

'It pains me to do it,' replied the cat, 'yet for your sake I will stifle my grief, and help you out of your misery—'

The bird screamed. A footstep at the parlor door made puss turn his head, and then, seeing his master, he slunk through an open window into the garden. Canary breathed freely agan, and having been very near the death it had so foolishly desired, was henceforth a wiser and happier bird.

'Foolish little canary?' I hear a thousand voices exclaim. Yes, a foolish little canary indeed, is that little boy or girl who often utters rash wishes, as 'I wish I were dead!' or, 'I wish I didn't have to go school!' or 'I wish I could get away from home!' or any other equally idle wish. If such a child should be taken at his word, as the cat was about to take the canary, he, too, would learn both the folly and the danger of foolish wishing and fretful feeling.

Believe nothing against another but upon authority, nor repeat what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

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VOL. II. BOSTON, JUNE, 1873. No. 6.

JUNE ROSES.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Freshly they bloom around our summer paths,
So sweet and fragrant! and our hearts expand
Beneath their lovely spell, for heaven seems near,
And we the dwellers in that better land.

They bloom above their precious dust who died
That Liberty and Union might be one.
We deck with them our dear and honored graves,
E'en while we sigh that victory was won.

Alone with sacrifice,—and then the prayer
That nevermore the land be scourged with war,
Rises from lips once pale with anguish, when
The land was cursed with awful battle roar.

No more the laurels for the brave we pluck
The Warrior brave!—their fellow-men who slay;
June roses will we choose to deck the brows
Of those who serve humanity alway.

The heroes of a bloodless strife with sin
We honor more than those with war's renown,
For these we'll strip June roses of their thorns,
And weave, with grateful hearts, their fragrant crown.

—*New Haven, Conn.*

MAKE YOUR MARK.

From the creation of man to the present day, where the beacon light of civilization has entered, men have always striven to gain names which will shine on history's golden pages.

To do this they have burned at the stake beautiful women, thrown into the darkest dungeons innocent men. Children have been snatched from the breasts of fond mothers and butchered before their eyes. Towns have been burned, fields of waving grain consumed by angry flames. Our "fertile valleys and rock ribbed hills" have been deluged in blood. Men have rushed wildly into battle and destroyed their opponents.

But for what were all these crimes and destructions? To increase the civilization of the world? To lead the heathen to the throne of grace? No. But to make the world admire them. To make them the object of eulogy—the occupants of pedestals, that the people might bow to them and even worship them.

If in the quarry, shop, or schoolroom, opponents hedge your way, struggle manfully and well; let no obstacles oppose you, for a shield of truth never fell by its foe's weapons.

The lion is king of beasts on account of his strength; so is he who strives to make himself, not by slaughter. but by work, the champion of the world.

Let us work boldly while in youth's sweet embrace, for after manhood, comes old age. Like young David when he was about to approach the "giant in battle," have faith in God. When this is done and earth has passed away, we will have made our mark in the great book of life, as having worked faithfully unto the end.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SABBATH THOUGHT.

"When William comes home this morning, I shall give him a good scolding. I meant to have called at his master's and given it to him in the week; but I had not time."

This was said over the breakfast-table by the father of a family, who had reason to be displeased with his eldest son, who was an apprentice to a draper at a little distance. There was a pause after the father spoke. It was plain that the mother and the children—of whom there were three—were sorry for William. At last, the youngest child, a little girl, who sat next to her father, laid down her spoon, and, looking up in his face, said coaxingly,—

"Father dear, I want to ask something."

"Well, my love, ask away."

"Doesn't it say in the Bible, 'Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do'?"

"Yes, my child; we must do our week's work in the week; and then we have the blessing of the Sabbath to rest in and to praise God."

"Oh! then, father, you musn't scold poor William. You said that ought to have been done in the week."

The father looked at his little monitor with a smile, and said, after a moment's pause, "You are right, darling. If I forgot or neglected this 'hard work' of scolding in the week, it shall not be done to-day; for this is the day of love, given to us by God's love, and consecrated by a Saviour's love."

Just then, William came in; and, as the kisses went round that welcomed him home, the others said, "You're not to be scolded, William; you're begged off because it is the Sabbath."

William, who knew very well what he had done that was wrong, colored up; and his father said,—

"Kiss your little sister, Willie, and try for the future to avoid anything that will cause you on *any day* to be scolded. To-day we will all bless God and be happy."

Oh blessed home where the love of God calls up sweet, holy family love; where parents and children try to think of and to do God's will! The Sabbaths in such a home are foretastes of that unending Sabbath, where there are joys unspeakable, and pleasures forevermore.—[*London*] *Children's Friend.*

LOVE AND PEACE.

"My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees nought but sunshine glad.
The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above."

A GENTLEMAN.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson. "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knee," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but a bad temper does. Now William, if you want to be a gentleman you must be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Why did not you throw back?"

"Because, sir, my mother says that to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy, and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind; and he lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

Remember, a gentle boy makes a gentleman.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A poor Arab travelling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself!

The poor man travelled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

WINGS.

It was a beautiful summer morning. The sun shone down in royal splendor on the dancing waters, and the breeze came fresh and bracing from the west, while the white ferry-boat, like some huge sea-bird, sped her way to and fro between the shores of New York and Jersey City.

On board moved the swiftly-changing tide of human life, with its countless diversities and strong contrasts, mirthful and sad, earnest and idle, kind and selfish, pure-hearted and evil. In one corner of the deck was a small wagon, whose occupant attracted the attention of all, and the sympathy of every true heart. Judging by his face, he might have seen nineteen years, but the man's body was poorly supported by the shrunken limbs, not larger than those of a child. Yet the pale, tired face wore a look of trustful patience, and his clear, honest eyes neither shunned nor courted the pitying glances bent upon him. He was selling books, counting change quickly, and passing it with a slight bow, and pleasant "Thank you."

A lady came up, bought two or three books, and withdrew to a little distance. Tears filled her eyes as she watched the busy, dwarfed figure, and she said in a low tone to the gentleman beside her:

"What can that poor boy have to look forward to?"

She did not think he would overhear her, but her words reached his quick ear, and with a swift, beautiful smile lighting his wan face, he answered hopefully:

"Wings—some day!"

FIGHTING IN LOVE.

A military officer, pacing with impatience the piazza of a station-house, beheld an aged and venerable man with a placid countenance "on which the dove of peace sat brooding," and attired in the costume which marks the *Friend*, and which he at once regarded as a quiet attack on his military profession. He stood before the Friend, and commenced a tirade in favor of defensive war. Warming with the subject he declared, in denunciatory tones, what terrible things he would do to the man who should offer violence to his wife or children. At length he paused, his whole attitude courting argument and challenging a reply.

"Well, friend," replied the other calmly, "I hope thou wouldst take care to do it all in love."

Incensed at the answer he went on as before, supposing cases of aggression too hard to be borne, and saying what he would do, and waxing fierce and more fierce in telling of the stabs and blows and blowing-out-of-brains with which he would repel and punish the invader. When exhausted he again paused for the argument which he was determined to provoke. The meek reply was still the same.

"I hope thou wilt be sure to do it in love."

The officer was incensed with the simple, and as he at first thought, stupid reply. *Fight* in *love!* Stab a man to the heart in *love!* Or *blow out his brains in love!* But the simple expression stuck with him,—a nail fastened in a sure place. He had been a student of theology, and had read his Bible accurately, and he knew that what could not be done in love could not be done religiously or scripturally, and throwing up his military commission he entered the moral warfare, a *peace advocate*, and the author of that sweet little book, "*A Kiss for a Blow.*"—*Selected.*

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

Nothing is more worthy of a great and brave man than clemency.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 9.

Dear Young Friends:—How pleasant it is to have the warm spring weather come again; to be able to take long walks in the country and gather the sweet wild flowers; to listen, too, to the birds as they carol their own bright songs. I hope you will all enjoy this happy time. There are some people who seem as though they go through the world with their eyes and ears shut, for they do not see the many beauties that lie around them, nor distinguish the sounds that meet their ears. Now, will all you little folks try this summer to open your eyes and ears, that you may both see and hear? To do this you must first open your hearts. You know how love opens people's eyes. A child at school may be looking pale and tired, but as she is uncomplaining, no one knows she is unwell; but let her get home and she need make no complaint, for the mother sees quickly enough that all is not right. Again, with our companions we very soon notice any change in those we love, of manner, affection, cheerfulness or appearance, while in those who have not our affection many varieties may occur, and we do not heed them.

Will you try to open your hearts to God's creatures, and love the birds and even the flowers that He has made?

Some boys take an interest in birds, because they like to go bird-nesting; but this is not at all the right way to care about them. I want you to love them and like to notice their pretty ways. I will tell you two stories of birds.

A man was one day walking through a wood, when he observed a bird constantly flying backwards and forwards from one tree to another. He wondered what she did it for, and with looking closely he perceived that she was picking leaves one by one and carrying them in her mouth from the one tree in order to cover over her nest of young birds in the other. He then observed that a serpent was coiling around the trunk of the tree. The wonderful instinct of the bird caused her to know that the leaves of the tree near her were poisonous to the snake, and that by covering her young ones with them she would preserve their lives from the destroyer who would recoil from the dangerous leaves and permit his dainty morsel to abide in peace.

Another story of the love of birds for their young is that of the Stork of Delft, in Holland. The city was on fire, and this stork had her nest on the roof of one of the burning houses. A nest full of young birds. What could she do? Poor thing, she tried hard to save them, but they were too young to fly and too big for her to carry. Her attempts to do so were all in vain, so rather than leave them to their fate, she stayed and perished with them. How pure and unselfish is the love that God implants! How sad to feel that this instinct should be spoiled in man by the strength of sin and the power of the Devil.

I have just heard a story the exact opposite of that I have been writing.

Three men went bird-nesting together,—a father with his two sons. They were on a high rock and saw nests all down in the crevices, so they attached themselves to a rope they had with them, and slung themselves down the rock. The father was at the end of the rope, the sons one above another. Presently they discover the rope is breaking, their weight is too great for it; perhaps with one gone they might be safe, so the young man at the top calls to his brother, "Cut the rope, we cannot all be saved, let him go." The reply is, "No, if we must drop, let us go together." The rope continues to wear, it will soon break if the three hang upon it, and the young man at the top takes his knife, cuts the rope and sends his father and brother falling down the rock to certain death, while his own life is spared.

I do not say, dear children, that if you go bird-nesting you will come to such selfishness as that I have described, but I do say that cruelty to animals will harden your hearts and make you unkind to one another.

"I would not number on my list of friends
A man who wilfully sets foot upon a worm;"

for I know that such a one would be no nice friend for me; while those who love the birds and animals and are kind even to the creeping things, will be good and unselfish in other ways. I am, dear young friends, your English friend,

Philippa.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

NELLIE NEWTON.

May the numbers increase,
Sweet angel of peace,
And be wafted o'er land and o'er sea,
May children from far
Hail thee as the star
Which in heaven's blue curtain they see.

May the rich from their treasures,
The gay from their pleasures,
Turn gladly to welcome thee in.
May the young and the old
Scan eagerly each fold
Of thy garments unsoiled by sin.

Dear angel, my bird,
May all who have heard
Of Emanuel, the Prince of Peace,
In every land,
With willing hand
Aid thee, till war shall cease.

WHICH WAS THE NOBLE DEED?

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

I shall state two facts. One of them records a really *noble* deed. I want my readers to sit as a jury on these incidents and determine which describes the noble act.

1. On one of the Shetland Islands (find these islands on your map of Europe) there is a crag four hundred feet high. The waves of the sea dash against its base with a noise like perpetual thunder. On the top of that lofty rock and close to its edge a pair of sea-eagles once built their nest of twigs and seaweed and warmly lined it with wool and feathers. One day a b

Shetlander crept out to this nest during the absence of the eagles and robbed it of the two eggs it contained. Knowing that the sea-eagle lays three eggs before setting, he again ventured out on to the crag a few days after. This time the mother eagle was on its nest. Knowing the strength and courage of this mighty bird he crept softly forward, and suddenly throwing himself upon her, grasped her by a wing and leg. It was a perilous moment for the egg-hunter. Had the eagle put forth her terrible strength she would either have shaken off her captor or dragged him over the precipice to a terrible death. But, very strangely, she lay still, while the hunter drew off his garters, bound and gagged her. As the path by which he came was too steep and rugged to permit him to carry away his prize, he pitched her over the crag to be dashed to death on the rocks below, took the egg which was in the nest, and went off in quest of other game.

2. Some fifty years ago a boat left a ship and was rowed by a stout-hearted crew toward the shore of a beautiful island in the Pacific Ocean. As they drew near the beach they saw a crowd of naked savages brandishing their knotted clubs and sharp-pointed spears. Knowing them to be cannibals, or man-eaters, they shrunk from landing. But there was one man in that boat who had left his native land for the purpose of teaching those rude savages the story of Jesus and heavenly love. When the sight of these furious man-eaters made the sailors turn pale with horror, this good man stood up with fearless eyes, and, holding the Bible aloft in his hand, calmly said,

"Live or die, put me ashore!"

They put him ashore. The natives did not kill him, but listened to the "old, old story," which he had risked so much to tell them, and learned through his teaching to love instead of eating one another.

Which of these men did a truly *noble* deed? The eagle-hunter was bold and brave, but was there any thing noble in his conquest of the mighty bird? I see nothing. A noble act must be something more than courageous.

In the second fact you see a truly noble act. There was a man so desirous to do good to an ignorant, miserable people as to forget himself. "Live or die, put me ashore," was the watchword of a soul generous, high-minded, self-forgetful, self-sacrificing. All such souls are noble. And that youth who in the humblest home uniformly seeks the happiness of his companions and relatives by the cheerful sacrifice of his own claims is a noble youth.—*Exchange.*

PETER PARLEY'S PEACE STORY.

[An extract from "Peter Parley's Own Story," by the late S. G. Goodrich.]

I had gone in the evening to a concert at the City Hotel. While listening to the music there was a murmur in the streets. Soon the door of the concert-room was thrown open, and in rushed a man, all breathless with excitement. He mounted on a table, and swinging a white handkerchief aloft, cried out,—"Peace! peace! peace!"

The music ceased; the hall was speedily vacated; I rushed into the street, and oh, what a scene!

It was on the evening of Saturday, the 11th of February, 1815, that the news of the treaty of peace reached New York. In half an hour after, Broadway was one living sea of shouting, rejoicing people. "Peace! peace! peace!" was the deep, harmonious, universal anthem. The whole spectacle was enlivened by a sudden inspiration; somebody came with a torch; the bright idea passed into a thousand brains. In a few minutes thousands and tens of thousands of people were marching about with candles, lamps, torches, making the jubilant street appear like a gay and gorgeous procession. The whole night Broadway sang its song of peace. We were all democrats, all federalists! Old enemies rushed into each other's arms; every house was in a revel; every heart seemed melted by a joy which banished all evil thought and feeling. Nobody asked, that happy night, What were the terms of the treaty? We had got peace,—that was enough. I moved about for hours in the ebbing and flowing tide of people, not being aware that I had opened my lips. The next morning I found that I was hoarse from having joined in the exulting cry of "Peace! peace!"

The next day, Sunday, all the churches sent up hymns of thanksgiving for the joyous tidings. I set out in the stage coach on Monday morning for Connecticut. All along the road the people saluted us with swinging of hats and cries of rejoicing. At one place, in a rather lonesome part of the road, a school-master came with the whole school at his heels to ask us if the news was true. We told him it was; whereupon he tied his bandanna pocket-handkerchief to a broom, swung it aloft, and the whole school hosannaed, "Peace! peace!" At all our stopping places, the people were gathered to rejoice in the good tidings. At one little tavern I looked into a room; by chance, the door being open, and there I saw the good wife, with a chubby boy in her lap,—both in a perfect gale of merriment,—the child crying out, "Peath! peath!" Oh, ye makers of war, reflect upon this heartfelt verdict of the people in behalf of peace!

RULES FOR DOING GOOD.

"Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can."—*John Wesley.*

The Heavenly Dove. There are horrible beasts called lions, tigers, wolves and bears. Perhaps you have seen them shut up in cages. Wicked people are like wild beasts.

There is a gentle bird called a dove. The Holy Spirit of God is like a dove. If this Holy Spirit were to come into your heart, you would grow gentle like a dove, and then you would be happy.

A Scoffer Rebuked. A man scoffingly asked, "What advantage has a religous man over one like myself? Does not the sun shine on me as well as on him this fine day?" "Yes," replied his companion, a pious laborer, "but the religious man has two suns shining on him at once—one on his body, the other on his soul."

"It is your every-day experiences which cultivate you,—the little silent workings within and without,—slower, perhaps, than the uprisals of the coral island, but just as sure. It may take years to bring you above the surface; but every shell that you throw off raises you so much higher."

"Mother," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.

"He that sympathizes most with the infirmities of others, approaches most nearly the spirit of his Divine Master."

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THE ANGEL OF PEACE,

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Check at their fountain head,
O Lord! the streams of strife,
Nor let misguided man rejoice
To take his brother's life.

Strike off the pomp and pride
That deck the deeds of war,
And in their gorgeous mantle hide
The blood-stained conqueror.

To history's blazoned page
Touch the pure wand of truth,
And bid its heroes stand unveiled
Before the eye of youth.

By every fireside press
The gospel's peaceful claims,
Nor let a Christian nation bless
What its meek Master blames.

So shall the seeds of hate
Be strangled in their birth,
And peace, the angel of thy love,
Rule o'er the enfranchised earth.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 10.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have been spending a little time this morning at our Hospital for Sick Children. I told you in a letter I wrote once before of the many hospitals we have in our town of Birmingham, but I had not time then to tell you much about either of them. To-day my letter is to be about the children's hospital.

When I went in this morning, I saw a kind lady who looks over all that goes on and sees that the nurses and servants do their duty. I spoke a few words to her, and then ran upstairs and went straight into a beautiful room, where I found many of the children.

One little baby child was crawling happily about the floor, his leg fastened to a splint. He looked such a merry little fellow and was so pleased for me to take him up in my arms and let him look out through the window. Many of the children were sitting up in their beds either nursing dolls or playing with balls. Two boys had a grand game of ball from bed to bed, at which I assisted by picking up the ball for them every time they dropped it.

Some little creatures were lying down looking very sad and ill, but all of them seemed to think it very nice to be in such a beautiful place.

One poor little child is dying there, she is so ill and weary, but the nurses are very kind and make her as happy as they can, though they know they can never make her well again. This room I am speaking of is such a bright, cheerful one, the windows all have glass down quite low, so that the children can toddle up to them and look out at the people and carriages passing in the street; there are beautiful pictures on the walls and a pot of flowers on the table. Then I went into the play-room to see a girl called Lottie. This little creature had come into the hospital almost dying, but to-day she looked quite bright and cheerful. Her throat had been very bad and she could not breathe through it, so one of the surgeons made a little hole in her neck and put a tube through it into the lower part of her throat; and now she breathes through that, while her throat is getting well. She was amusing herself in a rocking-chair and looked very pleased when I rocked her about. All these patients at the hospital are children of poor parents and many of them come from very sad homes, so that it is a happy thing to give them careful nursing and kind friends while they are ill. Can you remember any time when you were ill yourselves? How nice it was to lie in a little clean white bed with a kind face looking over you, and strong arms always ready to lift you and shake up your pillow.

Perhaps some day you will grow up to be kind nurses yourselves, and indeed you may be very useful while you are young. It is very pleasant to an invalid to have a gentle little girl sitting beside the bed, ready to read nice books or run with messages for her, and some of you may do this already. Sympathy is a great thing towards making invalids happy, and we may all, whether we are ill or well, have this for one another. This letter may perhaps come to some boys and girls who are sick; if so, dear children, you will like to hear of the other little invalids over in England and think how God has made us all alike, all have the same wants and feelings, all are subject to

pain and sickness and death, and all have eyes to look loving, ears to listen to sad complainings, mouths to speak kind, sympathizing words; hands and arms to nurse and tend, and feet to run on errands.

This being so, let us all try to help one another; never let us use our eyes for cruel looks, our hands for hard blows, but let us try to live in peace and brotherly love one with another, trying all we can to soothe and comfort each other in all our cares, sorrows and sickness, until the time comes when all these things shall have passed away and we shall have entered the beautiful land where there shall be no more pain, and where God Himself shall wipe away the tears from our eyes.

I am your English friend, PHILIPPA.

THE GOLD DUST GATHERER.

BY Z. D.

My home! my home! my sunny home!
Beneath the far blue skies.
Ah wherefore from thee did I roam
To where cold mountains rise?

The streams adown these cliffs that flow
Tho' rich with golden ore,
To my sad heart no joys bestow;
Why should I seek them more?

Brighter to me the sparkling eyes
Under the palm tree shade,
Than gems with their unclouded dyes
That here their bed have made.

More dear to me the lute-like tone
Of the low whisper'd voice,
Of her that there I call my own
Than wealth's delusive joys.

Again I'll seek the palm tree shade
Upon the peaceful plain;
Oh! woe is me, that hence I stray'd
I'll haste to it again.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

"O dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in-doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day, unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all; and I'll have just to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you will be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you these rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many things there are left to enjoy; and lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first;" and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't anything to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and"——

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper-dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said,—

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read,—

SUNSHINE FACTORY.
Uncle Jack and Little Jennie.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot, what you must remember,—"A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine."—*The Little Folks.*

THE DUKE'S LESSON ABOUT DILIGENCE.

"There was a duke once, who disguised himself, and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his palace.

"Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. 'Oh! these lazy people,' said he, 'there is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way.' And so Hahns went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

"Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held so far back that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people round there for leaving a huge rock in the road. Then he went on.

"Next came a company of merchants. When they came to the stone, the road was so narrow that they had to go off in single file on either side. One of them cried out: 'Did you ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?'

"It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to move it. Then the duke sent round word to all the people on his lands to meet near where the rock lay, as he had something to tell them.

"The day came, and a great crowd gathered. Old Hahns, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants. A horn was heard, and a splendid cavalcade came galloping up. The duke got down from his horse, and began to speak to the people.

"'My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way.'

"He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly underneath it was a round hollow, and in the hollow lay a small leathern bag. The duke held up this bag, that all the people might see it. '*For him who lifts up the stone.*' He untied the bag, and turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, bright golden coins.

"So they all lost the prize because they had not learned the lesson or formed the habit of diligence."

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH THE MONEY WASTED IN WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like an universal holocaust to heaven.—*Dr. Stebbins.*

HAPPY CHILDREN.

As house plants cannot flourish without sunshine, so children cannot thrive and be happy without love. How radiant are their bright faces as they respond to tones and words of affection from the lips of their parents! Little they can know of the deep solicitude, the constant care exercised toward them; but they do fully understand and appreciate words of love and tenderness. Why should we be chary of these when they cost only the speaking?

"I know now," said a lady not long ago, "that my mother loved me tenderly, but during all my childhood I doubted it. If I were really dear to her, I queried, why did she not tell me so? Why did she never caress me and assure me of her love. She thought her actions spoke loudly enough without words. I could not read her actions then as I do now, and how I longed to hear her call me loving names, and to have her lap me in the sweet embrace of her strong mother-love." Many a little heart aches just as this lady's did, and can be made happier by the spontaneous utterances of maternal affection than by beads, or dolls, or fine clothes, or costly toys.

Children who grow up in this constant atmosphere of love are rarely mischievous, never vicious. The mightiest of all agencies to lead the young in paths of virtue is in the hands of parents, and to command this agency they need but to give expression to the natural overflow of their hearts.

Children to be happy need encouragement and praise. It is not enough that they escape censure. Negatives are always cold and blank. Our little ones want warm positive approval when they have done right; thus will they be made to feel that the paths of wisdom are pleasantness and peace.

Let us give to these darlings of our hearts the sunniest, warmest spot in the household, and we shall see them grow up in symmetry to be fair women and brave men.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be your object rather than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.

When we pray we speak to God; when we read the Scriptures God speaks to us.

KIND WORDS.

Like a drop of dew on the drooping flowers,
Like a ray of sunshine in the gloom,
Like a strain of soft music, is the flower
Of a kind word spoken soon,—
Spoken lovingly

Like the moon's pale beams in a calm still night,
Like the perfumed breath of the summer air,
Like the evening stars' pale, twinkling light,
Are tender words—Alas too rare—
Spoken lovingly.

Many's the heart, all bruised and torn,
Healed by a kind and gentle word;
Many's the look of pride and scorn
Melted to tears by soft accents heard,
Spoken lovingly.

Remember that love's a plant more rare
Than those in the tropics blooming;
Tend and nurture it with care,
That the fresh buds, now assuming
The delicate tints their mother wore,
Shall be sweet blossoms fragrant, fair,
Wafting their perfume on the air,
Like kind words spoken, evermore,
Spoken lovingly.

Queen Victoria's Habits.—When free from the cares of State, nothing can be simpler than the daily routine of life Queen Victoria leads at Balmoral Castle. She manages her household on very strict principles, servants according to merit—promotion always being held out. For a stupid act, one member of the royal household had to wait ten years for promotion. Her majesty rises at seven, takes breakfast at nine, and then attends to dispatches and private correspondence; lunches at two, then drives out in her carriage. During meals a piper plays in front of the window. She has dinner at half-past eight in the library, not having used the large dining-hall since the death of her husband. There is no display in the library—the arrangements are of the simplest character. She spends much of her time in Prince Albert's room. She comes quietly in to her dinner, with her knitting in her hand, and retires early. She is a woman of great method. In all weather she is seen abroad. A rainy day does not keep her in; with a water-proof and umbrella, she defies the elements. It is quite a common thing to see her walking in the grounds under a drizzling rain. She is a hearty woman, having no "fine lady" fancies. She dresses consistently with the climate and the weather, and a fresh, comely, sensible looking lady she is, in her comfortable, plain jacket and broad-brimmed hat.

What You Can Never Catch.—Boys and girls, what is it that you can never catch, though you chase after it on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore take care of what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word.

Some days ago, a needy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the sum of five cents. The giver remarked, as he handed out the pittance:

"Take it; you are welcome; my ears are always open to the calls of the distressed."

"That may be," remarked the recipient, "but never before have I seen so small openings for such large ears."

Receive Christ into your heart and he will receive you into his kingdom.

DEWDROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS. NO. 14.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

ONE MAY SAVE IF NOT GIVE LIFE.

All life of man, beast, bird, fly or worm is of God. No one but God can give life It is his great gift to all things that move and breathe on earth, in the sky or sea. No king nor man of might can breathe a breath of life into a bird, bee or fly. But next to this great work of God a child may do. He may save life, and see and feel the joy it gives to small things that fly, walk or swim. A man who sang sweet songs the world loves, said in one of them, that he would not count his friend the man who would put his foot in scorn or hate on a worm. For the man who does that is most apt to do or say a thing to a friend that shows a lack of kind thought.

These thoughts lead me to say a word of my own self. I was the fifth son of a poor man who made shoes, and fed and clothed ten boys and girls with his awl and knife. His heart was brim full of kind thought for man and beast. No child in town could be sick two days but that he knew each turn for good or bad in its state. He would go a mile when his day's work was done to ask how it was with a sick babe, and I have seen him weep at the death of one two miles off, as if it were his own. When a storm of wind and rain came on and bent the great trees, he would look out and speak of the men on the sea. In the midst of the night, when the rain fell thick and loud on the roof, he would wake and say with such a sad tone, "It rains on their graves!" All his life long this thought made him sad,—"It rains on their graves!" The graves five scores of years old, as well as the last made in the churchyard in sight of our house.

His thought for beasts, birds, and all things that breathed with life was just as kind. He would buy a poor old horse on his last legs and keep him till he died of old age, and then mourn at his death as if the beast had a soul in him that God would own and bless on the far side of the grave, and the dear old man would dwell on the tale the dead horse might tell of him for lack of care and kind deeds.

In the far end of our home-lot there was the grave of these old worn-out beasts, and he would go to it sometimes once a week to look at their bones, as a man would walk to the graves of dear ones gone. I have seen him scores of times come back with slow steps and bent head, with his heart full of sad thoughts. I can see him now with bare head, black hair dashed with gray, brushed back and stiff from his brow, with his "specs" tied on with green tape for bows, and with his hands clasped at his back. I hear his voice and its tone and sigh as he told where he had been, and how he feared that the white bones would move with life, and each dead horse would speak to him and charge him with hard speech and deed to them. Kind old man! If they could have spoke they might have called to his mind thoughts and acts for them which he had dropt out of count.

I was the son of such a man, and fear I learnt of him but a small part of what his life ought to have taught me. But I learnt some of his kind thought for beasts, birds and things with small lives which folks are apt to think so cheap. It came to please me much to save one of these small lives on the brink of death, and to see its joy as it raised its wings and flew off to its kind in the air or trees. I thought I had done the next thing to what God does when I saved such a life. I would sit half an hour at a time by a tub at the mill full of that sweet juice which bees so much love. They came in swarms from their hives all bent on a good load to bear home. Soon one would risk too much, and fall in, and try in vain to get out. Its wings could not lift it out of the thick juice, and soon it lay still on it, too weak to try once more for life. Then I would put out a straw to it which it would grasp with its small hands and feet while I raised it out and laid it on a board in the sun. There it soon felt the light and heat. It shook its wings, and buzzed with new hope and life, then flew off to its hive like a thing raised from the grave. I felt that that small life was as near my own gift as it could be. I had saved it, which was next in worth to what God had done for the bee.

Such lives soon came to have a new worth to me, and I found that I could not take them in the sports which were so dear to me when a boy. I loved to fish and to shoot birds, but one day as I put the barbs of a hook through a live worm, a new thought came to me that such sport as that was not quite the thing, so I dropt the pole in the brook and went home. I still loved to shoot birds, but one day I broke the leg of a blue jay, when he cried with a voice so like a child's, and a score of his mates filled the air with such screams of "Stop thief!" that I felt like a Cain with hands red with blood I had no right to shed. So I went home and felt that I could not find sport in that sort of thing, and gave it up.

Now boys and girls, so full of the joy of their own young lives, are more apt to think less of the lives of birds, bees, and the like, than when they come to full age. Why is this? I would ask them. How can they find it a joy to put out a life that no one but God can give? Let them try the thing which I have told them of, and see what will come of it. Let them see how many lives they can save, and see if they will not find a joy in such sport.

TWO SCENES.

A gentleman took his son to a drunken row in a tavern, where the inmates were fighting and swearing, and said he:

"Do you know what has caused all this?"

"No, sir."

His father, pointing to the decanters, said: "That's the cause. Will you take a drink?"

The boy started back with horror, and exclaimed:

"No!"

Then he took the child to the cage of a man with the *delirium tremens*. The boy gazed upon him affirighted, as the drunkard raved and tore, and, thinking the demons were after him, cried. "Leave me alone! leave me alone! I see'em! they're coming!"

"Do you know the cause of this, my boy?"

"No, sir."

"This is caused by drink; will you have some?" and the boy shrank back with a shudder as he refused the cup.

Next they called at the miserable hovel of a drunkard, where was squalid poverty, and the drunken father beating his wife, and with oaths knocking down his children.

"What has caused this?" said the father.

The son was silent.

When told that it was rum, he declared that he would never touch a drop in his life.

But suppose the lad should be invited to a wedding feast, where, with fruit and cake, the wine-cup is passed, amid scenes of cheerfulness and gaiety, where all the friends are respectable, beloved, and kind to each other, and he should be asked to drink, would he refuse? Or suppose him walking out with his father on New Year's Day to call on his young lady friends, to enjoy the festivity of the ushering in of the new year. With other things, wine is handed to him by a smiling girl. His noble hearted father, whom he loves, presses the wine-glass to his lips, and compliments the young lady on the excellence of its quality; what wonder if the son follow his example?

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INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

BY WILLIAM STOKES.

Come over the mountain, come over the sea,
Thou First-born of heaven, thou Pride of the free!
Come fresh on the morning, with wings of the dove,
And strew in thy passage the blessings of love.

Appear in thy radiance, thou Angel of light,
And chase from creation the gloom of the night;
Disperse the thick shadows that over us spread,
And be to all nations as life from the dead.

Drive back to their caverns the dark hosts of death,
And scatter the forces of war with thy breath;
Proclaim to the world a new era begun,
And let it be lasting as light from the sun.

Proclaim that the Judge of the quick and the dead
Will "make inquisition for blood" they have shed;
Yet turn far away heavy judgments in store,
If, mourning their folly, they "learn war no more."

Thus come, gentle Peace, fix thy reign upon earth,
And bring the glad day of the world's second birth;
"The bow in the cloud," when dark thunder-storms cease,
Be thou to creation, sweet Spirit of Peace.

KING OF ROME.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a great soldier, one who loved the music of the drum and fife, the blow of the trumpet and the sound of the bugle. He loved the waving banners under whose bright colors he had won many battles, and the steady tramp, tramp, of thousands of feet marching to victory. He became Emperor of France; and when a son was born, a hundred guns pealed forth the thunder of his welcome. The little boy was immediately proclaimed "King of Rome," and in two months received his name, Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph Bonaparte. He was a beautiful boy, and the Emperor would sometimes take him in his arms with the most loving caresses, and toss him in the air, the child laughing and crowing with delight. His mother, Maria Louisa, had never been accustomed to little children, and was almost afraid to play with or caress her little son, fearing she would hurt him, and as he grew older, so as to be placed in the charge of a Governess, he learned to love *her* better than he loved his mother. The governess used to try to teach him not to love fighting and battles, through which so much misery comes, and kneeling by her side every night and morning, the young king lifted up his little hands in prayer to the Great Creator. "O Lord, inspire Papa with the wish of restoring Peace, for the happiness of France and of us all." One time his "Papa" was present, and observed that it was his wish to restore peace, but that could not have been so; if he had really been desirous of peace, he could have found some way. The Good Spirit always helps people who desire to do right.

Generally the little Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph Bonaparte, was a good boy and obedient to his governess, who never whipped him, but taught him without much punishment. One day he was very naughty, throwing himself upon the floor, and refusing to listen to any thing that she said. His governess closed the windows and drew down the blinds, and the little boy stopped crying and raised up to see what she was doing. He asked her why she shut the window. "I did so, lest you might be heard," she replied. "Do you think the people of France would have you for their prince, were they to know that you throw yourself into such fits of passion?"

"Do you think any one heard me?" he inquired.

"I should be very sorry if they did."

"Pardon me, I'll never do so again."

In 1814, the emperor lost the battle of Waterloo, and the reign of the little king was over before he was four years old; he never saw his father again, yet his childish mind retained a fond affection for him, and when Napoleon died, a lonely exile in St. Helena, the young duke (the rank given instead of king or prince,) wept bitterly and shut himself up for several days.

Napoleon the Second, as he is sometimes called, was educated with great care, but no Frenchman was allowed to see him, and his whole life was measured out by others. He was not allowed to think or feel for himself, and the bright and beautiful boy, was almost a prisoner, until death early released him from a life commenced with a prospect of all that the world can bestow, and ended in loneliness and desolation.—*Scattered Seeds.*

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 11.

My Dear Young Friends:—A few days ago I was at a great gathering of children. About six thousand met together in our Town Hall. It was a beautiful sight to see that crowd of young faces looking and listening intently while they were being spoken to. I thought about the little angels of peace over in America while I was there, for dear children, I look upon all of you as such.

An angel means a messenger, and more especially, a messenger of God, and so all of you are, I hope, angels of peace, and your other name is "Children of God," for we are told that "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

Well, though this gathering of children was not called a peace meeting it really was one, for it was to promote the cause of peace throughout the world. "Peace on earth, good will to men." There were two missionaries present, one from the hot country of Tinnevelly, the other from North West America. Mr. Sargent of Tinnevelly told us a story about a missionary box.

A number of children in London were given boxes to fill with money, but one poor little girl who was present went home without one, she had been thought too poor to get anything. She was very disappointed, so her brother got some bits of wood, fastened them together with nails, and made a slit in the top; it was but a rough and common affair, but it served her purpose.

The next time the children met the little girl came up with the rest, and presented her box which was quite full. Mr. Sargent was there, and he was so pleased that he said: "I am just going out as a missionary, will you give that box to me? I should like to take it."

Not very long after Mr. Sargent was speaking to a number of converted heathen at Tinnevelly, and he told them the story about the little girl and her missionary box. The next morning a man came to him and said: "I have not been able to sleep all night for thinking of what you told us about the child and her box. If she did so much for us far away, we ought to do something who live here on the spot, so I went off early to the potters, and I said, 'I want you to make me a round pot with a slit in the top,' and he made this; now may I get a hundred more of them, and let us all try what we can do?"

"Well," said Mr. Sargent, "I shall be very glad for you to try." So the pots were made and given away, and in six months time they had a "pot-breaking," and they found £6, were collected.

"Now," said the good man, who first started the plan of the pots, "let us have the next 'pot-breaking' in three months instead of six." When the day arrived they all gathered together again, and one man brought a pot which was so heavy Mr. Sargent could scarcely lift it; he tried to shake it, but it wouldn't rattle. "Why," said he, "whatever have you got in here?"

When it was broken he discovered it was so very full that there was not room for one bit of money more, and that was how it was it wouldn't rattle.

Another came up with his pot broken, and tied round with a piece of string. "Holloa, my man," thought Mr. Sargent, "have you been meddling with the money?" but it was not so.

"I filled him full," said he, "and I was trying to put another piece in, and he burst," and surely enough there was the pot as full as it could be.

This time £9 had been collected. If the child whose brother made the little box could know what good had been done by her example how pleased she would be!

Mr. Sargent told us a great deal about his work in Tinnevelly. He said they had twenty thousand Christian children there now. Is not that a nice thing to think of? Twenty thousand Christian children instead of the same number of heathen! The message of peace has been very kindly received and gladly welcomed in Tinnevelly.

Will you not dear children, all try what *you* can do to spread peace around you? First, you must have it yourselves, peace with God and with one another, and then you will try to spread peace, lovely peace all through the world. How happy it will be when we shall all be at peace together, and the nations shall not any longer make war one with another. Let us do what we can to hasten that time. I am sure that the greatest way of all to promote peace is to inculcate the knowledge of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, for when the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts it will quite destroy the love of war.

I am your English friend,

Philippa.

THE MANLY BOY.

What is it makes a manly boy? It is not size or weight, for there are some large, heavy boys that are anything but manly. We saw one once, a big burly fellow, about fourteen years old, with a fist like a small sledge-hammer, and a voice as loud almost as that of a mule; but we did not think he was very manly when we saw him pick up a small boy, who was quietly playing with a little wooden wagon, and lift him up above his head, while he screamed in his ear as loud as he could, and then set him down. The little fellow was pale with fright, and cried; the big fellow laughed aloud, and went his way, ha-haing as he went, and no doubt thinking he had done a very fine thing. But he was not manly.

Nor does the power to smoke cigars, without getting sick, make a manly boy. Some boys think so, we know. We have seen even small boys, nine or ten years old, pick up stumps of cigars which men have thrown into the gutter, and puff away at them, holding up their heads and stalking along, as if to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, look at us. We are men, we are. We smoke, and we don't get sick." But they are not men.

A manly boy is one who shows some good manly qualities. We do not expect him to be large as a man, strong as a man, or as wise as a man. But he will be truthful, honest, and well-behaved. He will never speak of his father as "the governor," or the "old man"; nor will he speak of his mother as the "old woman." He will not be ashamed to have it known that he loves both his father and his mother; nor will he be afraid of all the ridicule which silly boys may heap upon him because of this love. They may call him a "a baby," and say what they please about being "led by the mother's apron-strings"; he does not mind that, for he knows he is right.

He will never engage in low, mean sports; he loves real sport, but will do nothing for fun that he would be afraid to talk about at the dinner table. He does not torment small boys, but is ready to help them when he can. His sisters are not careful to hide their work, their books, or their toys from him, lest he should disturb or destroy them; he would never think of that. He is careful not to be greedy at the table, or rude in company, but remembers that others have rights as well as himself.

The manly boy believes that the best kind of a man is a Christian, and therefore he is not ashamed to have it known that he wishes to be a Christian. He does not neglect his Bible or his prayer; nor does he dislike the Sunday-School and the church.

Does anybody say that this is all very well to talk about, but that no one ever yet saw such boys as are here described? We answer: there are such boys, plenty of them, and we have seen them. They are full of fun, as other boys; they equal anybody at the different sports in which boys delight; they swim, and skate, and play ball, and roll the hoop, and run just like other boys; but their behavior is gentle and kind.

These manly boys, when they grow up, will make real men; they will be in the best sense of the word, gentlemen.

Dr. Franklin's Opinion.—Benjamin Franklin was residing in France, as our Minister Plenipotentiary, during our Revolutionary war. When the news arrived, in January, 1783, that articles of peace had been signed, he expressed great joy.

In a letter to Mrs. Hewson, he says, "at length we are at peace, God be praised. All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous follies. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle national difficulties by arbitration. Were they to do it by the throw of a die, it would be better than war."

GOD OVER ALL.

BY E. H. K.

To-day I walk in the city street,
Amid the crowds that ebb and flow;
And in the faces that I meet,
I read the signs of joy and woe.
In some the marks of care I trace;
O'er some the light of smiles is shed;
And, here and there, I see a face
From which all sign of hope is fled.

Many to happy homes shall pass,
Where smiles their glad return will greet;
While others, pinched with want, alas!
Shall, houseless, haunt the midnight street.
High up in some chill garret's gloom,
Perchance a feeble ray of light
Shall mark where in the cheerless room
The watcher sits through all the night.

They pass me by—the sad, the gay,
The child of want, the heir of pride;—
Along the city's crowded way,
Walk vice and virtue side by side.
The sky looks down alike on all;
The sun and stars keep watch above;
For all alike the rain-drops fall,
And God holds all in his great love.

Soon will the bright day hasten by,
And swift the solemn night will fall;
But though thick clouds may vail the sky,
I know that God doth watch o'er all.

THE BOY-MARTYR.

It was at Antioch, about three hundred years after the birth of Christ, that the deacon of the church of Cæsarea—the place from which the devout Centurion of the Roman army sent for St. Peter—was subjected to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there is but "one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." His flesh was almost torn to pieces; the Roman Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentor to refer the question to any little child, whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many and lords many whom the Romans served.

Now, it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's suffering, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and, to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The persecutor heard, but, far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage. "It's a snare," he cried: "O, base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy he said, more mildly, "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and when I sat upon her knee a baby, she taught me that Jesus loved little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the Lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans instantly seized the poor trembling boy. Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to maintain the truth. And the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from that tender flesh.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply.

Again they smote the child to torture his mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered,

"It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

And the boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered, "No! there is no other God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love."

Then, as the poor child fainted between the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of Christ can do for him now."

And as the mother pressed it gently to her own bleeding heart, she answered,

"That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Child, thou shouldst not have time to receive it; ere it were here thou shouldst be drinking of the river of life in the paradise of God."

She spoke over the dying; for the little martyr spoke no more; and thus the mother continued, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life, the grace of Christ given to His little one; thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr, for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path!"

The boy faintly raised his quivering eyelids, looked up to where the deacon was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent;" and so saying, he died.

HOWARD AND THE COUNTESS.—Howard, the philanthropist, did not want courage nor the talent to administer reproof. A German count, Governor of Upper Austria, with his countess, called one day on a man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The count asked him the state of the prison within his department. Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all Germany"; and advised that the countess should visit the female prisoners. "*I*," said she, haughtily, "*I* go into prisons!" and went rapidly down stairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her: "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

A young wife on being lately asked what she would do in case her husband should fail, replied:

"Live on arms, to be sure; I have two and he has two—and with hands at the ends of them."

We will venture to say that couple will never fail.

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.

WILLIAM PENN'S WAY OF MAKING PEACE.

In 1669 William Penn learned that there was some very choice land not enclosed in his first purchase, and he sent to inquire of the Indians if they would sell it. They replied that they did not wish to part with the land where the bones of their fathers were resting; but, to please their father Onas, (as they used to call the good man) they would sell him some of it. Accordingly, they agreed, for a certain quantity of English goods, to sell as much land as one of Penn's young men could walk around in a day, "beginning at the great river near Cosquanco," now Kensington, "and ending at the great river near Kallapingo," now Bristol. But this mode of measurement, though their own choice, did not in the end satisfy the Indians, for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so fast and so far as greatly to astonish and mortify them. Penn observed their dissatisfaction, and inquired the cause.

"The walker cheats us."

"Ah, how can that be?" said the Governor. "Didn't you choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?"

"True," replied the Indians: "but white brother make too big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it.

William Penn.

"Compelled!" exclaimed the man of peace, alarmed and indignant at the suggestion. "How can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see that this looks to murder?" then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said:

"Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This proposal gratified them much, and they mentioned the number of fish-hooks and quantity of cloth with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given, and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone the Governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "Oh, how sweet and cheap a thing is charity. Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain! that is in plain English to *fight* and *kill* them, and all about a little piece of land."

—*Treasures of the Old Chest.*

"I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER."—"Grandma, I want to be a soldier. Whose company should I list in?" asked little Jasper.

"Well," said grandmother, thinking a minute, "I advise you to enlist under Corporal Try."

"And who shall I fight, grandmother?"

"One of your greatest enemies is General Sulks, Jasper. The instant he makes his appearance, give him battle; and if you can't kill him, drive him off the field. I hate the sight of his sour, scowling face; don't you, Jasper?"

"I hate the *feel* of him," said Jasper, in a pitiful tone, "I'm sure I do. Is Corporal Try's company strong enough, grandmother? General Sulks is so sly, and hangs on so."

"Well," said Grandmother, "you know there is the great Captain, the Lord Jesus. One of his tried soldiers said, 'I can do *all things* through Christ that strengtheneth me.' And He helps all who put trust in Him."

"O, grandmother," said the little boy, with tears in his eyes, "will you ask him to 'list *me?*"—*Everybody's Paper.*

Every flower has its own sunbeam, and every leaf its own dewdrop.

PLEASANT PATHS FOR LITTLE FEET.

Hear ye not that angel voice,
Sweeter than the harps of heaven,
Bidding youthful souls rejoice
In the grace by Jesus given?
See ye not that form of light,
Clothed with radiance of the skies,
Bringing gems and jewels bright,
Treasures of the good and wise?

In her right hand "length of days,"
In her left, the heart's increase;
Bright and pleasant all her ways.
And her paths are paths of peace.
Hark! she calleth: Them I love,
Who to me their love hath given,
Early seek for joys above—
Early find the peace of heaven.

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THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tender love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance:
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear.
But ills and woes he cannot cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh, thou, who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear up, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 12.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Autumn has come now; the leaves are changing color and beginning to fall, and very soon winter will be here. As spring is the time for hope, so autumn is the time for thought; and while in spring the farmer sows his seed, in autumn he looks for fruit. Now, dear children, I want you to sow such seed in the spring-time of your lives, that when the autumn comes you may reap the "peaceable fruit of righteousness."

One good seed I hope you will set in the determination to take God for the guide of your youth, and to be willing that He shall choose for you your plans of life, your friends, your health and sickness and everything that is to happen to you. If you do so you will be spared many a sorrow and many a tear for His way is always the best. I will write you a little story to illustrate this :—

Many hundred years ago there lived a little girl whose name was Enid; she was a wilful child and when she set her heart on some toy there was no peace till she got it. Now it happened that her father had in a cabinet in his library a number of jewels and precious stones, which Enid liked to look at and sometimes play with. Amongst these stones was a beautiful diamond that Enid liked best of all, it was so bright and sparkled so brilliantly; the other stones were pretty too, and these looked at Enid as much as to say, "Dear little girl, will you not play with me?" but they did not get much notice, for Enid cared only for the diamond, and every day she said to her father, "Please, father, give me that beautiful stone," but he always said, "No, my child."

At last one day he said, "Enid, you want this very much, take it if you will have it;" and she took it and fastened it with a ribbon round her neck. Now it happened that the diamond was still rough in some places, it had not been sufficiently cut and polished, so it hurt poor Enid and made her neck quite sore; besides this, it was set in silver, and her friends laughed at her and said "I would not have a diamond that was set so poorly;" yet these things made no difference to Enid, she loved her diamond so dearly that she could bear any pain, or any ridicule rather than give it up.

But at last, one morning Enid awoke and found her diamond was gone; she got up and ran at once to the library and cried to her father, "My diamond! my diamond!" He took her in his arms and let her lay her head on his shoulder as he said, "My child, I took your treasure."

"Oh! father, give it back to me," she cried, but he said, "My child, I cannot, you know I love you and would not willingly vex you, my Enid will trust her father;" and she said "Yes."

Yet all that day Enid lay on the floor of the library and wept, yes, that day and the next day, and the day after; but on the fourth day her father took out of his cabinet a pearl, and gave it to her. Enid however refused and said, "If I cannot have my diamond I will have nothing."

Then her father looked stern, and said, "My little one is not good now," and he put the pearl away.

The next day he gave it to her again, and Enid looked at it and she thought after all it was very sweet and soft, if not so brilliant as her diamond, and a fairy came by and whispered in her ear, "The little girl who had that pearl before, loved it so much, and she said it was beautiful and like one that was written about in a very old book as a pearl of great price; she liked to think of that wonderful pearl, and she said this one reminded her of that. She has gone away now to a country that is very far off, and this poor pearl has no one to love it, will you not take care of it for her?"

So Enid listened to the fairy, and then she smiled and said to her father, "Thank you very much, my father, for this lovely pearl, I will love it so dearly and think no more about the diamond;" and she put it safely in her bosom: * * * now the pearl was set in gold. Enid was very happy then, with her new gift, and she thought afterwards "I wish I had let my father choose for me from the first."

Will you, dear children, try and let your Father in Heaven *choose* for *you* and then when the autumn of your life comes, you will be able to say, "He has made me to lie down in green pastures, He has led me beside the still waters."

I am your English friend, PHILIPPA.

THE POWER OF GOD.

BY NELLIE NEWTON.

Though the billows foam and whiten
By the angry tempest driven,
God hath power to bolt and fasten,
E'en the fiery gates of heaven.

He can calm the troubled ocean
And the raging tempest still,
Clouds, and winds, and waves obey Him
They are subject to His will.

O, ye waves that ever fear Him,
And ye winds that own His power,
I would dwell forever near Him,
I would trust Him in this hour.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—What is there like love to embalm a name? Gratitude has a good memory. The world will not forget its benefactors. It is no historic heresy to affirm that, when every titled officer who bravely fought and fell in front of the Malakoff, or who returned covered with glory to his native England or France, shall be named no more, Florence Nightingale, the good angel of the hour and the place, the gentle, the loving, the ministering, will live in a still green and growing remembrance. The above thought has occurred to us in view of the fact that recently an American traveller found a savage in the wilds of Africa, who had never heard of or had forgotten the name of Washington, but was cherishing the story of Florence Nightingale as a precious piece of news from the great world. Nothing wins against oblivion like love. As it is a law of the world that pure tones shall continue much the longest, and at the distance of a mile or two miles only the perfect notes of a band will be heard, the harsh sounds having died by the way, dismissed because not welcome,—so it is a law of humanity that those names shall be best and longest cherished which are the most signal synonymes for love.—*Exchange.*

A NEGRO'S PRAYER FOR HIS TEACHER.—"O Lord, bless de teacher who come so far to 'struct us in de way to heaven. Rock her in de cradle of love! Backen de word of power in her heart, dat she may have souls for her hire, and many stars in her crown in de great gittin' up mornin' when de general roll is called. And when all de battles is over, may she fall all kivered with victory, be buried wid de honors of war, and rise to wear de long white robe in glory, and walk de shinin' streets in silver slippers, down by de golden sunrise, close to de great white throne; and dere may she strike glad hands wid all her dear scholars, and praise you, O Lord, forever and forever, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

BY JOHN HEMMENWAY.

My dear young friends who read the beautiful ANGEL OF PEACE:

I should be very glad to take you all by the hand and tell you how much I love you, and how I want you all to love peace and hate war, and to try and do all the good you can in the world as long as you live; but, as I cannot see but a very few of you, let me tell you a story which is every word true.

A calf belonging to a man whom I well know, stole into the barn-yard of this man's farm one evening near sunset, just as he was about to milk his cows. The calf was nearly weaned, and as was very natural, as he loved milk, he ran to a cow and began to suck. The man hastily took up a stick and struck him to drive him off. The man, being a little vexed at the calf's getting into the yard and renewing his appetite for milk, instead of rapping him across the nose as he intended, carelessly struck him on one of his eyes. The poor calf immediately shook his head, while the water ran out of the nearly closed eye. The blow had evidently caused him considerable pain.—On seeing the pain the innocent creature was in, the man was very sorry for what he had heedlessly done. A voice thus seemed to say to him, "You have wickedly added to the vast amount of misery already existing in this world of sin and sorrow."

The man in sincere penitence of soul said, "God forbid that I should ever add to the misery of anything that can suffer on earth." He then retired and gave vent to his feelings in prayer and tears, and his compassionate Saviour, who, when on earth went about doing good, he believes forgave him the sin of falling into a little pet and heedlessly striking the calf on the eye.

The man then resolved that he would ever afterwards be careful to add nothing to the suffering in the world, but all he could to the happiness of all creatures.

The man then returned to his house with the stick in his hand. It was a small limb from a maple tree, being about three feet in length, and as large as a man's little finger at the butt end and as big as a pipe stem (*don't ever touch a pipe*) at the top end.

The man then told his wife and children of the history of the stick, and what he had resolved to do in all his future life. He then requested his dear children never to destroy the stick, but carefully keep it and have it shown to his descendants from generation to generation, and have its history fully told.

The man laid the rod carefully up in his house to remind him of his folly in striking the little calf so wrongfully, and of his purpose to never add to the misery, but always to the happiness of the world. May the God of love, and of patience, and of peace, enable him to remember and keep his purpose as carefully and tenderly as the apple of his eye.

BRIGHTON, Maine, Sept. 1873.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.—"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.—*Child's World.*

Propose Jesus Christ to yourself as a model, and firmly resolve not to do or say anything that may be displeasing to him.

A STORM AT SEA.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

A terrific storm is sweeping along the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dynmouth life-boat is prepared to make its way to a foreign vessel, which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress. The life-boat crew is complete, with the exception of one man. Young Will Carew, a Dynmouth fisher-lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. But first he bends down gently to a woman, who stands beside him on the dreary shore, and it is his clear, brave voice that we hear above the raging of the storm.

"Mother, you will let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six short months. Her husband was a fisherman; he put out one bright day last spring, for the last time in his small fishing-boat, upon a delusively calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning on the beach, but the fisherman returned no more to home and love. And now the son asks permission to brave the horrors of that sea, which his father found so pitiless.

A fierce passionate refusal rises to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly towards the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many loved lives in jeopardy within it, thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many distant, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to the boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:—

"Go my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart!"

Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home, and alone she wrestles with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last. A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dynmouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does young Will Carew linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him, from the heart nearest to his own?

Beside him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave; a man whose eyes, full of deep tenderness never leave his own. Around the two throng Dynmouth villagers; many hands are thrust towards the man in happy recognition.

"Who will dare to tell *her?*" So speaks a voice well-nigh choked with emotion.

"*I* will." And Will Carew makes his way through the awestruck crowd. Another moment and he is in his mother's arms. He feels and knows for the first time, the whole depth of that wondrous maternal love, which Love Omnipotent has chosen as its best earthly token.

"Mother listen. I have a tale for your ears. May God teach me how to tell it right. One of the men saved last night was a Dynmouth fisherman." The boy's voice is soft and grave, but it is evident that he steadies it only with a strong effort.

"A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea, one day not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife, from kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed. And—"

The boy breaks down now. On his knees by his mother's feet, he clasps her hands convulsively in his and his voice comes only through his thick sobs:—

"Mother darling, try to bear the happy truth. When your brave heart, a heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow, could feel for the sorrow of others, sent me forth last night to the succor of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love."

Not another word is spoken. Locked in each other's arms, mother and son pour out their hearts in a flood of unspeakably happy tears.

A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside, remembering, with deep emotion, that his place there has been won for him by the skill and courage of his son.

With a cry of wild joy the mother rushes forward, and her head finds its long lost place upon her husband's breast.

Ah! Love, supreme, unutterable! Strange indeed are the paths through which Thy Divine wisdom leads Thy children to pure happiness! In mute reverence we bow before the mighty Tenderness, which crowns and blesses earthly love.—*Olive Leaf.*

TRUTH.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No; let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

WELL SAID.—The will of Patrick Henry closed with the following significant testimony to the value of the Christian religion: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family. There is one more thing I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

A sweet little incident is related by a writer, who says: I asked a little boy last evening—"Have you called your grandma to tea?" "Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to *hallo* at grandma, nor *shake* her; so I kissed her cheek and *that* woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

Tom Thriftless buys what he does not want because it is a great bargain, and so is soon brought to sell what he does want, and finds it a very little bargain.

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy resists all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarreled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would say in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hands in?" And Tom would whistle and march off.

"Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week!"

"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour."

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill!"

"O, don't bother me, I'm reading!" Tom would say, and the boots refused to stir an inch, which, of course, was very naughty. And so it would go from morning till night.

But little Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving. And sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or a picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill she would say:

"Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good-natured way about its being too low, the boots always came down to its level. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would steal behind him and smooth it out in a way Tom liked so well that it was a temptation to let it go rough just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet for the next three days, at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet, loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she were going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.

"I can't understand," said Lady Nell, "why you should want that boy forever at your elbow! He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his with a loving hug, while the "bear" felt a great warm glow at his heart as he walked away with Bess, and determined to try harder to be "gentle as a kitten," for her sake.

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.—Geron, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward like the smoke of burned offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him. A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance; whereupon he asked the old man whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life? Geron answered: "My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them." Having uttered these words, the old man arose and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart. Then the old man spoke: "Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age." The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.—*Krummacher.*

FAME.

BY Z. D.

Hearest thou not what Fame is sounding,
Among the haunts of men?
Hearest thou not whose name's resounding,
From mountain and from glen?
I hear it not, my ear is cold,
My eyes are dim, and I am old.
The deeds that thou hast done they're singing,
With songs of thine the air is ringing;
Thou art the theme, thine is the praise,
That high to thee they joyous raise.

Alas for me! in manhood's pride,
I vainly sought that praise to gain,
And there was one then, by my side,
To whom that praise had not been vain;
But she in the cold earth sleeps,
And there my heart its vigil keeps.
The palsied ear no clarion hears,
The bleeding heart no clarion cheers;
The balm of peace, alone it seeks,
It listeth not of what Fame speaks.

"READ—TRY."—There was once a very little boy who used to ask his mother a great many questions, and how do you think she answered him? "Read, and you will know," said she, and then she would give him books, where he found all he wished to know.

Sometimes, too, this little boy used to wish that he could do this difficult thing, or that difficult thing, and instead of discouraging him, this good mother would say one little word, and that word was "Try." The little boy was Sir William Jones, afterwards one of the most learned men that ever lived.

A POOR grasshopper, outliving the summer and ready to perish with cold and hunger, came near a settlement of ants, living happily in their well-stored home. He humbly begged a morsel of bread. One of the little ants asked him what he had been doing all summer, that he had not laid up as much as they had.

"Alas! gentlemen ants," said the poor, starving grasshopper, "I passed the time merrily, in drinking, singing and dancing, and never once thought of the winter."

"If that be the case," replied the ant, "all I have to say is, they who drink, sing and dance in summer, must starve in winter."

Let this fable teach you, children, to be industrious, laying up stores of knowledge for after years, doing good, but above all laying up treasures in heaven.

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VOL. II. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1873. No. 11.

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts which never falter,
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks which never alter,
Watching through the darkest night;
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a noble daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though their way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to his gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mold
By his loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
'Tis to teach the bleeding heart;
And to teach the calm submission
Where pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels bearing to us
Love's rich ministry of peace;
While the night is nearing to us,
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy and hate;
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
No earthly power can crush them,
They dread not the tyrant's frown;
No fear, no favor hush them,
Nor bind their spirits down.

These, these alone are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live, they never die;
But clothed with immortality,
When they shall lay their armor down,
Shall enter and receive the crown.

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No 15.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE OLD DAME AND HER COAL OF FIRE.

The Good Book tells how to treat those who wrong us; how to melt down the hate or scorn in their hearts and make them our fast friends. It is to do good to them; to give soft words for sharp words, and kind acts for bad acts: and we are told that such kind thoughts, words and acts will be like coals of fire on the heads of those who treat us ill and hate us. But if such kind acts should not do this, none the less must we keep to them, just as Christ did and told us to do the same, though they should not change the mind of those who wrong us by word or deed. But few men are so hard of heart as to stand out when we give them love for hate, good for bad acts.

There was once a poor old dame who had her fruit stand near the park in New York, and she stood by it day and night, in cold and heat, all the year round, and lived and fed and clothed her small ones at home out of what she sold at one or two cents at a time. She wore a poor dress, and looked as if her lot was hard in life, and so it was. But she was rich in faith, and her face, though brown and hard, wore a smile, and her voice was not sharp, nor her eyes cross when much tried by bad boys or worse men.

Well, one night, as she sat by her stand in the cold, a rough man of the sea, the worse for drink, came up with a ship-mate as drunk as he was, and said to him: "Now let us have some fun out of this old dame. Just see how I will make her mad and burst with rage." With these words he struck her stand with his foot, and sent it off a rod on to the sidewalk. Her fruit ran this way and that way in the dirt, and was quite bruised and spoilt. The rough man then stood and looked in her face with scorn to see if he could not make her rage burn and blaze like fire. This sight was to be the fun he was to have in the act. She looked at him with no hate in her eyes. She said to him with a voice soft and low: "My son, may God forgive you as I do!" She did this in her heart; he saw and felt it in her look and voice, and with both she asked God to do the same. What a change came on and through him! Where now was his fun? The coal she had put on his head now made him feel its heat. It was not to burn but to melt; and it did melt him till his heart was soft and his eyes full of

tears. His drink lost its power on him. He came to a new mind, thought and life. He ran here and there and picked up her fruit. He took out all the cash he had and begged her to take it. He begged her to take his arm and let him guard her back safe to her home; and as he urged it he said: "Why, I should be more proud to walk home with you than with the most rich belle in New York."

That was the old dame's coal of fire. She had read of such coals in the Good Book. But if she had not read of them there, if Christ had not said in words that she must give love for hate and good for ill, she would have done what she did, for the cause that His mind was in her and must come out of her in just such acts as she did to the rough man of the sea who, in his drink, thought it fun to wrong her and make her mad with rage. Now it takes a great deal of the mind of Christ to dwell in the heart of man, boy or girl to make him or her act as did the old dame in this case. But all may have it if sought for in truth and faith. And there is no one thing that makes a man so like Christ in power as to have this mind that was in Him. Why, with it this old dame, as one might say, put a new heart in a bad man, and, it may be, led him to a new life all his days.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No 13.

Dear Young Friends:—I began to write a letter to you on the very top of a high mountain in North Wales, but I hadn't time to finish it: I had been thinking of you and of your good Peace Society, and your pretty *Angel*, and I thought the best way of making peace was to know and take an interest in the different countries of the world, and so as I have often written to you about England and English people, I thought this time my letter should be about Wales.

It was a lovely afternoon and we started, a pleasant little party, to climb a mountain called Talyfau. A good clergyman came to show us the way, and he helped me to get to the top, which indeed I do not think I could have reached without his assistance, for it was so high and steep. From the summit we could see a long way; in front of us was the beautiful blue sea, and behind us were hills and valleys and fertile plains: while to the right was the pretty little town of Conway with its ruined castle and ancient wall, and to the left a range of mountains.

Wales is one of the loveliest parts of Great Britain, and one of the most interesting. The people though speaking a different language to the English, are yet loyal, loving subjects of our Queen, and as perhaps you know, the eldest son of the King or Queen of England is always called the Prince of Wales.

Do you remember the story of the first Prince of Wales? I will tell it for those of you who have forgotten, or have never heard it.

The Welsh people years and years ago were a separate nation, they had their own prince and their own rulers, and very often there were quarrels and wars between the two countries, but at last Wales was subdued by the English King, who said to the people, "I will give you a prince who does not know a word of English;" and then in a few days he came out to them from the castle of Caernaroon holding in his arms a little baby, his own infant son, and saying to them, "Here is your prince."

The Welsh used to be a very warlike people, but now they are the most peaceful in Great Britain. They do not read many books, but they study the Bible a great deal, and even the poor people are learned in matters of religion. They love their churches and chapels, and so delight in singing God's praises that even in a small congregation the sound of voices is greater than in many much larger ones in England.

Besides their hymn tunes the Welsh have a number of national airs that they are very fond of playing upon the harp, and they have a peculiar way of singing to these airs that many years ago was in constant use amongst them. At a friendly gathering one man would play a well-known air upon the harp, while another would sing words to it of what was passing around him, praising, perhaps, the beauty of some fair lady, or the chivalry of some bold knight, and the great point in which he must shew his skill was at the end, for he must always contrive to finish his poem at the same time that the air was ended. This was called penillion singing, and last week at a Welsh concert I heard some of this kind by two men named Eos Ebrill and Iago Beucerdd.

The Welsh are very proud of their country, and think no place like Wales. The kind clergyman who took us up the mountain seemed so pleased to shew us his beautiful country, and said how could any one like to leave those lovely scenes, and live in the big towns of England! Sometimes the Welsh do this, but when they do their bodies are in one place and their hearts in another; for Wales and Welsh people are all they really love, and though they learn our language, and have great friendships with us, yet they like to sing,

"Wales, Wales, my mother's sweet home is in Wales;
'Till death be passed my love shall last,
My longing, my *hiraeth* for Wales."

Well, dear children, when you think of Wales you must think of a loving, friendly people, at peace with all the world, and now will you, in imagination, give them a hearty grasp of the hand, and say farewell for the present, in which peaceful act I too must join, and remain as ever,

Your and their English friend, Philippa.

"NO!"

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Happy Johnny, how you grow;
Do you chew tobacco?" "No!"

"Don't you smoke cigars aglow,
And color costly meerschaums?" "No!"

"Don't you drink of wines that flow
In purple streams of sweetness?" "No!"

"Don't you play a game or so
Of cards and dice for money?' "No!'

"You dare not speak an oath, I trow,
Or tell an oily falsehood?" "No!"

"You would not strike an angry blow
To show your pluck and manhood!" "No!"

"Will you not a fishing go,
Or hunting on the Sabbath?" "No!

Be Polite.—There is something more in politeness than what we sometimes call "good manners." A boy or girl may understand just how to behave in the street, or in company, and yet be far from being truly polite. True Christain politeness considers the comfort and good feeling of others, and makes one gentle in spirit as well as courteous in words. It will have so much of the Spirit of Christ as to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

Once when I was going to give our minister a pretty long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with "He's dreadfully lazy." "That's enough," said the old gentleman, "all sorts of sins are in that one; that is the sign by which to know a full-fledged sinner."

When I see a young lady with a flower garden on her head, and a draper's shop on her body, tossing her head about as if she thought every body was charmed with her, I am sure she must be ignorant, very ignorant. Sensible men don't marry a wardrobe or a bonnet-box; they want a woman of sense, and these dress sensibly.

When home is ruled according to God's word, angels might be asked to stay a night with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element.

POOR JOE.

Mary Lee was as decent a woman as the village could produce, but she had a brute of a husband. Not content with starving her and her child with hunger and cold, he added insult to injury, and cowardly blows to desertion and neglect. Most of his money was spent at the public-house. And those whom nature and solemn vows would prompt him to cherish, were left to starve or beg. But it was not long, for Mary was not strong at the best, and all this told powerfully on her slender frame, and brought her to the gates of death; happily for her, they were also the gates of heaven. But it was a terrible struggle for her to part with her darling boy, for Joe had been the constant companion of all her griefs, and shared in all her woes; in fact, they were to each other the only oasis that earth possessed,—all beside was sterile wilderness and barren sand.

Their work during the day was to do anything to earn a crust of bread, to keep them from utter starvation, and at night to sit in a dark, damp, dismal room, and watch the flickering embers in the grate till they died away, and then to creep to an old straw mattress that lay in a corner, and await the coming of him whose very foot should have had "Music in't a-coming up the stairs." But oh! the coming, the sad coming! woes, for the coming! They could bear the surly blast as it howled around the house like a hungry wolf; they could bear the snow as it drifted in through the broken windows, and wound around them like a winding sheet; they could bear gaunt hunger that gnawed at their hearts like a greedy bear; but the footfall of an incarnate devil maddened with drink sent a thrill of horror through and through them, like an intensified agony, and they clung closer together, drew the thin bed clothes tighter around them, and awaited the fiery ordeal. But the blackest cloud will burst, and the darkest night will give place to the dawning day.

But the parting! How could she go, and leave her darling child to bear it all himself, with no hand to shield him, and no tender eye to watch over him? Ah! she would gladly have stayed, but could not, for life was fast ebbing away, and the mortal struggle was at hand. The only thought that consoled her was that he would soon follow; and the hollow cheek and sunken eye that caused her so much sorrow before, she now looked at with complacency and pleasure. And yet the thought haunted her that perhaps he might die alone, with no one to hold his aching head or close his sightless eyes. The struggle came at last, and there she lay on a pallet of straw and Joe by her side. He overheard her whispering something, and laying his ear closer to her, he heard the words, "I'm coming, coming, coming!"

"Where are you going, mother?" he said.

"To Heaven, my boy."

"Please let me go with you."

"I would take you in my arms if I could, but God loves you, and will send an angel for you soon." And she convulsively pressed him to her bosom and died.

And when the husband came home, drunk as usual, the horrible picture presented itself to him of a dead mother embracing a living child. The scene sobered him, and he vowed to do better. but, alas! so much had the demon drink got the mastery of him, that all his resolutions were like ropes of sand, and a few weeks found him at the inevitable ale-house; and so thoroughly insensate did he become, that he even sold the straw mattress for a copper or two to buy drink.

Poor Joe! the old vigils were renewed, and then he felt what it was to have no mother. Sometimes he was overheard saying to himself, "I wish God would send the angels to take me to Heaven where mother is, for the fire is nearly out, and I'm afraid to stay in the dark, and it's so cold." Occasionally the neighbors took him in, and at other times he would hover about the doors of public-houses waiting for his father.

It was a fearful night. The frost was keen and biting, the north wind drove the drifting snow before it like a maddening fury, mothers drew the window blinds closer, children huddled together in bed and pitied man or beast that might be out in the blast.

Two gentlemen going for the village doctor, with lamps in their hands, happened to shed a ray of light on something like a boy, sitting cowering against the door-step of an ale-house; there was the voice of noise and revelry within, and high over all was heard the well-known shout of Blackey Lee; the boy was Joe! The gentleman knew him well; a stranger came up at the time, poked him gently with the stick, and said, "Go home to your mother, my lad."

"His mother is dead, sir," said the gentleman.

"And where is his father?"

"That's him shouting so, and singing."

"Poor boy," said the stranger, "well for him if he were dead too."

They took hold of his hand; it was stiff and cold; they touched his face, it was like ice; they took him up—he was dead.

He sat beside the ale-house door,
The night was bleak, and cold, and wild;
His clothes were few, and thin and poor;
His feet were horn'd, his head was bare,
Say, did an angel hover there
Over that child?

His torn robes flapped before the blast,
He spoke no word, nor wept, nor smiled;
The snow-flakes kiss'd him as they pass'd,
His hair hung o'er his half-closed eyes;
And still he look'd towards the skies.
The poor lost child.

We touch'd his hand, 'twas cold and chill,
He spoke no word, nor wept, nor smiled;
We touch'd his cheek, 'twas colder still;
"Go home, go home," the stranger said—
He'd gone, dear boy, for he was dead!
The drunkard's child.

We venture to say that no juvenile paper in the land wears a more lovely face or teaches purer lessons of "peace and good will" than our good *Angel*. We now publish, separate from the *Advocate*, sixteen thousand copies per month, and desire to double the number by the first of January, and this we shall be able to do if all the friends of the noble cause of peace will lend a helping hand. No better illustrated tract can be scattered broadcast in city and country. We call special attention to our terms and invite *all* who love the things that make for peace to aid us in giving the *Angel of Peace* to the millions who will be active for good or evil when the fathers and mothers have passed away. D.

LITTLE TOMMY HAWK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Little Tommy Hawk
Is the terror of New York,
With his feathers,
And his war paint,
And his blood and thunder talk!

His mother stops her ears
When his savage cry she hears,
And all the children
Shriek aloud
When Tommy Hawk appears.

For white men are his foes,
And with stealthy step he goes,
Dealing right and left,
And every way,
The most terrific blows,

Until weary of the noise
That a savage long enjoys,
He doffs his war-like
Plumes, and then's
The quietest of boys!

For those splashes of red chalk,
And that blood-and-thunder talk,
Didn't really make
A savage chief
Of little Tommy Hawk!

But those who sneer and scoff,
And never, never doff
Their warlike plumes,
And never care
To wash the war-paint off,

In cruelty delight,
And for any cause will fight,
And their hearts are
Very, very black,
Although their skins are white.

"I DARE NOT."

A group of boys stood on the walk before a fine large store, pelting each other with snow-balls. In an unlucky moment, the youngest sent his ball spinning through the air against a large plate glass window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had done.

"Won't old Kendrick be mad? Run, Ned! we won't tell. Run quick!"

"I can't!" he gasped.

"Run, I tell you! he's coming! Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!"

"No I can't run!" he faltered.

"Little fool! he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy.

The door opened, and an angry face appeared.

"Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near; the little, delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth, replied,

"I did it, sir."

"And you dare tell me of it?"

"I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie."

The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused; he saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched.

"Come here, sir; what's your name?"

"Edward Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything,"—his eyes filled with tears,—"only don't make my mother pay for it, sir?"

"Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?"

Ned's face was radiant as he answered.

"All winter, sir. I'll do it every time, and more too, sir. I'll do anything."

"Well, that's enough; and do you know why I let you off so easy? Well, it's because you are not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls be sure you come to me."

"I will, sir."

"We'll all help him!" shouted the others; and, as they turned away, three hearty cheers rose for Mr. Kendrick, and three more for the boy that dared not run away.—*Child at Home.*

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Once there was a good mother whose chief prayer for her little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise or rich or handsome or happy or learned, or that others might love *him*, but only that *he* might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward grew up, it seemed as if his mother's prayer had been answered, and that, in making it, she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be *wise;* but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, and to lead him to choose what is best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be *rich;* but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others, that he found the only way to do that was to get the *means* of helping; and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had the means he sought.

Edward's mother had not prayed that he might be *handsome;* but there was so much love and good will manifested in his face, that people loved to look on it; and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be *happy;* but—dear me! how can there be love in the heart without happiness? Edward had no time for moping discontent, for revenge, or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and, in seeking *their* happiness, he found *his own.*

But was he *learned?* Of course, when he found it pleased his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best; and though there were many boys quicker and apter than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last; for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first *give* love if you would *get* it. Yes; everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those little boys and girls who think they are not loved, to put to themselves the question, "But do *you* love?"—*Emily Carter, in the Nursery.*

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VOL. II. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1873. No. 12.

THE PRAYER OF THE MOTHER-HEART.

BY REV. P. A. HANAFORD.

O! the mother-heart within me cries for peace upon the earth,
That never more our darlings meet the storm of leaden rain,
That the iron-hail so pitiless may touch no fair, young head,
Nor the shrieking shell burst near them but to place them with the slain.

O! the mother-heart within me asks that soon the angel-song
May be heard where'er the human heart its joys or woes may share,
And the sword be rusty soon, and the hatchet buried deep,
And the arsenals be empty of the implements of war.

For too long the earth has suffered, and too long the mother-heart
Has been torn with anguish while the strife continued fiercely hot,
And the precious forms she tended in their careless baby-glee,
Have been placed beneath the green-sward near many a battle spot.

Though they might have been her solace in the dim and distant day,
When the almond tree should blossom and the faltering steps be slow,
Now, alas! the hand of war is crimsoned with their blood,
And the dear ones of the home are the dead ones lying low.

God of heaven! hear the cry of the suffering mother-heart,
Speed thine angel o'er the earth thy great message to proclaim—
That the Prince of peace hath come, and the nations must agree,
While the glory shall be given to thy great and holy name.

The best hand in the world is the honest hand, be it hard or soft, white or brown, smooth or rough, angular or shapely—an honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, only warmth and kindness toward all. This is the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.—No. 14.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: If we could look into the first causes of all the disagreements and quarrels that arise between relatives, friends, acquaintances or nations, we should probably find that *suspicion* more often than any other was the beginning of the trouble. Suspicion of God's love and truth led Adam and Eve to fall into the sin that turned them out of Eden, and brought death into the world, and it is suspicion of God's love and truth that will keep multitudes from entering the better paradise, the paradise of heaven.

Some of us are naturally more suspicious than others, but the boy or girl who is so is not half as happy as the one who has a trustful nature. The one is constantly thinking his friends do not love him, or if they are whispering to each other, that they are speaking evil of him or laying some plot against him; then when he speaks to them with this feeling lurking in his heart, he looks coldly at them, and they are hurt at his unkind manners;—while the other will trust his companions even when they seem going against him, and his very trustfulness makes him loved.

I will tell you two true stories, one of suspicion, the other of trustfulness.

About three thousand years ago there lived a king whose name was David. Some years before the time I am telling you of he had suffered very much from the suspicion of his father-in-law, and had been obliged to run away and hide himself from him. During this time the king of another nation had been very kind to David and had given him a home. The name of the king was Nahash.

But now Nahash was dead, and his son Hanun reigned in his stead; so David said, "I will shew kindness unto Hanun, the son of Nahash, as his father shewed kindness unto me," and he sent his servants with a message of comfort. But Hanun and his princes were suspicious, and they thought David's servants were only come to spy out the land so as to be able to fight against them, and instead of treating them courteously they were very rude and cruel to them, for they cut off half their beards, and half their clothes, and sent them back in this miserable plight. After this David and Hanun were at enmity instead of friendship, and they had a terrible battle in which about 50,000 men on Hanun's side were killed. Think of all that misery coming from nothing but an unjust suspicion!

My story of trustfulness happened four hundred and twelve years ago, and though we cannot be as *certain* of its truth as we may be of the first story, still it is told in the books of English history, and I think we may take it as true.

A king and queen had been defeated in a battle, and were obliged to fly. They got separated, and the poor queen with her young son found themselves alone in a forest. She had met with robbers who had taken her jewels, and very much frightened her, and she was feeling tired and unhappy when she saw a robber, with a drawn sword in his hand, coming forward to meet her. If ever there was a reason for fear and suspicion surely there was one here; but Queen Margaret determined to be trustful, and instead of trying to hide herself behind the trees, she went forward to meet him, saying, "Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your King's son." The robber was so touched by her confidence in him that he did all he could for them both, and helped them to escape into another land.

Now comes the moral, but as it is only one moral to two stories perhaps you will not mind the trouble of reading it.

Be loving and trustful, and "Treat every man as a friend till you find him an enemy." If you think people love you, you will generally find that they do, while if you suspect them of unkindness you will probably find they dislike you. There is an old saying, "'Tis love that makes the world go round," but there cannot be love without trust. Oh! how unkind it is when people love us to treat them with suspicion! and how much more cruel and ungrateful it is in us if we do not trust ourselves, soul and body, to the great God who has *so* loved us and given us such great proof of His love.

Dear children, let us "Love one another."

I am your English friend, PHILIPPA.

TOM'S GOLD DOLLAR.

Tom Caldwell threw a stone at Deacon Ulster's horse as the old deacon was riding by the other day. The stone struck the horse. The horse kicked. The deacon's hat and wig were knocked off into the mud, and the deacon himself came very near being thrown. Tom didn't exactly mean to do it, although he did cast the stone, and did join with the rough boys in laughing heartily at the sad plight into which the deacon was put by his recklessness.

"Good for you, Tom!" said a red-vested and red-nosed horse-jockey, who stood by the livery stable door, and saw the catastrophe to Deacon Ulster. "Here's a dollar, Tom. It's worth that to see pious pride put into pickle." And the jockey reached out a gold dollar and offered it to Tom. Tom was surprised. He hesitated a moment, but could not resist the prize, and so, pocketing the dollar, joined in the jockey's jolly laugh at the deacon's expense, and then walked on, feeling a little ashamed of himself, and yet covering his conviction with the thought of how many nice things a gold dollar would buy.

Tom had gone but a few steps when he heard a voice on the other side of the street calling to him. He raised his eyes, and saw Doctor Maybin, an old Quaker, standing in his office, and beckoning to Tom to come over.

"What did the fool pay thee for thy folly, Thomas?" asked the old man.

Tom blushed. His fingers fumbled in his pockets, and the gold dollar seemed to burn them more than the hot blushes burned his cheeks and brow. He answered nothing. What could he answer?

"Didst thou sell thyself, Thomas?" asked the old doctor.

Still the condemned boy was speechless.

"Thoughtlessly, thou didst do a foolish thing. Mischievously, thou didst laugh with fools at thine own wrong. Cowardly, thou didst shrink from confessing thy wrong. Covetously, thou didst accept a bit of gold for a bad and contemptible deed; and canst thou now rejoice in gold thus ill-gotten from base hands?"

The scarlet face was turned upward, and Tom's blue eyes, brimful of tears, gazed into the white face of the indignant old man.

"I am ashamed of thee!" said the doctor.

"I despise myself," said Tom, flinging the gold piece to the pavement, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Then pick up that gold; go to the giver; place it again in his hand, and say, 'I blush that I dared to touch it,' go then to Deacon Ulster's, and and confess thy wrong."

"All this will I do," said Tom, as he picked up the coin and hurriedly left the doctor's presence.

And Tom did as the doctor advised and as he had promised. And on his way from Deacon Ulster's house to his own home Tom said to himself, "The reproofs of the wise are sweeter than the rewards of the wicked."

PLENTY TO DO.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

There's plenty to do in this world of ours:
There are weeds to pluck from among its flowers;
There are fields to sow; there are fields to reap,
And vineyards to set on the mountain steep;
There are forests to plant, and forests to fell,
And homes to be builded on hill-side and dell.

There are fountains of sin and of sorrow to seal;
There are fountains to open, the nations to heal;
There are brave words to speak, and songs to be sung;
There are doors to be opened, and bells to be rung;
There's a conflict to wage with the armies of sin;
There's a fortress to hold, and a fortress to win.

There's plenty to do all over the land—
Work, crowding the brain, the heart, and the hand;
There are millions to feed in the world's busy hive;
There are railroads to build, and engines to drive;
There are pathways to mark over mountain and lea;
There are harps to be hung in the depths of the sea.

There's plenty to do; there are children to teach;
An evangel of love and of mercy to preach;
The fallen to lift, the proud to abase,
To bring right and wrong to their own fitting place;
There's an ensign to plant on the heights by the sea;
There's work for the million—for you and for me.

THE VICTORIOUS LITTLE BOY.

I had the following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity, A little boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temperance principles and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they should compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while a third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured *them*, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek, protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings, and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-hearted boy. Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.—*Adin Ballou.*

THE WAGES OF WAR.

It was a few days after the news of the battle—the very day when the mail brought the long official list of killed and wounded—that we were seated in the office, reading over the names, with a sad curiosity seeking out those with which we were of old familiar.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged by these thoughts, when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She held a small child by the hand—a beautiful little creature about three years old. They were mother and child—for such no one could doubt to be their relationship who observed their features.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to note these particulars, when, having been directed to us by the clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We handed her a chair, and while we endeavored as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes' conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in one of the corps that had been engaged in battle and had suffered very severely. She had been informed that the "list of the killed and wounded" had arrived, and she had travelled many miles to hear some intelligence of his fate.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up our paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of the woman's features as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unhandsome; but her face became ghastly pale, and her eyes looked unutterable despair, as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper, and laughing joyously in its heedless innocence. Her lips were colorless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsied.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, and we knew that the relative must be a very near one.

She had avoided giving us her name, and so soon as we found the list, appallingly long, which comprised the causalties of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we should reach the fatal name, if at all, and at each interval we looked inquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, however, for some time, and we began to hope *his* name was *not* down, when we read—

"John Wilson, sergeant, KILLED."

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That cry was ringing in our ears for a month. We immediately ran toward her, but she arose from her chair, motioned us her thanks, and without a word, left the office.

We had read to her the announcement of her husband's death.

We did not do much service in the office that day.

The next morning, happening to be down on the wharf, we saw the woman and her little girl going on board the packet. She recognized us, and we spoke to her. She was crushed completely. She had grown twenty years older in as many hours.

We bade her good-bye. She continued her route back to her girlhood's village home, now desolate, and we to our daily business, a sadder man indeed.

The touching incident recorded above was recalled to our mind a short time afterwards, by reading in a paper the notice of the death of "Mrs. Sarah Wilson, widow of John Wilson, a soldier, killed in the late battle, 'Buena Vista.'"

It was our accquaintance—there could be no mistake. Poor creature! She had grieved herself to death for her husband. Ah, cruel war! what terrible wages dost thou exact from thy votaries!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The angels sang in the silent night,
While the shepherds watched, the heavens were bright,
And though years like a river have flowed along,
Yet we are singing the angels song:
Peace upon earth and to men good-will,
And glory to God we are singing still.

They heralded in the joyful morn
When the Prince of Peace as a child was born,
And we look back through the ages dim,
And come like the shepherds to worship Him—
Saviour, Redeemer and Priest and King,
Our hearts are the gift that to Thee we bring.

Fir-tree and pine and the myrtle bough
Are woven in garlands to greet Thee now;
And the frosty sunshine of Christmas-day
Is fairer to us than the light of May.
O Jesus, Lord of the worlds above,
Thine be the glory and ours the love.

So shall we welcome Thee year by year,
So shalt Thou grow to our hearts more dear,
So shall no taint of the world's alloy
Shadow the light of our Christmas joy—
Peace upon earth and to men good-will
And glory to God we are singing still.

A SMALL TALENT WELL USED.

We have so often been called to do honor to great men, both living and dead, that it is refreshing to be able to turn aside from the glare and glitter which usually surrounds the world's heroes and devote a moment to the consideration of the claims for regard of a very humble and very obscure mortal who, having finished the little work he had to do, in a faithful manner, has gone to give an account of his stewardship where his claims will be clearly understood and his labors fairly rewarded.

Our subject was a negro, and an idiot. Small work for him to do, and little glory to be achieved, the world would say. Let us see what he did, and then determine if the world is correct in its conclusions.

This obscure man who died the other day in Harrisburg, Pa., was known as "Crazy Black Dick." How he lived no

body seemed to know. "His wants were few and easily supplied." He had no trade, profession or calling, for he was an idiot and it was supposed could learn nothing. One thing and only one, he could understand, and that was that railroad cars when running, were dangerous to life and limb. From this simple fact poor Crazy Dick discovered his true mission. And so he became a watcher on the railroad at Harrisburg, to warn people to look out for the engine. He worked without pay, except such as the consciousness of duty well performed always confers. Dick knew exactly when every train, passenger or freight, was to come in and go out. No conductor's gold repeater was truer to time than he was. No train arrived or started that did not find Dick at the depot, and his watchful eyes in every direction to warn careless men, women and children from impending danger. Above the hissing of the steam or the shriek of the whistle might be heard the voice of this faithful watcher—"Look out here Missis—de cars are coming," "Git away little boy from de engine," "git off de track old gempleman, fore de railroad comes in." And thus he watched and warned by day and night for years, and no one was injured during his time at or near the Harrisburg depot.

But one day a conductor offered Dick a free ride to Pittsburg, and he accepted it. During his absence a child was run over and killed, and when he returned and heard of it, his tender heart nearly broke with grief, and his soul was wrung with a sorrow deeper than that which Waterloo inflicted upon Napoleon. No allurement could afterwards coax Dick from his self-imposed duties, either by day or night, until he was relieved by death; and then passed away from earth a simple spirit to hear—let us hope—that blessed greeting that kings have listened for in vain—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will henceforth make thee master over many things."

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

It is not because I have forgotten the little children who read the beautiful *Angel of Peace*, why I have been silent so long, but it is because I have been unable to labor either with hand or brain. I have often attempted, in the bright summer days that have just slipped away from us, to write something for the children. to tell them of my "Vine-Cottage" home surrounded with trees, shrubs and flowers, but failing health has rendered it impossible for me to write. But now that the sweet, sad autumn days have come again, a new hope springs up in the soul, and a new inspiration impels me to labor for the blessed cause of peace.

Dear children, I have thought much, in the hours that have past in the retirement of home, of the beautiful doctrine taught by the gentle Saviour, of overcoming evil with good, of being kindly affectioned one to another, of seeking to do good to those who have been unfortunate, and that *kind words* and deeds of love can never die. Our dear friends, parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates may leave us for the "Better Land," but the memory of their gentle words and loving smiles remain with us forever. We are never sorry for the *good* we do, for the kind words uttered, but we *do* mourn over our evil deeds, for the hasty words angrily spoken, and we would often give all we possessed could we but recall them.

Little children, if we would shed a fragrance around us sweeter than the autumn flowers that are just bidding us "good-by," we must create an atmosphere of peace and love, and become more and more imbued with the spirit of the good apostle who said, out of his loving heart, "My little children love one another, for love is of God," etc.

There are opportunities every day to do little acts of kindness to your brothers, and sisters, and playmates. Do not, dear children, indulge in "slang phrases," avoid expressions which belong to the bar-room and street, and you will grow wiser and better as you advance in years, and you will be glad that you formed the habit of using good language in your younger days.

There are many things, my young friends, that I would like to say to you now, but the tired brain and the trembling hand admonish me to cease writing for this time. But I shall often think of you, and shall hope to write again little stories for the *Angel of Peace*, if the good Father permits me to remain upon the earth.

Hopedale, Vine Cottage, Mass.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Along a rough, muddy country lane, a man drives a pair of oxen yoked to a heavily loaded wagon. A little girl is seated upon the bank, playing with the beautiful spring flowers. At the noise made by the creaking wagon, she looks up, and her eyes chance to light on something else besides the team. A poor little birdling has fallen out of its nest in the bushes right into one of the deep ruts. It will surely be crushed, for it cannot help itself. But little May hastily springs forward, dropping her flowers, and crying, "O, man, please stop till I take this poor little bird out of your way! It has fallen out of its nest, and I will try to find the nest, and put the little thing back." The farmer good-naturedly pauses while May tenderly rescues the poor little bird from its peril, then starts on, and leaves her searching for the bird's nest. But he has received a lesson which he will never forget. He says aloud, "There's that tender-hearted little child making such an ado about that miserable bird. Her heart would have been broken had I run over it. What would she say if she could see the way I treat the cattle sometimes! I don't believe I'll ever kick a horse or beat a dog, or stick a pitchfork into the oxen again. Sure as I do I shall see that pretty littte girl and the bird right before my eyes."

"What! going father? Why don't you wait and go up to tea with me?"

"No, I guess I'll go on. I want to stop awhile at Lizzie's."

"Well. Be careful about the crossings."

"Yes, daughter, and I'll be home in time to have the house warm, and the kettle boiling for you."

"Is that old gentleman your father, Mrs. Conklin? I thought he was dead."

"Oh, no! He has always lived with me since mother and my husband died," replied the lady, looking tenderly after her father, as he passed slowly down the street.

This dialogue took place in a store. The incident struck home to the heart of a young girl who was standing a little apart, waiting her turn to be served. She thought, "How kindly she spoke to the old man, and how lovingly she looked at him, as one would at a little child. I wish I could always remember to be kind and patient with my father. I so often forget that he is old, and what a tender, loving father he has always been to me. But by God's grace I *will* try to remember and do better in the future."

Oh, this unconscious ministering! How much good it does! If we only knew. It behooves us to be careful of our words, our actions, and even our looks."—*Christian Banner.*

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PEACE.

BY MRS. DORR.

Ere our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,
He said, "My peace I give you ere I go!"

His Peace, sweet Peace! As falls the summer dew
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

His Peace—Christ's Peace! O gift most rare and strange!
Never was aught so precious given before!
Vain trifler he who would that gift exchange
For all the riches of Golconda's shore!

His Peace—his blessed Peace! Not Joy, the bright,
Bewildering sprite that charmed their early years,
When, with youth's roses crowned, and clad in light,
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimmed by tears,—

But Peace that walks with Patience, side by side,
Bearing Heaven's seal upon her pale, calm face,
Child of Submission, whatso'er betide,
She wears the white robes o celestial grace.

O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must fill,
Withhold what else thou wilt—but give us Peace!

"How much more delightful, to an undebauched mind, is the task of making improvements in the earth, than all the vain glory which can be acquired by managing it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests. For the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture, and the harmonising effects of commerce, should supersede the waste of war and the ravages of conquest, that 'swords may be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks,' as the Scriptures express it, and the 'nations learn war no more.'"—*George Washington.*

Engrave on your mind the sacred rule of doing unto others as you would wish they should do to you.

TO THE READERS OF THE ANGEL.

The good *Angel of Peace* is only two years old and yet has a circulation of twenty thousand per month.—We hope to increase the goodly family of peace-makers for such are blessed, that is *happy*.—And now we send the greetings of the season to all our readers—*A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.*—The way to be happy is to make others so. We cut the following from a newspaper and beg our friends to preserve it as a rule for 1874:—

"When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old: and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day—that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time."

We think we hear many voices saying, "I can do that, I can do that." Well it is our happiness to send the *Angels* flying over the land echoing the song of Bethlehem—*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.*

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease.
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, *Peace.*

WHAT IT COSTS.—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* estimates that $250,000,000 was spent in this country last year for chewing tobacco, snuff, and cigars, while during the same period about $200,000,000 was spent for flour. Dr. Edward Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, ascertains from official data, that during the year ending June 30, 1870, our countrymen consumed liquors costing about $600,000,000.

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No. 16.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

KIND WORK IN SMALL THINGS.

There is a work each day and place for small hands and kind hearts to do. Some of these things are so small that men may not think of them. But a good heart shows its best self in small things, as they are not done for praise, but just as one breathes, or moves and acts as his thought guides him. The best life is made up of these small things, for they best show the heart that is in one, old or young. The boy or girl who will not step on a worm, or kill a bee, wasp or fly in sport, will show the same mind in large things when the time comes to do them.

Now there is a small thing I wish all boys and girls who live in large towns to do for the good of scores on scores of old and young. I have thought that ten legs are broke each hour of the day in the world by the skins of fruit dropt on the walks. In the night they are not seen, and men slip on them and come down with all their weight and break their legs or arms. To drop the peel of such fruit on the walk is to set a trap for the limbs of those who pass. How much pain this small thing, done in sheer lack of thought, has cost men on both sides of the great sea! When I see such a peel of fruit on the walk, as I do day by day, I say to myself, "Here is a trap set to catch some one's leg and break it." So I strike it off with my stick, and feel that I have spoilt the bad work it might else do.

This is a small thing; but will not all the boys and girls that read this think of it, and do as I do? Will they not think twice while they eat fruit in the street, and not drop the peel or skin on the walk, but throw it off the flags, so that no one may slip and fall on it and break a limb. If those who drop such peels on the walk could see a man fall on them, and see him borne to his bed to lie there in pain for months, they would think when they ate fruit in the streets and not set such traps for the feet of those who pass in a crowd. There is one thing more a boy or girl with a kind heart may do, and it will do them much good, and train them for life to do it. That is when they see a peel or skin of fruit on the walk, to kick it off and see it in the broad street where the wheels will grind it in their ruts. This they can do in the wink of the eye, with one quick stroke of the foot, and each time they do it, their hearts will grow with a kind thought which will shape their lives and make them bless the world with good deeds.

This some may say is a small thing to teach boys and girls to do, and some may laugh at it; but there are few things that could so well train them to kind acts day by day. I will think that some of them will set out in life in this course of thought and deed.

SAVED.

BY MRS. M. H. WILTSE.

John Fairfax leaned from his window to hang Midget's cage out under the awning. Some voices below caught his ear, and he stopped, with his hands resting on the sill, to listen.

"Come, Frank," a man in a workman's dress was saying, "just go in a minute. It's a raw air, and a drop'll do you good."

"Yes, come on," said another. "'Tisn't neighborly to refuse a drink with old accquaintances."

The man they called Frank turned his face to the sky. It was a wretchedly wan, sorrowful face.

"Let alone, boys," he said. "My poor wife's been dead but a day, and I promised her I'd drink no more."

"Well, it was but a baby's promise to make anyhow," said one boldly. "You know you can't keep it. Just smell that hot sling now. Don't be a fool. Stick to a good thing when you've got it. Come on."

It was as if the evil one were at his elbow. The men urged. The old familiar smell of alcohol came out through the door, and sharpened the fierce thirst. He turned his face upward again with a mute, despairing gaze. John Fairfax waited to hear no more. He dashed down the stairs, into the street, and caught the man's hand with both his, and cried, "O come with me. Quick! Quick!"

"Where?" asked the man, dully.

"Out of the way of whiskey and bad men," said John, tugging away at him. "*She's* looking at you! Come!"

One of the men drew back his fist to strike the earnest pleader, but a policeman came around the corner and he slunk away.

"I don't know you," said the bewildered man.

"What on earth does *that* matter?" said John. "Can't I pull you out of the water when you are drowning as well as if I were your own brother? Come, let's get away from here."

It was a high time. A crowd was gathering. They looked curiously first at the trembling, forlorn man, pale and weak from two or three days' abstinence from his accustomed stimulant; then at brave John, standing there with neither hat nor coat on, one slipper daubed with gutter mud, into which he had stepped in his haste. He pushed and pulled at his man by turns, shocked to see the fascinated stare he fixed on the bottles and glasses on the bar within.

"Dear Lord," whispered John, "have mercy on this man, and quench this dreadful fire within him."

Then he dragged him up stairs and got him into his room. There the man drew a long breath and dropped helplessly into a chair. He looked at John.

"You *look* like other men," he said; "but you are an angel."

"No such thing," said John. "Only a year ago I was a drunken good-for-nothing, and wanted liquor worse than you want it to-day. The Lord pulled me out of the rum-holes and saved me. He'll do as much for you. You haven't had breakfast, have you? I thought not. It's lucky mine had just been sent in when I went down. I've not eaten it. So you'll have it and I'll get mine on my way down town. There's beefsteak, and coffee, and hot rolls. They'll put heart into you. I'm going down to the warehouse now. I shall lock you in here. At noon I shall come home and dine with you. Then I'll lock you up again till night. There's a lounge. Sleep, if you can. Here's my Bible. Read that and pray. Be quiet, and try to gather courage for *her* sake."

"I will, I will, I will!" sobbed the man, burying his face in his hands.

John slipped out softly and locked the door. When he came home at noon there were tear marks on the face of his guest, but there was a look of peace there, too. At night John brought good news. He was to work side by side with him in the same warehouse. They were to share the same lodgings. There were struggles ahead, fierce and many; but God's grace was there too. And through that grace, and the patient and untailing help of John Fairfax, Frank Carr kept unbroken the promise to his dead wife, and gained complete victory over his old enemy.

THE BOTTLE OF OIL.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and every thing he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself!"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by every body since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor, "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly word was found in his house afterward. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

LITTLE LAMBS.

I am Jesus' little lamb,
And my Shepherd's ever near,
Gently leading me along
To the pastures green and fair.

When I'm tired, weak, and weary,
And the noonday sun is high,
Then to fountains clear he brings me,
Where the cooling shadows lie.

When the shadows in the vale
Deepen into gloomy night,
Then my Shepherd gently folds me
In His breast till morning light.

I must be a *gentle* lamb,
Never, never go astray,
But must seek to follow Jesus
In the strait and narrow way.

I must be a *trustful* lamb,
Holding on my Shepherd's hand,
Knowing He will safely lead me
To a bright and heavenly land.

I must be a *loving* lamb,
Always ready to obey,
Answering cheerfully His voice
Without murmur or delay.

Thus I'll be a *happy* lamb,
Filled with faith, and hope, and love,
Living here to please my Shepherd
Till I join His fold above.

—*The Child's Paper.*

"Nothing can work me damage but myself," said St. Bernard; "the harm that I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

THE FIGHT AT THE WOOD PILE.

One night at a late hour Dr. Bently, well known among the clergy of olden time, was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood which, sawed and split for his study fire, had been left by the teamsters the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He rose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat and recommenced his study. Shortly after the same noise occurred, and looking out a second time he saw a similar operation—the woman filling her apron to its utmost capacity. When she had gone he returned to his book, with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this lonely, dreary, not to say sinful manner. By and by he was startled by a crash of falling wood, and hurrying to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron. He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration.

She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were indeed "the accursed thing." The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. What she was, was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him her virtue's lofty height. He called early the next morning on Mr. B., the wood-dealer, and directed him to send a half cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs.——, but by no means to let her know from whom it came, which was readily promised. Mr. B.'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound, and when he tipped the wood into the poor widow's yard, replied to her eager inquiry who sent it, by relating the conversation he had overheard.

The conscience-stricken woman, feeling that her sin and her repentance in the lonely darkness of the midnight hour were known and understood by another heart besides her own, hastened without delay to the house of the benevolent man to express her gratitude and her sorrow, and with deep humility and bitterness told him the temptation, to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment. "Sir," she said, "though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor shivering little one, I could not keep it! I could not keep it! My conscience would not let me!" "Say no more my dear madam," said the good man, "I saw it all—I saw you conquer the devil in two fair fights."—*Salem Register.*

STORY OF A PICTURE.

A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little supplicant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his milk-blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on the study wall and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of "Guilt," but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portraits of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

"I firmly believe that war, or the sending thousands of our fellow-creatures to cut one another to bits—often for what they have no concern in, nor understand—will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives! A logic, indeed, which was more fashionable in some places during the 'good old times.'"—*Leigh Hunt.*

IN THE CLEFT OF THE ROCK.

One cold winter's day a poor woman in Scotland attempted to cross the mountain to visit a friend on the other side. She carried her little boy in her arms, and toiled wearily along until she came to the mountain where the bitter winds and driving snow bewildered and benumbed her, and she began to fear for the life of her little one. Taking the shawl from her shoulders she wrapped it around the infant and laid him in the cleft of a rock to hide him from the fierceness of the storm. Some travellers over the mountain the next morning found the mother frozen, but the babe in the cleft of the rock lay calmly sleeping unharmed.

As the little boy so wondrously saved grew up to manhood, the most precious of his memories was that of his mother, who had saved his life by giving hers. He could not remember her face, but one great fact was ever before him—she had died to save his life.

What the Scottish mother did to save the life of her son, Jesus has done to save us from the "second death." He has given himself for us, and says to all who come to him, "I will put thee in the cleft of the rock, and will cover thee."

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow
To keep the thrilling life-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

TRULY POLITE.—If quiet and gentle behavior is only as a garment put on, though it may be very gracefully worn, it is very apt to be laid aside when the person is away from home, where he is not known. City people coming to the country are often rude and boisterous almost beyond endurance. There are some restraints of society which the truly refined are glad to escape for a time; but, though untrammelled by the laws of etiquette, they cannot lay aside the suavity which is a part of themselves. If politeness is only company costume, there is danger of being surprised in dishabille. If it is a gracious and considerate expression of one's self which may be learned, and absorbed even in the cradle, it becomes so thoroughly a part of the being that it is evident at all times and under all circumstances.

"If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil speculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold, and cocks' feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery."—*Sydney Smith.*

THE RAVEN.

There lived a pious peasant, of German extraction, by name Dobry, in a village near Warsaw. Without his fault he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and the landlord determined to eject him, and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with his family, when, as they sat there in their sorrow, the church bell pealed for prayer, and Dobry kneeled down in their midst, and sung,

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

And as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

—there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones! Dobry thought that he would sell the ring, but he thought again, he would take it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a house and gave him cattle from his own stall, and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, underneath this verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

END OF A DOG'S QUARREL.—An exchange tells a story, which contains such a good lesson for children of small and large growth, that we give it somewhat abridged:

"One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge, and the first thing they knew, over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place.

"It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce; he struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway. The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port! It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, 'We'll never quarrel any more.'"

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VOL. III. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1874. No. 2.

HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

For with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE BEGGAR BOY OF LUCERNE.

BY ELLEN M. SOULE.

More than half a century ago, before the walls were built about the old city of Lucerne, certain Austrian noblemen formed a great conspiracy to conquer town and land for Habsburg. Now the emerald green waters of the Reuss flowed swiftly past the town. They have had a long journey from their home among the awful glaciers that bolt and bar the glories of the Alp-land. Down by the bed of the Reuss their stood an old arcade, dim and obscure, fit place for murderous council. Here the scarlet-sleeved conspirators met in the darkness of the night. After much consultation it was finally determined that with the swords and daggers with which they were armed, the mayor and councilors of the city should be slain. Before the day shall break the doomed town shall be in their power.

Silently starting on their deadly mission one of the noblemen discovers a poor boy lying upon a bench in the darkness of a corner. He is only a beggar boy, and he has no home, no friends So the hand of the heavenly Watcher, whose glance pierces the veil of night, had led him here to guard the town. He had listened to the treacherous plot, and determined to reveal it as soon as he could escape undiscovered. But suddenly he is seized by the desperate men. They declare that they will instantly kill him. The sword is raised, but the boy, wild with terror, entreats their mercy, and promises he will never reveal to any man what he has heard. Believing the promise, with many threats they let him go.

Out into the darkness the boy dashes. He sees far off the light in the cot of a village butcher and hastens toward it. There is a careless feasting and merriment here, and a group of men are telling stories of daring in the olden time. The boy with breathless haste rushes into the room. The tears are rolling down his cheeks. He looks not into the face of any one, but hurries to the great stone stove and cries:

"O stove! what I have promised never to tell to any *man* I must quickly tell to thee! O dear, good stove! I was compelled to swear; but listen well while I show to you the danger of the beloved city. The murderers are hastening even now to slay the rulers and to conquer Lucerne once more. They ——!"

But only the stove is there to hear the story of the bright, sly boy. The strong men have quickly taken the alarm; very soon the conspirators are seized and hastened to justice. The foes of the good town are driven out with strong hand, and still Lucerne is free.

They sought for the child whose loyal cunning had saved them, but they never found him. Even to this day the Switzers tell the story with admiring gratitude in their tones, but no man knows his name. The senseless stove that heard the warning is still preserved in the old hall where the butchers' guild was wont to meet.

What think you of the bravery and artifice of the nameless Beggar Boy of Lucerne? Say, what think *you* gentle readers of the *Angel of Peace?*

Send for specimen numbers of the *Angel of Peace* to the office of the Am. Peace Society, No. 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass.

A TRUE PICTURE.

One of the most eloquent speeches ever made in the Massachusetts House of Representatives was made in 1852 by Hon. J. T. Stevenson of Boston, on the Bill to enact the Prohibitory law. The following is an extract:

"Portray the evils of intemperance, did I say? He does not live that can tell the whole story of its woes. Exaggeration there is impossible. The fatigued fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact. The mind's eye cannot take in the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into that picture shades darker than the truth. Put into such a picture every conceivable thing that is terrible or revolting; paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced; paint the chosen seats of paternal care, of filial pity, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion, all, all vacant; paint all the crimes of every stature, and of every hue, from murder standing aghast over a grave, which it has no means to cover, down to the meanest deception still confident of success; paint home a desert, and shame a tyrant, and poverty, the legitimate child of vice in this community, and not its prolific mother; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death, peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose very waves are fire; put in the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and into the foreground the terrible certainty of an accursed future; paint prisons with doors that open only inwards; people the scene with men, whose shattered forms are tenanted by tormented souls, with children upon whose lips no smile can ever play, and with women into whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears wrung by anguish from breaking hearts.

Paint such a picture, and when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the Heavenly sun; but illuminate it with the glares of the infernal fires, and still your horrible picture falls short of the truth.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Behold the prosperous country in time of peace! The people are busy in the pursuits of daily life—busy in the gathering together of the fruits of their labors, and providing for their children. Many occupied in the search of knowledge through science and discovery, and all moving forward to a better condition, and doing their portion of the work of civilization.

Let us glance at the same people in time of war. The enemy, perhaps, have invaded and overrun the country, burned the towns, killed many of the inhabitants, and destroyed the collections and harvests of years of peaceful accumulation.

Every family is broken up and scattered. The tenderest ties of kindred are snapped asunder in the great confusion. The wildest acts of barbarity are committed; there is nothing but fire, famine and bloodshed all around. The nation and people plunged into debt, and groaning under an oppressive taxation.

We need no further evidence that these are true statements. The world has experienced the painful truth that war is the most appalling calamity that ever afflicted mankiud.

Now, what can we do? how can we prevent all this murder and destruction? I would answer, let every one who loves his country, family and humanity, become an *Apostle of Peace.*

The Accurate Boy.—He observes carefully the exact terms of a command, and as exactly conforms his conduct to them. If his employer said, "Tell Mr. Smith that I shall be at his office after breakfast (at 9 30 o'clock) to-morrow morning," the accurate boy reports to Mr. Smith precisely what he was told: "Office," "after breakfast," "9.30 o'clock." He takes pains to allow no mistake in any trifling item of business.

"If I make blunders," says he, "I cannot be trusted. If I blunder in small matters I may blunder in large ones; so I will try in all little things of word and deed to be accurate—*perfectly accurate.*" A wise boy!

Children, be polite to the poor, the aged and the infirm.

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

There are some people who are always scratching you by their short answers and impatient ways if things go at all wrong with them. They are like a rough, unplaned board: if you don't handle it with the grain, you are very certain to be annoyed with the splinters.

A gentleman at an eating house asked the person next to him if he would please to pass the mustard.

"Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?"

"No," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman." That man, the moment you touched his pride, threw out his snarp words as the porcupine does his quills.

Kind words cost nothing, and they save us a world of worry and fretful feeling. They have a wonderful knack of smoothing over the rough places in our play and work.

"When I was a boy," said a friend of ours, "I and a number of playmates had rambled through the woods, until, quite forgetting the fading light, we found ourselves far from home. Indeed, we had lost our way. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him our road. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some very sharp answers.

"Just then came along another man, a near neighbor, with a smile on his face.

"'Jim,' said he to the sharp talker, 'a man's tongue is like that of a cat. It is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sandpaper. Try the velvet man! try the velvet principle!'"

OLD FATHER MORRIS.

Old Father Morris had a fine orchard of peaches, from which some of the ten or twelve year old gentlemen helped themselves more liberally than even the old man's kindness thought was fair. Accordingly, he took occasion to introduce into his sermon on Sunday, in his parish, an account of a journey he took, and how he was very warm and weary, and how he saw a fine orchard of peaches, which made his mouth water to look at them.

"So," says he, "I came up to the fence, and looked around, for I would not have touched one of them without leave for all the world. At last I espied a man, and says I, 'Mister, won't you give me some of your peaches?' So the man came and gave me a hatful And while I stood there eating, I said, 'Mister, how do you manage to keep your peaches?'

"'Keep them!' said he, and he stared at me. 'What do you mean?'

"'Yes, sir!' said I. 'Don't the boys steal them?'

"'Boys steal them!' said he. 'No, indeed!'

"'Why, sir,' said I, 'I have an orchard of peaches, and I cannot get half of them'—here the old man's voice became tremulous— 'because the boys in my parish steal them so.'

"'Why,' said he, don't their parents teach them not to steal?'

"And I grew all over in a cold sweat, and I told him, 'I was afraid they didn't.'

"'Why, how you talk!' says the man. 'Do tell me where you live?'

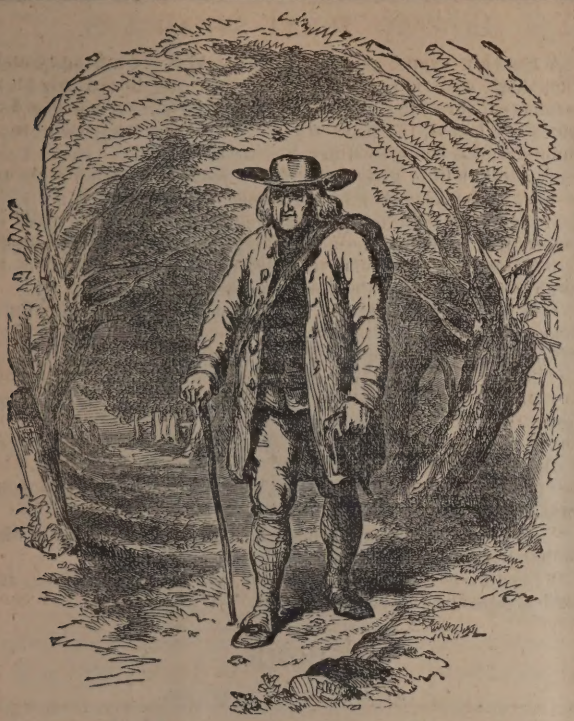
"'Then,'" said Father Morris, the tears running over, 'I was obliged to tell him I lived in the town of G——.'"

After this, Father Morris kept his peaches.

Mrs. Stowe.

Secret of Success.—A Christian merchant, who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend, to what, under God, he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youth of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I fimly believe that a blessing, has in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts."—*Christian Weekly.*

"No man," once said Sir Benjamin Rudgard, "is bound to be rich or great—no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."



THE PAINTED WINDOW.

A poor hermit once dwelt alone in his cell, mourning over the iniquities of the world, and almost murmuring against the ways of Providence, because innocence and virtue, according to his views, were so often wronged and oppressed, while sons of violence and blood were exalted to places of wealth and power. So much did these things disturb his mind, that he could no longer meditate upon heavenly things, and his devotions were disturbed by bitter thoughts. At length he determined to take the pilgrim's staff, and wander through the world, in search of Truth.

"Truth," said he, "will shed light into my mind, and make all these things plain."

The poor pilgrim wandered from land to land, till his sandals were worn out, and his frame weary, yet he gained no light. One day, as he was passing through a deep and lonely forest, a furious tempest arose suddenly, and beat upon his unprotected head. Thunder roared, lightening glared, and rain poured down in torrents. The pilgrim looked arouud for some place of shelter, and at length espied, at a distance among the trees, a small chapel. With a thankful heart he hastened toward it; and tried the door. It yielded easily to the hand; and, reverently taking off his hat, the pilgrim entered.

The chapel looked dismal and dreary. It was built of dark stone and black oak, without ornament. A dark stone altar stood at one end, and at the other was a Gothic window — the only one in the chapel. This only window seemed so defaced with various stains, that the light it admitted, so far from making the place more cheerful, only added to its gloom.

"Fie! what a filthy window disgraces this holy place," said the pilgrim; "it looks as if some madman had amused himself by daubing it over with soot and blood. It is only stain on stain. But, alas! this window is a picture of the world. It truly sets forth the chaos of unseemly things which one sees around him, at every step."

While the pilgrim yet looked and complained, the sun broke forth from the clouds, and streamed his full radiance through the painted window. In a moment, the whole kindled into life and beauty, and every corner of the dark chapel was filled with a flood of its mellow light. The painting on the window represented the first appearance of the Lord to Moses. In the background stood the burning bush, sending forth a wonderful radiance on all around. In front, Moses lay on his face, upon the earth. Blue skies stretched above, over which light, fleecy clouds seemed to be floating, and flocks of sheep strayed far and wide over the luxuriant fields. All bore the look of reality and life.

"Ah, what a picture!" exclaimed the pilgrim. "How brilliant yet how mild. How warm—how living—how true! That, which, in the darkness, appeared like the daubs of a madman, is now filled with life and beauty; the work of a master's hand. And this chapel, which even now, looked to me so gloomy and comfortless—so unworthy of its holy use—how rich, how chaste, how appropriate, do all its parts stand forth, in this beautiful light. But see! what lines appear on the illuminated glass?"

"This is a picture of thy life, O man!
Dark, in disorder, stained—without a plan;
But let the Heavenly Sun there shed, His light,
And all its forms are living, warm and bright.
Go; if thou love thy Lord, serve *all* below,
No other love canst thou thy Master show.
Keep thy heart pure from stains, from self-hood free,
And He will enter in and dwell with thee."

The pilgrim took the lesson home. He returned no more to his cell, but spent his remaining years in a life of usefulness to his fellow men. He thought no more of the sins of others, but guarded his own heart from evils, and trusted the world to the keeping of his Heavenly Father.—*Olive Leaf.*

WATERING THE CHICKENS.

BY A. H. POE.

Close beside the rick she stands,
Little Quaker maiden sweet,
While the chickens thickly flock
'Round the basin at her feet;
Now she strokes each feathered back,
"Poor old Bristle, must thee fight?"
And a portly mother-hen
Gives a croak of faint delight.

Warmly wrapped in hood and plaid,
Bands of brown hair, smooth and bright
Such a peaceful little face
Looks out on the world of white!
"Dickie, did thee freeze thy comb?
Stop thy crowding, Blackie, there;
Chickens must be kind and mild;
Dip thy bill, and say thy prayer."

Stiff and tame they drink their fill,
Shivering as the winds go by;
Even pompous Chanticleer's
Frozen into modesty.
"Farewell, Downy, farewell, Snuff,"
Beam her kind eyes beautiful;
As she turns toward the house,
And the skies are white as wool.

—*Little Corporal.*

LITTLE WILLIE.—A few years ago, a little dark-eyed orphan boy came to my house to stay a few weeks. There was a little puny kitten about the house continually poking its nose into places forbidden, and thereby calling down upon its head the wrath of the housekeeper. Several times it had been sent whirling through the window or door into the yard. One day, when it had thus been treated, Willie beheld the scene. He took the kitten up in his arms, stroking its back tenderly, and came into the house. His dark eyes were full of tears. Pity and indignation mingled in his tremulous tones when he said, "You must be kind to the little kitten now, *for it hasn't got any mother!*"

Later in the evening, Willie lay asleep on the carpet; in one hand a knife, and in the other a half-eaten apple. Directly the kitten came in and went whining around, until it saw Willie, when, without delay, it ceased its piteous mewing, crawled up close to his bosom and went to sleep too.

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No. 17.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE BRAVE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

I have told of poor men with brave hearts, who did acts full of love to their kind; acts which cost them their own lives, which they did not count dear to them when they saw lives as dear as theirs nigh to death.

I must now tell you of a man who did in his way what was done by the Dutch boor and his brave horse to save the lives of men from the jaws of the sea. His name was John Maynard, and he too was a poor man, with a brave heart, and true to his post, though it were in the face of death. His post was at the wheel of a steamboat on one of our great lakes, to guide it in calm and storm. And in both he was true to his work. He came to be known to vast crowds of young and old who felt sure when he was at the wheel, that he knew what was to be done and how to do it if the day was fair or foul. Though rough in look, with coarse hair, and face burnt brown by the sun, his voice, eye and hand were kind to all, and full of love to the young, for the small ones at his own home made the joy of his life.

Well, one day John came to the test that was to try his soul, and to show the world what it was made of. It was a bright, hot day in June. It had been hot for weeks, and the boat was hot and dry from both its own fires and the sun. They had a large crowd of young and old on board. The land was in sight, and in less than an hour they would be at the port. They had their eyes on it, when a thin stream of smoke was seen to rise from the hold of the ship. One of the crew was sent down to see where it came from. Soon he came up with a white face, and said in a low voice in the captain's ear, "*The boat is on fire!*" The men who stood near heard the word, and it passed from end to end of the ship. There were casks of tar and lard in the hold and on deck. The wood of the boat was as dry as it could be; and it was soon in a fierce, red blaze. All went to work for dear life to keep down the fire, but they could not check it. John stood at the wheel in the black smoke with the last ounce of steam on which the boat would bear. It was but a mile from land. The crowd were now all crouched at the bow, choked with smoke and scorched with the heat. One fourth of an hour more and all those lives would be lost in the jaws of death, if the boat could not reach the shore in less than that time.

"John!" cried the captain, "can you hold on a few breaths more!" John was at the wheel, with its spokes on fire. His face was black and crisp; his hands were burnt to the bone.—His eyes were blind with smoke. But his brave heart was whole. It was full of thoughts of his wife and "wee ones" at home. But he could think and did think of lives and homes as dear as his own. "Can you hold on, John, just a breath or two more?" A thick voice came through the fire and smoke from the wheel, "By the help of God I will!" The lips from which those words came spoke no more on earth. The boat's bow struck the land. As the crowd sprang down on it, the wheel-house fell in with a crash, and with it fell the black corpse of John, who had stood to the last breath of his life at his post to save the scores of lives now so full of joy on the shore, that through his death they might go back to the bright, glad homes they loved.

Books, which one would have to count by scores, might be filled with the acts of poor men who have put self out of mind at such hours as John Maynard saw, and who gave their lives to save those from death who could not save their own selves. It would be well for the world if more of such books were made and read. They would do the world more good than a store full of the books which are now most read. We need not go to those about war to find brave men. No book of that kind ever told us of a man more brave, or less of self in his heart, than John Maynard or the Dutch Boor.

A good story is told of two little brothers who were "playing meeting." Their mother stood outside of the door and overheard the youngest one conclude the meeting with this statement: "The regular monthly prayer meeting will meet every night in mamma's room."

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A Sabbath school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sunbonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said:

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"O, one of the neighbors' children!" replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps."

"No, sir; she's a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."—*Evangelist.*

HOME.

BY MRS. R. T. ELBRIDGE.

Home can be made sweet, and its joys be made dear
When the words of affection fall low on the ear;
When heart clings to heart in the lowliest cot,
The monarch might envy the peasant his lot.

On the brow the gems that glisten may vie
With the intellect beaming from the pensive dark eye;
And the heart be breaking with grief all the while,
When it lives on uncheered by affection's sweet smile.

Home! sweet cherished home! the stranger ne'er knows
Of thy joy nor thy sorrows, thy bliss nor thy woes;
Far better I deem the lone wanderer's lot,
Than a home where there's plenty and peace enters not.

A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it. If it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh and fault-finding are ever in the ascendant, be ye sure they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases, not a few, where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

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VOL. III. BOSTON, MARCH, 1874. No. 3.

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

Brothers, O, the world is lonely!
Every spirit dwells alone!
If our hearts for self beat only,
Better then our hearts were stone!
Man is yearning for the kindness
Of his unknown brother, man;
Shall we shut our hearts in blindness,
And not strengthen whom we can?

Brothers, there's a world before us,
A wide world in woe and night;
Million outstretched arms implore us,
Million voices cry for light!
Fellow-spirits, all immortal,
Spirits brothers to our own,
Grope toward heaven's darkened portal,
Grope, and stumble, and are gone!

O, my strong and valiant brothers,
Is there naught for us to do?
Dare we rest at ease while others
Perish with relief in view?
Can we see the strong upheaving
Of the world's great struggling heart,
And not feel, for man's retrieving,
Mighty longings in us start?

Up, my Brothers! Let us labor
In our measure, with our might
Till we lead our long-lost neighbor
Back to strength and hope and light!
Let us learn to love each other;
We have been estranged too long,
Vexing earth, our voiceless mother,
With unceasing strife and wrong.

Brothers, banish doubt and sorrow,
Let the sword and cannon rust;
For a better, brighter morrow
Let us toil, and pray, and trust:
Lo, along the dawn above us,
Heaven's blest omens bright unfurled!
Hosts celestial aid us, love us!
Let us up and save the world!

CHILDHOOD FOR PEACE.

BY UNCLE HENRY.

In all cases where we must suffer and die, or inflict suffering and death on our enemies, the Peace Spirit says, Suffer and die. Its prayer is, "Father, let me suffer—forgive and spare mine enemy." It is the spirit of self-sacrifice. It is a generous, noble spirit—daring, heroic, and at the same time sweet and gentle—the spirit of Love—the Spirit of God. It makes us prompt to suffer, but slow to injure—fearless to die, but afraid to kill. The Peace man is indeed timid, but only when called to injure a brother man. He smiles at death, when he is himself the victim!

Beautiful illustrations of this gentle but daring spirit abound among children. In the nursery, at the fireside, around the table, in the school, and on the play-ground, Childhood is full of touching incidents, exhibiting all the fierce, revengeful passions that dash nation against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and deluge continents with the blood of the slain, and the tears of widows and orphans. Quarrels among Children, which end in black eyes and cheeks, and bloody faces, as to spirit and principle, are the same as wars between nations, that desolate countries, lay cities in ruins, and strew the earth with the dead and dying. The Child illustrates the Man; and Children fighting for a toy afford an illustration, in miniature, of Nations contending for empire.

I dearly love the company of Children. They have been the darling playmates and the sweet solace of my life; and so completely have I learned to identify my life with theirs, that I forget, and they forget, that I am other than a Child. So may it be. I am glad the world is full of Children. To me, earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a little child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of Children; there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected, joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of Humanity never breathes so fresh and cheering into my heart, as when I am surrounded with a company of affectionate, merry children. Their presence is never annoying to me. I long for their society. The best room in my heart is fitted up for them; its very *parlor* is ever open to receive them. Let them all come into it. They shall be welcome; and if their dwelling there makes them as happy as it does me, they never will leave it. My heart shall ever be a home for them.

WAR INFERNAL.

BY HOWARD MALCOM, D.D.

The tremendous expenses of war, and of war customs even in time of peace, must be brought before every citizen. This day war is costing America and every nation in Europe ten times as much as all other government outlays.

But, far more serious is the amount of misery; and still more of crime.

Take a single instance from the history of our war with England in 1814.—A drafted soldier left the camp at Greenbush, N. Y. to visit without leave his wife and three children whom he had not seen for a long time. He was arrested and condemned to die for desertion.

After the usual preliminaries in such cases, his coffin, a box of rough pine boards, was borne before him on the shoulders of two men to the place of execution. He wore as a winding-sheet, a white cotton gown, having over his heart the black image of a heart, as a mark for the executioners to aim at. His countenance was as pale as his winding-sheet, and his whole frame trembled with agony. His grave was dug, the coffin placed by its side, and the deserter, with a cap drawn over his eyes, required to kneel upon the lid. At this signal, eight soldiers, drawn by lot for the bloody deed, stepped forward within two rods of their victim; and at a signal from the officer, they all fired at the same instant. The miserable man, with a horrid scream, leaped from the earth, and fell between his coffin and his grave. The sergeant to insure immediate death, shot him through the head, holding the musket so near that the cap took fire; and there the body lay, with the head sending forth the mingled fumes of burning cotton and hair. The soldiers, after passing close by the corpse in a line to let every one see for himself the fate of a deserter, marched back to the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! and all the officers were immediately invited to the quarters of the commander, and treated with grog.

WORK.

BY KARL KLIVE.

The writer, having been an earnest worker for more than half a century, craves the privilege of saying a few words on the subject of work.

What writer has not, somewhere and at some time, published some good words in praise of work? But he who writes these lines knows of many kinds of work, which have been very earnestly and steadily pursued—yes, Karl Klive has himself pursued earnestly and long some kinds of work which deserve naught but words of censure—and of one such alone he is now going to write:

1. A forty years' excessive use of tobacco, in the two most offensive ways—chewing and smoking—does not now present in the retrospect, very pleasing reflections. The waste of time and money, the damage to health, the slavery to an evil habit, the annoyance of others, and the bad example, led Karl to say of his forty years' hard work, "It is bad, very bad—it is evil, only evil—without one particle of good." Could those forty years be lived over again in the light of present experience, they would be spent in the earnest avoidance of the intellectual and moral degradation of slavish subjection to an animal appetite.

Say not, reader, that these are the words of a sour, cross dyspeptic, who is not to be heeded. Sour, cross and dyspeptic he was when he smoked and chewed. But freedom from that bondage of tobacco has brought back health, cheerfulness, pleasant views of life, and kind feelings to all mankind; and, with the kindest feelings to his many dear friends who use tobacco, he writes these lines to warn youth against a habit which will eat up all the nerve and muscle of their manhood.

A lady saw a driver angry with his horses for some fancied offence, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

THE LORD'S WALL.

"About fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful report of the conduct of lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place.

In a large commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother, with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that he would 'build a wall of defence around about them,' quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that it should hide it; but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard. An enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over to them.

'There,' said the old woman, triumphantly, 'do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us!'"

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers.
Where smiles have only a fitful play;
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" there are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" there are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need.
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and my Saviour said:
"Follow thou me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend thy help, in the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry: "So much to do!"

HONESTY TESTED.—There was a lad, in Ireland, who was put to work in a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the length that it ought to have been; but the master thought it might be made longer by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and the boy the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" but the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer. But that boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principle of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

A man who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade, to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"On a December night, after the little brood were all abed, a mother sat thinking over what she had accomplished in the last year. To her it seemed to have been one of fruitless effort, broken and disjointed. She had done nothing but keep the house and family, and even this seemed to have been but indifferently done. Yearnings she had for something better.

"That night in her dream she was traversing a vast plain, where no trees were visible save those that skirted the distant horizon, with a wreath of golden clouds resting upon their tops. Before her, traveling towards that distant light, was a female with little children about her, sometimes in her arms, sometimes at her side, and as she journeyed on she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary, now she taught them how to travel, and now she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks in the way. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and toward which she seemed hastening with her little flock.

"But what was most remarkable, all unknown to her, on two golden clouds floating above her reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel with mild and loving eyes peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left. They followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun; they watched every word and look and deed, no matter how trivial. When it was good, the angel over the right shoulder with a glad smile wrote it down in his golden book; when evil, however slight, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book. He kept his sorrowful eyes upon her, until he found penitence for the evil; then he dropped a tear upon his record and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced

"To the lookers-on it seemed that the traveler did little worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, yet that was recorded in the golden book; sometimes she did but wait patiently to lure back some little truant who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and that, too, was set down by the angel over the right. Sometimes, with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent on her own progress as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish or stray; then the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book, but followed her with sorrowing eyes, seeking to blot it out; if, wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, that, too, the sorrowing angel recorded.

"The sympathies of the dreamer were warmly excited for the traveler, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps, that she might overtake her, tell her what she had seen, entreat her to be watchful, faithful, and patient to the end of her life's work, for she had herself seen that its results would all be known when these golden books should be unclasped. Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveler turned, and she recognized, or seemed to recognize, herself."

It may and it may not be that the angels keep such a record as this, but it is certain that every act of the mother is written upon the heart of the child and reflected in his face and character. That is the golden book in which all mothers are evermore writing, not with a literal golden pen, but with "little deeds of kindness, little words of love."

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

—*Good Words.*

HE BEGAN IT FIRST.

Humankind have queer ways, too, in their disputes and tiffs. They're very apt to think if *they* don't begin a fight they've a right to keep it up in about any way they choose. Some one lately told me this true story about a boy named Harry, who used to get angry very quickly and revenge himself right off. His parents usually made light of his quarrels if Harry only said of the other fellow, "he began it first." So it came to be a common excuse with him. Once he went with his mother to visit a rich family who had mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Harry had never seen such things before. It was a very hot summer day, and as the little fellow soon became tired of playing by himself in the sun, he slipped into the quiet parlor, and lying down on a sofa opposite one of these big mirrors, fell asleep. After awhile he awoke; rubbing his eyes as he stood up, he saw a boy rubbing his eyes, too. He looked at him wonderingly, then fiercely, and the boy looked just as fiercely at him. In a moment Harry doubled up his fist, and the boy did the same. This was too much to bear, and he darted towards the boy (as he thought) and dashing his fist against the mirror, broke it in a thousand pieces.

Hearing the crash, his mother ran in from the next room, and poor Harry, picking himself up, all scratched and bleeding, cried out, "He began it first."—*St. Nicholas.*

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

My Dear Young Friends: —I suppose you like much to read from month to month the beautiful *Angel of Peace*. I wish I could see you all and take each one of you by your hand and tell you how much I love you. Some of you are quite little boys. I should like to take you in my arms and kiss you, and try to make you very happy. Now I want you to promise me that you will try to be good, and pleasant, and peaceful in all places and forever. The most of you I suppose would like to become very great and famous men; and many of you no doubt expect to be. Now I hope you will never wish to be great like Alexander or Napoleon or any other celebrated warrior, but I hope you will try to be very great in doing all the good you can. I hope each one of you will try to be the best man that ever lived in the world; and if you wish to be great in doing good by making every body in the world as good and happy as you can, you must pray much to the Divine Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace to help you to be always good and always full of peace, by giving you a peaceful, and pure, and sweet temper of mind, so that you will always delight to make every body you can good and happy.

O, remember, remember, that is far more noble, in the sight of all truly great and good men, and above all far more pleasing to God our Saviour, to be the smallest and most unknown peacemaker, than to be the greatest and most famous man of war that ever lived on earth.

May God bless you, dear boys, now and forever, with the best of blessings on earth and at last with a home in heaven.

John Hemmenway.

Brighton, Maine, Jan. 20, 1874.

"A CHILD WAS SORRY FOR ME."

A gentleman was standing one morning on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding by the hand a little girl seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behiud her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom walked first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try and rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of the childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously all the while; and then turned his head with an impatient motion, which told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man and said earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you too."

One of the policemen caught her up quickly and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from that which they all expected to see.

"It is a simple story" said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me too; and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

WEAR A SMILE.

Which will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live as it were among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you will show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eyes and love glow in your face. There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

"A smile; who will refuse a smile,
The sorrowing breast to cheer,
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the lines of care erase,
And those of beauty bring."

To the Friends of Peace.—The *Angel* is succeeding finely. We intend its columns shall be filled with the finest of the wheat, the purest of the gold and the sweetest of the honey and to go forth singing sweet songs, and telling sweet stories of truth and peace. Our illustrations will be first class. The terms are put simply at cost so it may go to the millions of the youth of this and other lands. The year opens well. Subscribers are rolling in, giving promise that 1874 is to be the golden year for the *Angel of Peace*. We invite everybody to work for the spread of the *Angel*. D.

That good friend of peace and of children, Rev. S. Hopkins Emery sends the following "hint" with a nice sum of money to our office. The "contribution" we lay on the altar of the Prince of Peace and the "hint" we give to the thousands who read the *Angel*.

"A contribution from Miss Montgomery's Infant Class in the Olivet Church Sabbath School, Bridgeport, Conn., and let it be a *hint* to other little children in other Sabbath schools, to 'do likewise.'"

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VOL. III. BOSTON, APRIL, 1874. No. 4.

THE BLESSING OF CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus would liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircled
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are haloes of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

THE SELFISH ACORN.

Near a house in the country grew a large oak tree. Its branches spread out far and widely. Many little plants grew near it that were not fitted to endure much sunshine, and the kind old oak sheltered them, and they grew and blossomed, and seemed to enjoy life. The children who lived in the farm-house liked a cool, shady place to play in. So they brought a bench and placed it under the tree, and many a pleasant hour they sat there reading and crocheting, and indulging in pleasant chat. One of the limbs of the tree projected out, and the children coaxed their father to tie a rope to it and make them a swing. So the old tree stood year after year, imparting shade, and coolness, and blessing to all who sought rest under its branches.

One summer the tree was laden with acorns. The acorns were of no use to any one while they remained on the tree, and they had nothing to do but to grow a little; so they had plenty of leisure. One acorn watched the flowers that were growing so beautifully near the grand old tree, and the children who played so merrily under its protecting shade, for many days, and one morning it spoke thus: "This old tree is very foolish to take so much pains for these silly little flowers and noisy children. Neither the flowers nor the children care for the tree, except for the shade it gives them. If I am ever planted I will not trouble myself to grow so much. It is all nonsense—time thrown away."

While it was thus speaking, the father of the children came along with an axe on his shoulder. He stopped at the tree, and looking at it, said, "Yes, this will do. I have not time to go into the woods, but I will cut down this old tree, and when it is dry, it will be good firewood." So he chopped away lustily at the trunk of the tree, and soon it fell with a great crash.

The acorn dropped off as it fell. When it had got over the bruise occasioned by the fall, it said, "After so many years of usefulness the tree is cut down. It is just as I said. The world is ungrateful. Just wait till I am planted, and see if I will be such a great fool as that old tree." While it was thus talking, a little boy came along, and stooping, picked it up and put it in his pocket. The next day he planted it.

The acorn lay in the ground awhile, thinking, "I'm not going to push my head up into the world—it is too much trouble." But it soon became tired of its dark prison, and concluded to push up a little shoot, to see what was going on in the world above. So up it went till it was about a foot high. Then it

stopped growing. The roots tried in vain to sink deeper into the ground, and drink in the nourishment that would make it a tree. The little shoot remembered what it thought when it was only an acorn, and it said, "No, I will not grow. No ungrateful children shall play under my branches, and no thankless flowers shall be refreshed by me. I intend to stay just so high."

And so it did. But a large pine tree near, who heard it muttering, shook itself with laughter, and said, "O no, you won't grow! Who do you think will be the loser? I find it delicious to spread out my roots and drink in the sap, and enlarge my branches, and then, too, I have such a fine view of the world, and see so far. It is a glorious thing to live and to grow. That poor little shoot will lose all this happiness. Of course, I shall be cut down some day, but while I do live, I intend to make the most of my existence, and to be all I can."

Let this *fable* remind all the readers of the *Angel* to be good and kind, full of sunshine and hope, and not to be selfish and cross and ready to bite somebody.

SLACK'S DISEASE.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast soon will be ready. The canary bird has taken his bath, and is singing a sweet song. Get up, get up, or I shall throw this pillow at you!"

This is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed, one frosty morning in November. He was a good little boy; but he had one fault, he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.

"Don't throw the pillow at me," cried Oliver; "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

When Oliver came down to the breakfast table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head, and Charlotte said, "I woke him up in season, sir; but he went off to sleep again the minute I left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"I went to sleep, and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of the bed, and when he feels strong enough he can eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy wondered what Slack's disease could be; but he went up stairs with his sister, and he was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary bird, sing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it very dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton, don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness; that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in season. Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.—*Nursery.*

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY UNCLE HENRY.

Adaline was a lovely child—a bright and joyous creature. Even the severe sufferings she experienced from her birth never seemed to weary or depress her spirit. Love to all around her was the chief element of her being. *She dwelt in love.*

When about three years old, she suffered much from restless nights, and would often awake in pain. At such times her sister, who slept with her, would try to compose her, by repeating hymns and Bible stories. One night, she happened to relate how Jesus stilled the storm and the waves. Those mighty words, "PEACE, BE STILL," had a wonderful effect upon her mind. Her moans ceased, and soon she was tranquilly sleeping on her sister's bosom.

Those sweet and precious words ever after seemed to abide in her. Often she would awake in great pain, and say, "Sister, tell me how Jesus said, 'PEACE, BE STILL!'" and the words that stilled the raging of the waves seemed to have the same effect upon the jarring and sickly elements of her body.

She did not dwell long in this world. Her sweet spirit could not have grown here. The last words she spoke, as she raised her sweet face to her sister, convulsed with pain, were, "O, sister, tell me once more how Jesus said, "PEACE, BE STILL!'"

So let us all unite and tell this fighting, warring world, how Jesus said, "PEACE, BE STILL!"

Go, little *Angel*, speed thy way into every family and every school, and say to all angry, fighting children—"PEACE, BE STILL!"

SOME LITTLE FOLKS.

There are some little folks that we never can please,
They fret about trifles, they trouble and tease,
Full of discontent, even at play;
Till their friends are worn out, and are heartily glad,
When bed-time is come, and each cross lass or lad
Is quiet and out of the way.

There are some little folks so good tempered and sweet,
That to see their bright faces is always a treat,
And their friends can quite trust them, they know;
They amuse themselves nicely with some plan or play,
Take care not to worry, or get in the way,
And are welcome wherever they go.

THE PRAYER OF THE QUAKERESS.

At Waynesborough, Ohio, the ladies who believe in the efficacy of prayer entered the saloon of a retail liquor dealer. Extending her hand to the dealer with a pleasant smile the Quakeress, Mrs. Jane Jones of Burlington, O., asked "How's thee?" and made the usual request for leave to pray, which was courteously granted. For two minutes or more every head was bowed in deep silence, which alone would have showed the Quaker element in the movement there; then leaning on the bar, with her eyes reverently turned toward heaven and hands clasped upon her bosom, the lady offered the following prayer:

"Our Father in heaven, who knowest the inmost thoughts of all hearts, who cannot be deceived and who will not be mocked, we come again in a sense of our weakness, needing great help from Thee to do what little is in our power for the relief and Salvation of Thy creatures and to Thy honor. We come again in the name of Jesus, asking Thee to put words in our mouths and wisdom in our hearts when we try to talk to this our dear brother. We implore Thee to bless this dear family; we ask again, as we have often asked before, that Thou wouldst send Thy word with power into the heart of this dear brother, that he may give up this terrible sin that has so long kept him away from God. Thou who hast moved so many hearts, in mercy condescend to move upon the heart of this man, that he may no longer endanger his immortal soul. Oh, help him to say, 'Let others do as they may, as for me I will get rid of the traffic, which is the cause of so much sin and suffering.' * * * * Oh, Lord, have we not seen and suffered enough of this great evil, which fills our land with ruin until our dear country is trembling on the verge of destruction. Often we know this dear brother has trembled at Thy word like Felix of old, but still stands where he did, saying: 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee.'

O Lord, bless this man that sits writing here. Give him wisdom that he may know the truth in all its beauty and importance; and grant him power to convey the truth unto others to the good of their souls. Impress upon his heart that many—yes very many—are dependent upon him: that if his own soul were all that he imperiled, it were enough, but that thousands look to him for exact truth. He cannot say, 'Am I my brother's keeper,' for the souls of many may be dragged down to perdition by error and falsehood. Help him to realize the importance of his words. * * * And may Thy blessing rest upon all here assembled, and finally meet us again at Thy right hand, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No. 18.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE GOOD, BRAVE GIRL AT THE OAR.

I have told the boys and girls who read these short words I write for them of the thoughts and acts which poor, brave men have shown and done for their kind at the risk of their own lives. I must now tell you of a brave girl who did an act which gave her name a place it will not lose in the heart of the world.

On the coast of that land on the far side of the wide sea from which we came and whose tongue we speak, there stood a tall house on a high rock with a great lamp at the top to light ships and warn them in the night to keep from the shore lest they should dash on the sharp crags and be lost. In that tall, round white house, crowned with its lamp, there lived a man, his wife and child, a good, brave girl, with a kind heart for all who risked their lives on the sea. She knew how to trim the great lamp at the top of the house, and she loved to see its bright light shine out far on the wild deep in a night of storm. When the wind made the house rock from top to base, she lay and thought of the poor men tossed on the white waves and of those they had left in their homes on the land. She had learnt to ply the oar and to keep stroke with her father when they went from their rock to the shore to see their friends or to bring food for their small board.

But a night came when she was to use that oar as she had not done in all her life. That night was black with storm. The wind was fierce and loud on the sea, and the sea was full of wrath at the wind and dashed the high white waves in its face. Both wind and sea grew more fierce and loud in the strife as the dark hours wore on. O, how slow they passed to the men on ships who looked and prayed for the light of day! Now they went up on the white crest of the waves which seemed to touch the clouds, then they went down to deeps from which they might well fear they should rise no more. In the midst of the great storm one large ship, with helm gone and sails torn from its masts, went on the black, sharp rocks a mile from the lighthouse. In one half hour the rocks joined the winds and waves in their mad work and broke the ship in two. The hind part went down with a crash, a groan and a plunge, and bore with it scores of souls whose shrieks could reach no help of man. The fore part stuck fast on the rock as on a great spike. Nine lives were left on it, and the sea, like a starved wolf fierce with taste of blood, sprang at them with a howl. One on the wreck was a wife with two dead babes drowned in her arms. She held them fast to her breast as if it would warm them back to life.

How slow the hours wore on! Each was as long as a day, and the poor men who clung to the wreck and kept watch for the morn. At last its first rays met their eyes, but it was long ere the sun threw the light of dawn on the scene.

There were three pairs of eyes in the lighthouse that kept watch for the morn, and three hearts full of the same thoughts for men and ships on the sea. In such a night some of them must go on shore or sink far from the sight of land. The dawn drew up the veil, as it were, inch by inch. Those eyes swept the view with a quick, sharp glance. Yes, there was a wreck in sight when the waves went back to take their leap on it. They could see the forms of men on it, and the wife with her dead babes at her heart could be seen through the glass. The storm was as fierce and as loud, and the waves as wild, white and high as when they drove the ship on the rocks.

The man who kept the lighthouse was brave and had more than once put his life at risk to save those near to death, but he at first shrank from this new test of love for his kind. His brave girl, with a heart more stout than his at a such a scene, stood by him. She put her hand on his arm and said, with a voice and look that made him blush for his first thought of risk: "Father, we must not see them die. I will go with you in the boat."

The rough-clad man looked at the girl as if proud to die with her in such an act. The wife felt the same. The two were her all on earth, but she helped them to push off the boat that bore them on the wild sea whose waves seemed white with wrath. She stood and saw it, now lost to the eye in the yeast of foam, now for a breath of time on the crest of a high wave. The brave girl kept stroke with her oar, and her heart grew stout as they rose and sunk. Each time they rose they were more near to the wreck. Soon they could hear the shout of the men on board and see their hands put forth for help. Yard by yard, rod by rod the boat drew near to save them and they could see who were in it. Now it was in reach of the wreck, and as it rose and fell by its side, one by one they dropt to its hold. The wife with her two dead babes was brought down safe, and she found in the brave girl, what they all saw and felt, one made and sent by God to do a work which his angels of love and help that fly on wings, might well be glad to do.

Now what makes the act of this young girl a pearl of great price in the deeds which the world holds in its best wealth is the fact that she did not do it for the praise which comes from man. She had no such thought in her heart when she and her father put out on the wild sea on that gray morn. If no one in the world but he and those whom they brought from the wreck were to know what she did, she would have done it with the same joy at the act. But it was known all through the world. The queen heard of it and felt that it set a new star in her crown and a new pride in her heart that such souls were found in the poor of her realm.

Ships have borne her name, and showed it with pride at their prows at the ports of far-off lands.

Now, my young friends, can all of you, can one of you, tell her name? If not, ask those who can.

MISERIES OF WAR.—An eminent surgeon, present in the hospitals after the battle of Waterloo, says, "The wounded French continued to be brought in for *several successive days*; and the British soldiers, who had in the morning been moved by the piteous cries of those they carried, I saw in the evening so hardened by the repetition of the scene, and by fatigue, as to become indifferent to the sufferings they occasioned!

"It was now the *thirteenth day* after the battle. It is impossible to conceive the sufferings of men rudely carried at *such* a period of their wounds. When I first entered the hospital, these Frenchmen had been roused and excited to an extraordinary degree; and in the glance of their eyes there was a character of fierceness which I never expected to witness in human countenance. On the second day, the temporary excitement had subsided; and turn which way I would, I encountered every form of entreaty from those whose condition left no need of words to stir compassion: *Surgeon Major, oh! how I suffer! Dress my wounds! do dress my wounds!—Doctor, I commend myself to you. Cut my leg off! Oh! I suffer too much!* And when these entreaties were unavailing, you might hear, in a weak, inward tone of despair, *I shall die! I am a dead man!*"

WE WAGE A MIGHTY WAR, BOYS.

[FOR DECLAMATION.]

We wage a mighty war, boys,
Against a mighty foe!
Who through our land with busy hand
Is spreading want and woe.
He's saddened many a light heart,
And many a thousand slain;
Then come with us your voice to raise,
And bid mankind abstain.

Our poor-houses are filled, boys,
With paupers drink has made;
The cash which should support them, boys,
To the gin-shops has been paid.
And we've these poor to keep, boys,
Though naught we have to spare;
'Tis the landlords should do this, boys,
For they have sent them there.

If strong drink from our land, boys,
Were swept away to-night,
Some of our prison-houses
Would close their portals quite:
And one-half of the police force,
For which we're taxed to pay,
Without it would have naught to do,
For so our rulers say.

PEACE-MAKING.

BY KARL KLINE.

The writer, in a former number, spoke of work done which gave little pleasure in the retrospect. It seems fit now to speak of other work, on which one can look back with pleasure and forward with hope.

The work of peace-making. It is a great thing to *keep the peace*—to restrain those words and acts by which the angry passions are aroused. One need never be ashamed of those restraints of tongue and hand and foot. They come back to us with a joyous reminiscence in hours of loneliness, when, but for them and the good hand of God upon us, we should indeed have been enveloped in a dense gloom. We are never sorry because we withheld the wrathful word, but, oh! how often sorry because we spoke it. A life consecrated to keeping the peace is then a work inspired by Him who has begotten us from above. And it is pleasing to observe how wise and careful He, who creates us from above, makes us to become in order that we may be peaceable, gentle and good. The Country Parson in one of his books, has an essay on "How to Put Things." The Christian peace-keeper has learnt this lesson from a higher than the Scotch parson. And the work of his life is so to put command, rebuke, counsel, warning or correction that the love which moves the lips to speak may cause the words to drip with the fragrance of their spirit.

But there is, after all, something higher in excellence than keeping the peace—preserving the placid state which already exists. Peace-keeping is good. Peace-making is a higher gift. It turns war into peace, hatred into love, cursing into blessing. Christ says: "Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God." Why are they here so called rather than all the others who are named in Christ's catalogue of the blessed? Just because peace-making is the nearest approach to the Father's likeness which the Christian can here attain. St. Peter, with his rashness, had as little of this spirit in his old nature as you, reader, or any other man. But when grace had done its work with power on his soul, he cries: "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps:—who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, he threatened not." Many a true child of God has had to eat the Christian Passover with the bitter herbs of contrition because of the times he has failed in the past to *keep the peace*. But it is good, when with his bitter herbs he eats also the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth, having put away the leaven of malice and wickedness. Then he will eat of Christ, the true Passover, who is sacrificed for us. He will receive His Spirit, and peace-keeping and peace-making will be the labor of love for the remaining lifetime.

A NEW WAY OF QUARRELING.—We are accustomed to think of the Japanese as being far behind us in all that goes to make up civilization. But there are a few things which we can learn even of them. They are said to be the politest people in the world. Street fights and brawls are very uncommon, and when two persons do condescend to quarrel they do it with the greatest propriety. A traveler in that country tells of seeing the rare sight of two little boys of five or six years old, who were having an "unpleasantness," which had reached the point of pretty vigorous squeezing and pulling, when one of them, who was evidently getting enough of it, called out, "Please excuse me! Please excuse me!" Whereupon the other child immediately stopped, and peace was made. It strikes us that some American children might take a hint from these "heathens." Suppose at the beginning of a quarrel a boy should say, "Excuse me for being angry!" "I beg your pardon for calling you names!" "Please be so good as to tell me why you did that!" How long do you think the quarrel would last! Suppose we try this Japanese way the next time there is occasion.

A St. Louis lover gave up a match with a $50,000 heiress because she objected to smoking:

"The maid, as by the papers doth appear,
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion, simply said:
'Forego the weed before we go to wed.
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright fanner.
To have your Anna give up your Havana.'
But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,
Lit his cigar and threw away his match."

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

Gentleness, a fruit of the Spirit, is utterly opposed to every harsh and cruel action; and I should feel no happy assurance of that man's Christian walk, who could look on with indifferent eye, or content himself with a passing expression of disapproval, when barbarity is inflicted on an animal more friendly to man than man is to his fellow, more humbly confiding towards man than man is towards his God.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

Treat all with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds or animals.

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MOTHER'S WAY.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That, at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our mother's way!

The sweetest word in our language is love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is now.

HOW LOVE CONQUERS.

BY REV DR. NEWTON.

There was a good Christian family in England. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were the names of the father and mother, and they had four little children. Mr. Stone's brother had died, leaving a little orphan boy named Jack, about nine years old. As Mr. Stone was the boy's uncle and his nearest relative, he thought that he ought to take him into his family, and bring him up among his own children; but Jack was such a wild wicked boy, that he was afraid of the bad effect he might have on the other children. But finally it was concluded that Jack was to come; and so he came.

He had never been taught to obey, and he was very lawless and rude. But he had worse faults than these. He loved to tease and worry his little cousins. He had an ugly disposition, and sometimes broke out into very violent fits of temper, when he would destroy anything he could lay his hands on. Punishment had no effect. Reasoning and coaxing had no effect. His one answer to everything said to him was, "I don't care."

His cousin Susie was a gentle, delicate child. She felt very sorry for Jack, because no one loved him; and she was always trying in some sweet, loving way, to make him better. But one day he got very angry with her, and in his rage threw her doll into the fire, tore her hair, and actually scratched her arm till the blood came. As a punishment for this, he was locked up in the lumber-room, which was called "the jail" because it had iron bars across the windows, having once been used as a nursery. He was put on prisoner's fare—bread and water—until he should promise to do better. But he was cross and sullen, and he had nothing to say, but, "I don't care."

Nobody felt so sorry for Jack as Susie did. "Mother," she said at night, "I can't go to sleep for thinking of poor Jack; all alone, with no light, and nothing;" and her little lips quivered.

The third day had come, and Jack showed no signs of sorrow for his fault. "I don't care," was all he would say.

"Mother," said Susie, "mayn't I go and be shut up while Jack comes out to see how pleasant it is; there is no sun there, nor anything."

Her mother looked tenderly in the dear child's face, and said, "Go, Susie."

Susie went to Jack's door, and unlocking it said, "I asked

mother if I might come and take your place, Jack, while you go out and see how pleasant it is; it is so dismal and lonely here."

Jack looked up and stared at her. "What a fool you are," said he. Then he walked slowly out, while Mrs. Stone came and locked Susie in. "Let Jack take my dinner down stairs, mother," whispered Susie, "and I'll take his dinner up here."

At dinner time Jack took his seat opposite Susie's vacant chair. "You can carry up Susie her bread and water," handing him the tray. He took it, and walked away looking very sober, if not softened. According to Susie's wish, he stayed down stairs all the afternoon till supper time.

After dark he asked, "Must Susie stay there all night, if I don't?" "Yes," said Mrs. Stone. Tears started into Jack's eyes. He ran up stairs, and darting into the jail-chamber, he said: "Susie, you are the very best girl I ever knew. Susie, I'll never, never treat you so again, I'm sorry; I am. I'll try to be a good boy, I will."

"Susie, what makes you so good to *me?*" and he threw his arms around her neck, and cried as if his heart would break. Jack was drawn to Susie. And what was it that drew him? It was her love to him; she showed this love by her willingness to suffer for him.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Young men, let me speak a few words to you in respect to some parts of the example of this man who has departed from our midst.

First, you will take notice that he identified his own interests with the noblest interests of his country. He was not a vermin statesman, he was not a parasitic statesman, who looked upon his country but as a carcass from which he might draw blood. In a venal, corrupt time he held trust and power unsullied and unsuspected. Nothing can speak better for the judgment of corrupt men than the fact that they never dared to approach him—for Mr. Sumner said, with inimitable *naivete*, "People speak of Washington as being corrupt. I do not believe a word of it; I have been in Washington fifteen years and more, and I have never seen a particle of corruption!" No, he never had. He was the last man that any corrupt schemer dared to approach.

It is not necessary that men should be greedy and selfish and corrupt in order to be prosperous. The foremost man of his time has died with white hands and a clean heart.

His patriotism sought no aggrandizement of his nation by defrauding others. His was not a belligerent nor a selfish statemanship. He attempted to associate this land of his love with the best interests of mankind universally. He was an advocate of peace. He preached and inspired the sense of justice among nations. Known well in America and in Europe, and esteemed among statesmen and courts and lawyers everywhere, his voice was against violence, and for amity based upon justice. His ambition was not for the "manifest destiny" of greediness; it was for the better destiny of temperance, forbearance, patience and plenitude of power for the defence of ourselves, but yet more for the defence of the poor and of the needy. Everywhere aggression met his determined resistance. He was a statesman because he based all procedure on great principles. He was a republican statesman because he sought the welfare of all; and not of a privileged class. In his case this is the more noticeable because his personal habits did not lead him to love association with common people. It was principle, and not personal attraction, that moved him. In some sense it may be said that he denied himself, and loved those who were beneath him. Nay, I think he thought more of mankind than he did of men. I think he loved the principles of justice and of liberty rather than liberty and justice themselves. It was because liberty in practical life glorified the principle of liberty, that he loved it.

He is an example of personal integrity—an example not a little needed. Much assaulted, much misunderstood, partly from his own fault and partly from circumstances, nevertheless he was prosperous, and had an illustrious career, never drooping, and never really blackened by any taint. He has died in honor; and his name remains a glorious name in the galaxy of American patriots.

He was a man of courage, and of fidelity to his convictions. He never meanly calculated. He never asked the question whether it was dangerous to speak. He was one of those heroic spirits that carried the fight further than it needed to be carried. He erred by an excess of bravery. He was a self-sacrificing man, giving up every prospect of life for the sake of doing his duty and establishing rectitude. He lost his life, and found it. He has verified the truth that disinterestedness is not inconsistent with the highest ambition. We have not a great many such men. There is not a disposition, in this great, trading, thriving, commercial nation, and in this time of greed, to believe in romantic heroism of character; and it is good for us to be called to the consideration of a man who did not live for himself, and whose nature, naturally revolving about itself, was trained by the principle of justice to develop itself for the welfare of others. I cannot conceive of a man who by nature befitted the courtly circle better than he. If I had looked through all the old State of Massachusetts, I could not have found, it seems to me, one man who would have been more likely to ally himself to government, to party and to illustrious power than Charles Sumner; and it was a marvel of the Providence of God to see this man, who was built apparently to play the part of a sovereign and an aristocrat, filling the office of nurse to the slave child; giving his brilliant knowledge, his unwearied industry, and the fruit which he had gathered from every field, to those who needed succor; and bringing the stores of his literary attainments, the richness of his historical researches, and the accumulated treasures of the ages, which were his, and employing them to build better huts for the emancipated bondmen.

If he does not rank with the earlier men of our history; if he does not rank with the inventive geniuses of the age to which he belonged; yet no man in America has ever surpassed Charles Sumner in the entire dedication of the gifts which God granted him, to the service of the poor and needy. Thousands and thousands are blessed by him who have only heard his name to rail at it; for while he secured rights to the poor, and while he removed disabilities from those who were enthralled, not only the particular class for whom he specially labored were benefited, but every honest man in the country, whatever might be his nationality, participated in the bounty which he wrought out.

He has gone to his reward. He has lived a noble and spotless life on earth. He has not been a hero without a blemish; and yet, his blemishes were not spots of taint. His faults were weaknesses, not crimes of the soul. They were intensities, partaking somewhat of fierceness, engendered by the high conflicts through which he passed. And let us forget them. Let us bury them, as we bury his noble form, dust to dust, under the sod. Let us remember his virtue, his integrity, his self-devotion, his enormous industry, his patient humanity, and his endurance unto the end as a martyr for liberty.

And now he rests, his greatness and his sweetness,
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has molded into calm completeness
The statute of his life.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran,
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single,
Shamed all the frauds of man.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above,
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love.

"No man," once said Sir Benjamin Rudgard, "is bound to be rich or great; no, nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."

War is the Devil's bunch of keys; and there is not a door of evil which is not unlocked.

FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Spake, full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowers under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

The late Duke of Wellington, when being crowned with laurels after a victorious battle, and receiving the personal congratulations of his friends, said, in a deep tone of sadness, "But, O, the *cost* of this victory! There is nothing so dreadful as a battle won, except a battle lost."

This incident shows the *remorse* which visits even the conqueror.

[From the War Correspondence of an English Paper during the late War between Prussia and France.]

THE GOOD DOG "BEEL," AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

"Here, again, I met two or three wounded, but in a fair state of convalescence, limping about slowly. One of these men had a little dog—an iron-gray terrier, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. If the story the man told me is to be believed—and for my own part I had not the slightest hesitation in the matter, his manner of telling it was so simple and earnest—the dog had been the means, under Providence, of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest, near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was gradually getting weaker and weaker. There was none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly about him with his master's *kepi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him. The night grew dark, the cold was intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and, feeling a sickly faintness steal upon him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world, felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he arrived at a roadside *cabaret*. The people had heard the cannonading all day, and seeing the *kepi* in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. He took them straight to the spot—too straight for a little cart they had brought with them to cross fields and hedges—but just in time. When the friendly help arrived the man had fainted, but he was saved. There were honest tears in the man's eyes when he was telling me, and I fully believed him. The dog, too, had been slightly touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He got him when a puppy from an English sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Beel'; very probably the French for Bill."

THE VAGABOND SAGE.

An old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought to the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the Continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

LIVE IN LOVE, 'TIS PLEASANT LIVING.

Be not harsh and unforgiving,
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.
If an angry man should meet thee,
And assail thee indiscreetly,
Turn not thou again and rend him,
Lest thou needlessly offend him;
Show him love hath been thy teacher—
Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is e'er forgiving—
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with each other?
Man was made to love his brother;
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness a celestial beauty;
Words of kindness, spoke in season,
Have a weight with men of reason;
Don't be others' follies blaming,
And their little vices naming;
Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffer's much, is all-prevailing.
Courage, then, and be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living.

Let thy loving be a passion,
Not a complimenting fashion;
Love is wisdom, ever proving
True philosophy is loving;
Hast thou known that bitter feeling,
'Gender'd by our hate's concealing
Better love, though e'er so blindly,
E'en thy foes will call it kindly.
Words are wind; O, let them never
Friendship's golden love-cord sever!
Nor be angry, though another
Scorn to call thee friend or brother.
"Brother," say, "let's be forgiving;
Live in love, 'tis pleasant living."

A BEAUTIFUL PARABLE.

A rich young man of Rome had been suffering from a severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up toward heaven, and said, "O Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee how willingly would I give up all my wealth."

Hermas, the shepherd, listened to these words, and he said to the rich young man, "All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come follow me." The youth followed the pious man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation; for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood around naked and crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress.

But Hermas said, "Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!" The rich young man then opened his hands, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man. Hermas said, "Ever turn thy grateful looks first toward heaven, and then toward earth."

TEN THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS FOR AN OLD BUCKET.—About seven hundred years ago there was a country in Europe called Modena, and another country lying beside it called Bologna. Some soldiers belonging to the State of Modena took a *bucket* from a well in the State of Bologna and carried it away. The old bucket was of no value and might have been replaced by a few cents; and it is said the soldiers carried it away in mere fun and frolic. But the people of Bologna took it as a great insult. They declared war against Modena, and had a long and bloody conflict about it. More than ten thousand human beings were butchered because of the *old bucket*.—*Uncle Henry.*

QUEER TOM.

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried. I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner, whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them!"

So he would pick up the poor flowers; put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time; make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "you can't play any mo-o-o re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whittle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—*Wood's Magazine.*

EARLY DRUNKENNESS.

At a temperance meeting held some years ago, several reformed inebriates told the story of their lives—the lives of drunkards—that they might do something to warn those present to avoid the misery they had endured. Said one, and he the youngest:

"I began to drink rum at twelve years of age. A rich man now in this city (I do not name him) sold me rum when I was not tall enough to reach the top of the counter."

After much more he gave the following:

"I had eleven companions—all healthy companions, all healthy young men, all doing well in business. We used to meet to drink and to gamble; we continued our course for some time, and what is the history of us twelve? Six have died drunkards, two have enlisted in state-ships, two are in the House of Correction, one is a drunkard still; I alone have escaped to tell you. Who were they? who were they," exclaimed this young man, "who have for these many years sold us this rum? Of them in the sight of God I demand those who have gone down to the drunkard's grave, or who are living the drunkard's life. Where, where are my companions?"

Here his voice failed, and convulsive sobbing took its place. The effect was intense. Men, hard-fisted men, with childlike hearts, were seen with tears streaming down their weather-beaten faces, the mourning—fit mourning—over such remembered dead.

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DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow,
Lie germs of summer flowers.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sun-beams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all.

A farmer sent to an orphan home for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that unfortunately they had only human boys in that institution.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is a long time since I have sent you a letter, but I have not forgotten you, and have often thought how much I should like to write to you again and tell you some of the things that are going on in old England.

As I write this I look out of my window and see the leaves coming out on the trees and the daisies growing up, and it feels so pleasant to think summer is coming again, and that the seeds are being sown in the ground that will soon grow up into lovely flowers, and then my thoughts go off to other kinds of seeds that it is so sad to set and yet will give us great joy when we see them spring to life. Can you think of the seeds I mean?

This spring an opening was made in the ground and a very precious seed was buried in it,—a sweet, fair girl was put to sleep there, and many tears were shed and many of our hearts were very, very sad that day, but yet we live in hope that some day we shall see her again, brighter and fairer than ever before, one of God's beautiful flowers that will live in his garden forever.

One reason that I tell you about Alice is that she often talked to me about America, and always seemed pleased with the manners and customs of Americans.

But my letter to-day is to be about some one whose name I expect nearly all of you will have heard, David Livingstone. He is one of the most precious seeds that have been sown this spring-time. You will know about him, about his long years of travel in Africa, his efforts to do away with slavery, his great trials of strength and patience, his being lost to us, and our knowing nothing of him, until one of your own countrymen, Mr. Stanley, went to seek for him and found him; of his death and his body being brought to England by his faithful servant, Jacob Wainwright; so now I will tell you of his funeral.

In London there is a very beautiful building that is also very old, it is called Westminster Abbey. It is, I think, the most beautiful place I have ever been in, and the most interesting. In one part of it God is worshipped and has been worshipped day after day for hundreds of years, while in other parts are beautiful monuments and figures to remind us of those who have been laid to rest there, all of whom were worthy of honor. Some have been kings, others great statesmen or philanthropists, some authors and some composers. One part is

called the "Poets' Corner," for there several great poets have been buried.

In this beautiful abbey on Saturday, the 18th of April, a great crowd of people were assembled to see the burial of a great man, for on that day David Livingstone's body was brought there.

Silently and sadly the procession came, the pall being carried by Mr. Stanley and Jacob Wainwright as well as by other good friends of Dr. Livingstone, and behind them came those who loved the great man, his sons and his best friends, and those who highly respected him. It was a sorrowful task, but sorrow and gladness were mixed together, for it was the sowing of good seed, the laying to rest of one who had lived a great and a useful life, and there was the looking forward to the time of glory and reward.

Dear children, what a happy thing *hope* is! "Hope on, hope ever" is a good maxim, and this life should be altogether a hopeful time, for we have not yet anything we may call our own and cling to with no fear of losing it but one thing, and that is *hope*. Hope of eternal life; hope of everlasting happiness; hope of seeing those we have loved in Christ here and who have gone away from us; hope of the bright time when the new Jerusalem "shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," and all shall be full of kindness and love and peace; no quarreling will be there, no sorrow or pain and no more sad sowing of seeds; but instead of that the delight in the glorious flowers that have sprung in their place. And all this hope is ours and may be ours all the time we live if only we are God's children and the brothers and sisters of our dear Lord Jesus Christ.

I wonder if you will think this a sad letter, well, if so, I must send you a merry one next time.

I am, dear young friends,

Your English friend, PHILIPPA.

WILLIAM, JULIA, AND THE TWO APPLES.

These two children lived in New Hampshire. William was seven, and Julia five years old. I was at their house, and one day witnessed the following scene. The mother gave each of them an apple. William's was the largest. Julia was angry at her brother because his mother gave him the largest apple. She began to scream and stamp, and flew at William and struck him, and snatched his apple from him. Her mother took it away and gave it back to William. Julia raved and stormed worse than before. William was a generous-hearted boy as ever lived, and begged his mother to let him give his apple to his sister. She finally consented. William put his arm around his sister, and offered her his apple, without even asking for hers. Julia took it, and began to eat it. But she ate as if it did not taste good. "What is the matter, Julia?" said I. "Does it not taste good?" She hung her head, and said nothing. She evidently felt uncomfortable. She saw that William had no apple while she had two. "I do not wonder," said I, "that you cannot enjoy your apple, Julia, after showing such a selfish spirit, and while William has none." She began to sob, and William tried to comfort her, and told her he had rather she would keep them both. This made her cry harder. Finally, Julia gave William back his apple, and seemed to feel much happier when he took it. Had William contended for the best apple, and struck Julia back when she struck him, there had been a fight between them. But William prevented it, and conquered Julia by kindness and submission to injury.

I was talking and playing with William one day, and trying to get well accquainted with him. Julia saw us, came up and pushed William away, and appeared to be angry with him. She was angry because she thought I liked him better than I did her. But her brother was not to blame if I did like him better. She certainly had no right to be angry with him. I was the one to be angry with, if anybody. "Julia," said I, "do you not wish me to love William?" She hung her head, and was silent. "Are you not willing I should love him, and play with him, as well as with you?" She kept her head down, and would not answer. But William felt much for her, when he saw her look so confused. Said I, "William was talking about you, when you came in, and pushed him away. He was telling me how he loved you, and how he wanted me to love you; and he said the more I loved you, the better he should like me; and that he had rather have everybody love you, and play with you, than love him, and play with him. Now you are angry with him! O, Julia, how selfish and ungenerous you are!" William pitied his sister, and tried to comfort her, and reconcile her to herself—for that was all she wanted—and he did. Thus he conquered his angry sister again, without any fighting. She struck him indeed, and was angry; but there was no fight, simply because William loved her, and would not fight back again.—*A Kiss for a Blow.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half-killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't *whine*, it is a great deal better to *whistle*."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful, boy whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up so good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life. I learned a lesson which I hope I shall not soon forget, and it called out these few lines, which may possibly cheer another whiner of mature years, as this class is by no means confined to the children.

It is better to whistle than whine;
  It is better to laugh than to cry,
For tho' it be cloudy, the sun will soon shine
  Across the blue, beautiful sky.

It is better to whistle than whine,
  Oh! man with the sorrowful brow,
Let the works of the child scatter murmurs of thine
  And gather his cheerfulness now.

It is better to whistle than whine,
  Poor mother! so weary with care,
Thank God for the love and the peace that are thine,
  And the joy of thy little ones share.

It is better to whistle than whine,
  Though troubles you find in your way,
Remember that wise little fellow of mine,
  And whistle your whining away.

God bless the brave boy for the cheer
  He brought to this sad heart of mine;
When tempted to murmur, that young voice I hear,
  "It is better to whistle than whine!"

THE WALNUT.—Under a large nut-tree in a village, two boys found a nut. "That's mine," cried Ignaz, "because I saw it first." "No, 'tis mine," said Bernhard, "for I picked it up first." Then they both engaged in a desperate fight. "I will decide the quarrel," said a bigger boy, who had come up to them. Then he stood between the two, took the nut away, and said, "This shell belongs to the one who first saw the nut, and the other shell to him who first picked it up. I keep the kernel for the decision. That," said he laughing at them, "is the usual end of law-suits."

He who delights in taking advantage of another is himself often the loser.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

One afternoon in the month of June, 1860, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N——. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you assist her a little?"

They all cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a very proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter labeled "whiskey," "that is what brought me here—WHISKEY!"

"I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth, once called mine, lost, lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, and with nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a saloon like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in, I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive across this bar is the same as taking the bread from out the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes. Oh, sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion, "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet, childish voice the following beautiful song:

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale and wept every day—
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
"Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!"

Oh! if the temp'rance men would only find
Poor wretched father and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, then
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustingly and comfortingly upon the men around, her beautiful blue eyes illumined with a light that seemed not of earth, formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and the entreaties of friends to strive to live a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune, and ruining his health, now approached the child and taking both her little hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! you have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there were ever angels on earth, you are one; God bless you, God bless you!" and putting a bill into the hand of the mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and

esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will ever find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go, but pausing at the door, said :

" God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman, for the kindness and courtesy you have shown me." Before any one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken up by the proprietor, who exclaimed :

" Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

" And I have drank my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare as sunk too low ever to reform. " There is a temperance organization in this city call the ' Temple of Honor,' and at their next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

" I—I—I, and I " several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted, disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to Heaven that lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town and city throughout our country, and met with like results.—*Laramie Sentinel.*

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No. 19.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

HOW SMALL ACTS TELL ON LIFE.

Some one has said that life is made up of small acts and things. This is true of most lives. Few are the men in this world who have the chance to do great deeds and get fame from them, but no man has lived in the world whose life did not take shape from small acts done when he was a child. In one sense the man is not so old as the boy, for he is the boy first, and in the soft years when thoughts, words and acts take fast hold of his mind and heart and give this or that course to his life.

Now there are small acts that boys and girls may do with no thought of what they mean or to what they tend, but which may give their whole lives a course that will take from them much of their worth to the world. I have dwelt much on the thoughts and acts that show a kind heart, and train it to good deeds and make them its chief joy, but there are acts which a boy or girl may think too small to speak of, but which I wish to guard them from. When I see a man do these things I feel that if he knows what in truth they mean, his heart is not kind, and that his life lacks sun and light; and I am sad to say that I see now and then men who think they are all right do these things—men who claim to stand in a high rank, to have been to school all their youth long, to have read books, and to know how men thus read and taught should act.

Now let me tell you what I have seen them do, and what I want you to shun all the days of your life. I have seen such men do these things in church. If they did not like what the man of God said from the desk they would take up a book and read it right in his face and eyes. Or if they thought he spoke too long to give him a hint that it would be well for him to stop, they would take out their watch and look at it in his sight. Now, to my mind to do one of these things is just as bad in thought as to rise up and walk out of the house. It is a wrong done to him who speaks, and who tries to speak his best for the good of all. It is a wrong done to him who hears with such a mind. He who goes up to the desk to preach does so to pay what he owes to the man who hears, to give him his best thoughts for his best good. He tries to pay him that debt. He who sits in the pew comes with a debt on him both to God and man. His debt is to hear from the first to the last word what is said to him from the desk. If he pulls out his watch or looks in a book, holds down his head, or shuts his eyes, as a sign that his ears are shut too, he spurns what he owes to God and man.

And now I am on this line of thought let me say to all the boys and girls who read these words, there are things which may not seem so wrong as these which you must shun at church. Some folks act as if the church was a jail, in which they must be shut up for an hour and a half, to be out of it as soon as the clock strikes the hour; while they stand to hear God asked to bless them, you may see their hands on the pew door for a rush at the last word, and you will see that those who come in last are first to go out.

In no land where Christ is preached can this rush out of church be seen as it is in this, we think, He loves so well. What must He think of such acts! If one hour and a half in God's house on earth tires them so, how can they wish or be fit to spend a life with no end in His house in Heaven!

Now, dear boys and girls, will you not think of these things and learn now to shun all these acts and the thoughts that lead to them in God's house?

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful, while they are in peace,
For they know that their shepherd is nigh.

—*William Blake.*

NO NEED OF FIGHTING.

There is no need of fighting among children. They can get along better without it. They cannot obtain peace and comfort by fighting. Peace never comes by war: love never comes by hatred; nor good by evil; nor safety by destruction; nor life by death. To fight to settle our difficulties is always dangerous to both parties, and to every individual concerned. Disputes among children, or men, can never be settled in this way. On the contrary, they are always increased by it. It always takes two, or more to fight. One cannot fight alone. There must be two parties—the hater and the hated—the striker and the stricken. Now it is always in the power of the injured party to prevent a fight. If a person strikes me, and if I keep cool, and show a kind and loving spirit towards him, and do not strike back, I can soon overcome him, and make him ashamed; but the moment I get excited and angry, and begin to strike back, I lose all influence over him. So it depends on the injured party to prevent fighting and make peace. —*A Kiss for a Blow.*

A proverb to be worthy of life must possess " sense, shortness and salt."

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COME, DOVE OF PEACE.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Thou, whose white pinions folded soft
Above the Saviour's breast,
Come to our hearts and give to us
The welcome, needed rest.

Come to our world amid its din,
Amid its woe and strife,
And breathe an influence round our homes
From Him who is the life.

Come, and the jarring sound of words,
Unloving, harsh, untrue,
Shall cease, and over all the earth
The song shall wake anew,

Which over Bethlehem's plains was heard
When He to mortals came,
Who yet shall reign, the Prince of Peace,
And not alone in name.

Come, dove of peace, and fold thy wings
Above each war-stained field,
Let wisdom's hand thy name engrave
On every warrior's shield!

A CURIOUS INCIDENT IN CHARLES SUMNER'S LIFE.

Washington, in the winter of 1862–3, was not a pleasant city to live in. Lee and his army had, till within a few months, been stationed on the opposite side of the Potomac, in view of the capital, and he had left behind him many well wishers within it. Party strife in politics ran high, and angry feelings were uppermost. Perhaps even then Booth was planning the assassination of the President, and that at least one, though happily thwarted in his intentions, had designs on the life of the late Charles Sumner, will be seen by the following incident:

One afternoon in that same winter, a little girl was playing on the floor of the parlor of a large Washington boarding house. Two gentlemen sitting near the child were engaged in earnest conversation, unheeding and unheeded by her. One of them was a foreigner, of violent feelings, the other a Washingtonian, but hostile to the North and Northerners, in other words, a southern sympathizer. The child played contentedly on by herself, till noticing the voices near by her were lowering almost to a whisper, and hearing the word "pistol," she stopped her play, and on the principle that little pitchers have large ears, listened with eager attention to what followed. The foreigner was speaking to his friend of Charles Sumner, and said he had long thought that the greatest service an American could do for his country, would be the ridding that country of Mr. Sumner. He had had this thought for some time, he went on to say, and acting on it had a few evenings before waited in an angle formed by some buildings near the treasury department, which place Mr. Sumner would inevitably pass on his way home on that particular evening. A pistol in his hand, his finger on the trigger, he had watched Mr. Sumner walk along and slowly up the street where he was standing, and never once did any one doubt of the full justification of the deed cross his mind till Mr. Sumner had almost reached him. Then for the first time came the thought, "But this will be murder, and there is a commandment, Thou shalt not kill." He hesitated, and in a moment of hesitation Mr. Sumner had passed by beyond his reach. "But," he added, "I have regretted that hesitation ever since, and the next time I shall do it." The little girl, too much frightened after this to play any longer, left the room, and running up stairs to her father, told, with dilated eyes and in breathless haste, all she had heard. It happened that she had interrupted, with her story, a conversation between her father and a gentleman friend of his, who was also a friend of Mr. Sumner. This gentleman, after hearing the little girl's account said he should at once send word to Mr. Sumner of his possible danger. He did so, but nothing was heard of it just then. Some little time afterwards, however, Mr. Sumner acknowledged the friendly warning; said he had known the man in question to be a bitter enemy of his; that he should be careful now always to have a friend with him when going to any exposed place. "And," he concluded, "thank that little girl for me." One cannot help seeing and blessing the direct interposition of divine providence in the hesitation of the would be assassin's hand, and in the chance by which, perhaps, the little girl was used to save the great man's life.—*That Little Girl.*

George Eliot says: "I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God."

THE ANGEL OF PEACE IN SCHOOLS.

At a peace meeting held in the Twenty-seventh Street Methodist Church, New York, the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford of Jersey City thus referred to our paper in the course of her remarks:

"The friends of peace should take the children in hand and press upon their nascent spirits the peaceful maxims of our holy religion, the value of the golden rule and the mighty and far-reaching power of love. The *Angel of Peace* should be in every Sunday-school in the land, and if it should sometimes be introduced into our week-day schools no doubt benefit would arise therefrom.

Believing, as I do, in the *Kindergarten* system of education for the infants of our land, I would urge parents and teachers to present the subject of peace to them at the very earliest period in which moral ideas can be received. Let the symbolic lamb and dove be early placed before their eyes, let representations of kindly acts and emotions be placed upon the blackboard and explained, and gradually the young heart will be nurtured for loving thought and peaceable action in days to come. Children do not forget the instructions of infantile years. The words of the tender mother to the child are the last to be obliterated from the mind of the man or woman. The counsel of the peace-loving teacher will not be wholly ignored in riper years. Let us do what we can to place the Peace Reform among the objects for which teachers should labor, and we shall find that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Perusing the Bible to-day, I found this beautiful passage, "A little child shall lead them." I thought how often I had seen parents, brothers and sisters led in the right path by the little ones. My mind reverted to the time I was visiting a friend of mine, who has a sweet little girl of five years, who loves Jesus with all her heart. I thought of the lessons I learned from this dear child. How obedient, self-sacrificing, patient, leaving her play without a murmur to assist in the care of the little ones. Daily learning and repeating a verse from the word of God, and earnestly desiring to understand it.

I often thought while watching little May of what Jesus said, —"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One day I took her with me for a walk at some distance; the wind blowing and my eyes filling with dust, I spoke impatiently. May looked at me surprised, and said, "Why, cousin, don't you know *God* makes the wind blow, and it must be all right."

I felt the rebuke and asked forgiveness of *Him* whom I had offended.

On the Sabbath, as I was writing a letter, she asked, "Flora, is that a 'holy letter'?"

I said, "Why, Maytie?"

She answered, "You know it is the Sabbath, and we must keep doing something *holy*."

A few days after while suffering from headache, May said to me, "Just lay your head right against Jesus and that will help it."

Dear little May, thus she lead me thrice in the right direction, and fulfilled the Scripture, "A little child shall lead them."

AUNT FLORA.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.—The sword of the warrior was taken down for the purpose of being polished. It had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The sword was placed on the table near the pen of the warrior's secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor." "I fear thee not," replied the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the pen; "where are thy victories if I record them not? Even where thyself shall one day be—in the lake of oblivion."

THE COACH AND THE MILESTONE.

"We travel *far* and travel *fast*," said the Coach one day to his wheels, stopping near an old Milestone by the side of the road, calling to which it said, with a laugh, "Aren't you tired of always standing in one place?"

"If you are not tired of running, why should I be of staying?" answered the old Milestone, gravely.

"Ah, but I am on wheels, and my duties require nimbleness," remarked the Coach.

"Granted," replied the Milestone, "but I don't see there is so great a difference between us after all. You would be as motionless as myself without your horses, and as to *usefulness*, milestones have *their* duties as well as have stage-coaches. If yours are to carry passengers from place to place, mine are to afford travelers information on their way; besides, boast as you may, I have sometimes heard of coaches upsetting and breaking down, and wearing out, and being stopped and robbed; but I never heard of such things happening unto *milestones*.

"Therefore, friend, taking all into consideration, I fancy I am the SAFER if the QUIETER of the two: and if you are happy in running, I am content in staying humbly to do the duties of my station, and perhaps as honorably as yourself, although YOU are a Fast Coach, and myself am but a poor MILESTONE on the road."

All have their places in the world, and duties to perform, and—

"They also serve that only stand and wait."

"YOU WILL NOT SWEAR."

One day a gentleman observed a group of boys, bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see and not be much observed.

"That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself.

A last effort was made to induce him to come with them.

"Now, James, will you not come? you are such a good player."

"Yes," he replied; "but on one condition. Give me your hands that you will not swear, and I will go." They did so, and with joy they ran off to play. We are sure the game lost none of its interest for the want of swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the face of ungodly play-fellows.

COMING HOME DRUNK.

"Were you ever drunk?" was the startling question once put to me by a strange fellow-traveler. It was a long way from home, and I was among strangers; but lest some of my readers begin to suspect my appearance may in some way have suggested the inquiry, I will state that the stranger asked the question because directly opposite us, doubled up in a seat of the car, was, a man in a drunken slumber. Pointing to him, my companion said,

"Were you ever drunk?"

I thank the Lord that I could honestly and truthfully answer, "No, sir;" and then immediately added, "Were *you*?"

He was a fine, gentlemanly looking man, giving no indication of intemperate habits, and as he could not very well decline answering a question similar to his own, he replied,

"Yes, I have been, and it's one of the meanest feelings a man can experience when he is getting over it. That fellow will feel mean enough to-morrow morning."

Yes, "mean enough" ought every man to feel who gets drunk. But how about the family? How do you feel when he comes in reeling and stupid? O this curse of rum! Will it never be taken from the earth? Thousands of desolate homes tell of its blighting influences, and cry aloud for its removal.

Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

THE LONELY CHILD.

BY A PASTOR.

The following incident happened in one of our large cities, in the winter of 1862–3. Late at night, as I was returning from my walk, and had turned the last corner, I saw coming from the opposite direction, a woman and a child. The child was ahead of the woman, and between them, on a stick, I noticed they were carrying something. I stepped into the shadow of a building, in order to be unobserved, and to notice them more closely as they passed under the gas light. "Look at that!" I exclaimed to myself; a woman and a little girl, and both in rags, and between them on a stick was a little coffin! Not such, reader, as you bury your friends in, nor was it painted at all; but a plain box they had just brought from the carpenter's shop, a little way up the street, for I heard doors close in that direction, and thought he must be very kind to go at that late hour to attend to the wants of these poor people. It was bitter cold, and the high wind played with the tatters of their ragged dresses. "And the little girl no shoes!" I said. Then they were out of sight. I stood a moment, then started on, for I had seen beggars in rags every day, and soon reached the door of my room.

But something in their appearance had made an unusual impression upon me. I did not enter my room, but turned back, and hurried through a cross street hoping I might meet them again. I was not disappointed. They were just passing out of the busy street—which was quiet enough then—into a dark alley.

"Good evening," I said, in as pleasant a tone as possible; but they were as startled as if I had spoken harshly. "Let me speak with you a moment," I continued; and they stopped near the corner where the wind did not blow. This time I noticed more particularly the little girl, who was only a few years old. Something which answered for a black hood was on her head, but her hands and arms were bare, and her little feet thin. She sat down on the coffin, curled her feet under her to keep them from freezing, and looked up—so sadly!—into my face.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"Han't got none, sir."

"Where are your parents?"

"Han't got none, sir. Brother and I, we lived as how we could, and we had a pretty hard time, sir. Sometimes we lies down under our old shed, and sometimes we lie down on a door step, and then the policeman takes us to the station-house for the night, sir. But brother got sick a little while ago, sir, and the woman who's got only one room in a damp cellar, let us come to live with her. And now brother is dead, sir, and here's his little coffin, that we've been to get this cold night. 'Taint nice, you see, sir, but it's the best we could get. The carpenter was very kind to make it for us this evening. Yes, sir, we've been waiting in his shop while he could make it, and he never charged us a cent for it; wasn't he kind, sir? Brother was five years old. He was a brave little fellow. He never cried a bit. But one day he said he was hungry and cold, and when I told him I hadn't got nothing, he looked at me a minute, and then said, 'Good-by, sister.' In a few minutes he died. The men are coming for him to-morrow."

Here she started up, and called the woman to help her along with the coffin. Her bare feet met the cold pavement, as if they were used to it. During all the time she was talking with me she did not shed a tear. I asked the woman where she lived, and gave the child a piece of money. She said, "Thank you, sir," but her face never changed a muscle; it seemed as if it had become rigid by sadness, care and anxiety. "Good night, sir," she said, and the little form, young in years, but aged in experience and sorrow, passed out of sight.

If the child had shed no tears, I, man as I was, could not help shedding tears, myself. "O little soul!" I said; "the Infinite Father watches over you. He has taken your little brother home, and perhaps you will soon follow him. Little weary feet! Little delicate hands! Little half-starved body! But great noble soul! Grief which tears cannot express!"

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman of Jersey was sadly annoyed by a scolding neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added common sense to his other good qualities. He advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner the next time the woman called, take the tongs in her hands, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs without saying a word. A day or two afterwards the good woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effects of this new antidote for scolding. Her neighbor had visited her, and, as usual, commenced the tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volly—snap. Another still—snap, "Why don't you speak?" said the woman, more enraged. Snap. "Speak." Snap. "Do speak; I shall burst if you don't." Snap. And away she went, cured for the time by her neighbor's silence.—*Methodist.*

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the troubles and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

THE FLY AND THE BEE.—A fly once said to a bee: "Tell me, my friend, how it is that no one pursues and torments you as they do me? I have to protect my little life from every one; but you fly about in the air gathering honey unforbidden from the flowers. If I venture to put out my trunk to reach a crust of bread, or perchance to dip into some more dainty dish, death threatens me on the spot. I think if I could sting and thus take vengeance on my foes as you can, that I should be left in peace."

"You are mistaken," replied the bee. "A much surer protection to me, is that by diligence I serve mankind."

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is best of all.

MATTHEW 9: 37.

BY NELLIE NEWTON.

Although I'm very weak and small,
Yet there's much that I can do,
For lo! "the harvest fields are white
And the laborers are few."

And though the "few" have talents ten,
While I but one can claim,
Yet God requires just usury
Of me as well as them.

I may not bind one tiny sheaf
Nor pluck one golden head,
Yet I can bring from way-side springs
A cooling draught instead.

A cooling draught for those who reap,
In the harvest fields so fair,
And God hath said that even such
The blest reward shall share.

O, there are stronger ones, I know,
Who labor with their might,
Still in my weakness forth I'll go
Where harvest fields are white.

A SCENE IN BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

I was in Bristol, sitting in my room, writing, when a compound of strange noises arose in the street. I looked out and saw about one hundred and fifty boys marching up the street, training. They had on paper caps, blue and white paper, cut into strings dangled from the tops of their caps for feathers; belts were around them, of all colors, made of old cotton and woolen cloth; and bits of paper and colored rags were on their shoulders for epaulets. For arms they had sticks, clubs, broom-handles, wooden guns and swords, and bows and arrows. A large band of music, with tin horns, tin kettles, and whistles for instruments, marched in front, and some *tooted* through their hands. They formed into files, ranks and companies, and marched up and down the streets, strutting and swelling, and looking big, bold and terribly fierce, trying to look as much like grown-up soldiers as they could. The officers gave out the commands, and the boys would shoulder, ground, or present arms, make ready, take aim and *fire!* just as the scholars do at West Point military academy. They tried to look and act as much like soldiers as they could. It was a sorrowful and sickening sight to see children learning how to shoot and stab one another and seek revenge. I had rather see them studying how to be loving and forgiving. But children are taught that they must know how to resent and revenge injuries in order to be good Christians or good citizens! How much better it would be if they would learn how to be kind to one another and to live in love and peace! Then there would be no need of fighting when they grow up. Children might make very pretty plays, learning how to be kind and affectionate, much prettier, and not so foolish, as playing soldier.—*Uncle Henry.*

THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A young lad was once rowing me across the Merrimack river in a boat. Some boatmen, going down the river with lumber, had drawn up their boat and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed "those boatmen have left their boat right in my way."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he; "But I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as ugly as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you. Because they are ugly to you, it is no reason why you should be to them. Besides, how do you know they did it to vex and trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied, "and you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply if I do," said the angry boy, "and they will do so again."

"Well, try it for once," said I. "Just run your boat a little above or a little below theirs, and see if they will not favor you when they see you disposed to give way to accommodate them.

The boy complied, and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars, to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold and helped him, and wheeled their boat around and gave him all the chance he wished.

Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had the cut the rope at that time and place, and let their boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many wonld have been drawn into it. But the boy who considered himself the injured party prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the injury.—*A Kiss for a Blow.*

TWO SOMEBODIES.—"I know somebody who always appears to be miserable; and this is the way she contrives to be so,—thinking always about herself; constantly wishing for that she has not; idling her time; fretting and grumbling.

"I know somebody who is much happier; and this is the way she contrives to be so,—thinking of others; satisfied with what her heavenly Father has judged best for her; working; caring for somebody else besides herself; and thinking how she can make others happy.

"My little 'somebody,' what kind of a 'somebody' are you?"

The Modoc War, for a comparatively "small war," attracted a vast amount of attention. Its progress was watched as closely in Europe as here, and the daily phases of the situation were the text at the time for telegrams across the Atlantic. They are now counting the cost of that little Modoc war in the War Department at Washington. The Quartermaster General reports that with some as yet unascertained expenditures, which, however, are small, the Modoc war cost $335,009.78. This is exclusive of the pay, clothing and armament of the troops engaged. To catch these warriors, their squaws, and pappooses, cost about $2,000 a piece,—*Friends' Review.*

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.—A little boy who attended a temperance meeting was asked by his father when he returned,—

"Have you learned anything, my boy?"

"Yes, father, I have. I have learned never to put strong drink to my lips; for it has killed fifty thousand persons annually, and how do I know that it will not kill me?"

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REV. DAVID PATTEN, D. D., Treasurer.

VOL. III. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1874. No. 8.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See the glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! The Son of God is come.

DEW-DROPS OF THE LAW OF KINDNESS, No. 20.

(IN SHORT WORDS—FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THOUGHTS FOR HOME LIFE.

I have made now a score of small talks with the boys and girls who have read these Dew-Drops, as I call them. I have told them much of the law of love as shown in the acts and lives of those who did not think of self when men stood at the gate of death, or in great need of their help. I have tried to show how all, both young and old, ought to feel and act for beasts and birds, as well as for their own kind; how that kind thoughts and acts for things that have no speech but that of their eyes to thank us, are well paid for in the love they show us. When I first sat down to write these Dew-Drops, I meant they should be bright and soft with the law of love in all its paths and proofs, in hope that all the young who read them would let the same law rule their lives, and fill them with joy and make them a joy to all who should know them.

In my last talk, I spoke of acts which I had seen men do at church, and which I much wished boys and girls to shun, as they were acts that broke the law of love and the law of right. I hope they will keep in mind what I said of such acts and not be led to do the like. Now I wish to speak to them of acts at home which I hope they will shun, though they see them done, day by day, at each meal and hour. They are not wrong things. They show no bad thoughts. The best of men do them, and are not a whit the worse for it at heart. But for all that, I want to urge you to shun them, for your own good and for those who think them worse than they are. The first of these small acts is *to eat with your knife*—to load its sharp end with food and put it in your mouth with an edge on each side for an inch in length. You may think this too small a thing to speak of but small things make a mark which men are apt to bear with them through life—a mark which tells how they were brought up in youth. Go where you may, if you do this small thing as a guest or host, it will mark you to your hurt in the mind of those who sit near or see you. They will say of you in their thoughts what they will not say in words: "There is a man who wears good clothes, he may be good and rich, and know much too, but see how he was brought up at home! *He eats with his knife!*" Now no man, be he good and rich, and well-read in books, can eat with his knife and not have this and more thought and said of him. Dear boys and girls, will you not think of this and learn now to eat with your *fork* and not with your *knife* at home? If you do not learn to do this at home you will not learn to do it at all; and you will go out in the world with a mark which good clothes, a rich purse, and a good heart and life will not hide—a mark which will work to your hurt in the minds of those whom you would like to make your friends.

I had thought to speak of two or three more small things which all boys and girls should learn at home. I wished to ask them not to cool their tea, but to drink it from the cup, thus to shun a way which makes its mark, too, on men as hosts or guests. But I have no more room left for such thoughts. I must now say Good-bye to the boys and girls whom I have talked to for two years. Good-bye means "God be with you!" and I mean this in its best sense when I say it.

WOMAN AND PEACE.

We commend to the women of our country the following letter:

Great Barrington, July 8, 1874.

Dr. Miles,—

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I learn with pleasure from your "Advocate of Peace" of June last, of a more liberal contribution to the Cause of Peace by its friends; but to my astonishment, there was not *one female name* among them. What does it mean? Have they lost their interest in this good cause, and suffered the avenues to their hearts to be sealed up for an object *so vast* as the one you advocate and labor for so abundantly—and when the demand is *now so pressing*. It cannot be I trust that they have lost their faith, and "given up the Ship" that is sailing so prosperously.

As this (by reason of extreme old age,) may be my last opportunity to cast in my mite, I hasten to enclose in this to you Sir, $ 10 to the Peace Society, and in return, please send me Charles Sumner on Peace and War *for circulation*.

Mrs. A. N. Burt.

MAMMA'S HAND AND JESUS' HAND.

A dear little child, of three years of age, lay dying. Father, mother, physician, friends had done all in their power to stay the hand of death, but in vain.

The mother bent over him in speechless agony. How *could* she give him up—her beautiful boy, her darling, her treasure? How lonely the house would be without the little prattler!

But love could not keep him, and the last moments of life were fast ebbing away. All were watching, in almost breathless suspense, for the silent messenger.

Suddenly the dear child gazes around him, places one little hand in his mother's, and stretches the other one out as if clasping another. His lips move, and these are the precious words he utters: "One hand in mamma's, and one in Jesus'." And thus protected with the care of his two best friends, he takes the short step from the one to the Other.

Though bowed down with grief, the mother's heart is made glad. How near she is brought to that *best* of Friends. *Her* darling is safe in *His* arms who held one hand ere she relinquished the other.

"One hand in mamma's, one in Jesus'!" Could anything be more beautiful, more comforting? The little one is not lost, but with Him who "carries the lambs in his bosom." How confidingly the child placed his little hand in that of the Good Shepherd! No fear, but much faith.

Gone from earth, but nestled close to a Saviour's bosom! Forever free from sin or suffering! Blessed, blessed little one! Happy mother, to be able, without murmuring, to give him to Jesus! Mary Myrtle.

THE BRAVE SAILOR-LAD.

A few days out from this city, a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm which lasted nearly a week.

One day, at the height of the tempest, the rigging at the mainmast head got tangled, and some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment; cast one frightened glance up and down at the swaying mast and furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the forecastle. In about two minutes he appeared, and without a word seized the ratlins—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at this fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy safely descended, and straightening himself up, with a smile on his face walked to the stern of the ship.

"What did you go below for when ordered aloft?" asked a passenger of the brave boy.

"I went—to pray," replied the boy with a blush, and a quiver of the lip. H. W. M.

THE IDLE CHILDREN.

There were once three children who, instead of going to school as they should have done, stood loitering about, grumbling that learning was such a stupid thing.

"Let's off to the wood!" they all three cried at once. "Let's off to the wood and play with the little animals there—they never go to school!"

When they came to the wood they asked the animals, both great and small, to play with them. "We are very sorry, but really we've just now no time," replied the animals.

The beetle hummed, "That would be fine if I were to idle with you, children; I must build a fresh bridge of grass, the old one is not safe."

The children crept softly past the ant hill; and as for the bee, they ran away from her just as though she had been a venomous beast.

The little mouse cried in a shrill little voice, "I'm gathering up corn and seeds for the winter."

"And I," said the little white dove, "am carrying dry sticks for my nest."

The hare only nodded to them. "I can't come and play with you for the whole world," said he, "I've got such a dirty face, and must go and wash it."

The little strawberry blossom said, "I must make use of this fine day, and ripen my fruit, that it may be ready when the old beggarman comes to look for it."

Then came a young cock, strutting through the wood. "Dear Monsieur Chanticleer, you surely have nothing to do, you can come and play awhile with us."

"Pardon," cried he, with great gravity; "I've noble guests at my house to-day, and have to set out a feast for them;" and bowing very stiffly, away he went.

Then the children accosted the little stream that was running along so merrily, "Do dear little stream, come and play with us."

But the stream asked, quite astonished, "What do you mean, children? Yes, indeed! I don't know what to do I am so very busy, and yet you ask me to play with you! I can't stop either night or day. Men, beasts, gardens, woods, meadows, valleys, mountains, fields—I must give them all water to drink, and wash all the dishes and clothes besides! I must turn the mill, saw planks, spin wool, carry along boats upon my back, put out fire, and goodness only knows what else beside. I stop and play with idle children, indeed!" And away the stream flowed as fast as ever it could.

The children were growing quite disheartened, and thought they must give up all hope of finding play-fellows in the wood, when they saw a finch sitting upon a branch, singing and eating by turns. They called out to him their invitation.

"Stars and garters!" exclaimed the finch greatly surprised, "can I believe my ears? You children seem to be under a great mistake. I've no time to play, not I! Here I have been chasing flies all day, and now my young ones want me to sing them to sleep. I'm singing to them the praise of labor. How can you children think so badly of me? No, you turn back again, lazy children, and don't disturb the industrious folks in the wood."

Thus taught by the animals, the children turned back to school very willingly, finding that play is alone the reward of industry and work.—*Exchange*.

HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.

"Mine is a true story," said Annie, the eldest of the group. "Our teacher told it to us in school to-day. He said he knew a little girl, only eight years old, whose dress took fire. She was alone in the house with a stupid servant who did not know what to do except to run to the door and scream, which she did till the little girl called out 'Roll me in the carpet.' As soon as this was done and the fire extinguished, she remarked, 'I read that in a book.' Any one might have known that, but it was presence of mind that made her think of it just at the right moment."

"Mine is a true story too," said Tom, "and a great deal better than yours. It is about a boy I know who saw a drunken man beating a poor little girl with a stick, and was brave enough to seize his hands and bear the blows himself till she was out of danger. I call that courage, and I like it."

"Yes, Tom," I said, "courage is a great thing especially in a good cause. But moral courage is the best kind. I should think you a much braver boy, if you were not ashamed to have the other boys know you were trying to live like a Christian, than if you fought all the drunken men in the village. Who comes next?"

"It's my turn," said Ernest, "I haven't any new story; but you all know how Robert Bruce, the King of Scotland, was once wandering in disguise, when he came to a poor little hut where he spent the night, and in the morning he watched a little brown spider trying to make his web. Seven times the spider fell back again, but at last succeeded in fastening his thread on the point of a beam, and so built his house. And Robert Bruce learned from him the lesson of perseverance, which enabled him to win back his throne."

"I heard Aunt Mary telling some one of what she saw in Pompeii," said Arthur. "You know that was the city which was buried in the ashes by an irruption of Mount Vesuvius 1800 years ago. Just outside the gates, she said, there is a little stone sentry-box and in it were found, in a standing position, the bones of the Roman sentinel who was on duty there that awful day. He had plenty of time to escape, but his principle of obedience was so strong that he waited for permission to leave his post, and that never came."

"My story is about faith," said Edith. "I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography the other day. She said 'How do you know that the world is round?' 'O, because I have been told so.' 'But how do you know you were told right?'

"'My Aunt Maggie told me and she never tells lies.' I thought this is just the way we know anything about heaven or the way to get there; we have been told so; God has told us, and he never tells lies."

"Well," said I, for I saw the children paused, "you have all told very good stories, and I like them the better for being true; I hardly know which is the best; but here is little Katie quite forgotten. Haven't you a story for us, dear?"

"I did not know where to look for an anecdote," said Katie, hesitating a little at that long word, "but I thought about 'the old, old story,' and how the dear Jesus came to earth to live and teach and suffer and die, just because he loved us so much that he wanted to save us. I think that is the sweetest story after all."

"Yes it is, little one. Katie has chosen the best story for the character of Jesus unites all the good qualities you can think of. He had presence of mind enough to know just what to do at the right time. He had obedience enough to do and suffer all God's will. He had courage enough to face all enemies and meet death. He persevered to the end in working out our salvation. He believed that God would do all he had promised to do, and he loved his own, though they did not yet love him, enough to die for them. He loves them still with an everlasting love; and has promised to love them forever and ever.

"Dear children, if you want to be like Jesus, remember that while faith, and obedience, and courage, and all other good qualities, are great things, love is greater still, for the Bible says, 'The greatest of these is charity.'"

A GREAT LOVER OF CHILDREN.

Professor Agassiz was a great lover of children. He was constantly speaking to them in the street and caressing them not from affectation or a desire to be popular, but because he could not help it. His grandchildren, George and Max, were always running over to see grandpa, and grandpa was always glad to see them. If grandpa had had the entire training of them perhaps there would have been some spoiled children. A friend tells me of an instance which well illustrates his tenderness for children. Once, while conducting some scientific experiments, it became necessary to have some water immediately. Agassiz seized a pitcher and ran out to a pump near by. He went out quickly, but was slow in coming back. They waited twice as long for the water as would have sufficed to bring it, and then went out to see what was the matter. There sat Agassiz down by the pump, his legs crossed, and a little child, which he was fondly soothing and caressing, nestled in between them. In his haste at the pump he had accidently struck the child standing near by. Though the blow was of little account, the exigencies of science seemed to him the less important, and he had to put down his pitcher and open his heart. When deeply engaged in scientific investigation he would leave his work to seize and fondle a child that had strayed into his room, and the interrupted mental process seemed to be resumed without difficulty.—*Boston Letter to New York Tribune.*

FIFTEEN WORDS.—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This sentence contains a precept which, if observed and practised, is sufficient to regulate the conduct of all the inhabitants of the world and establish order and harmony among them.

In all intercourse between man and his neighbor, it makes every man his own judge, jury and advocate. It levels with the dust all offices erected for the professed object of administering justice.

A YOUNG HERO.

The following is but one of many scenes of sorrow and self-sacrifice which have been witnessed in our city. It has just come to our notice. It was a family of six—a father and mother, two sisters and two brothers. The fever enters their house, and all are stricken down but one little boy of twelve years. He alone was left to minister to them. The mother was called away, and the little boy was well-nigh broken-hearted. The physician had just called when the mother died, and, turning to the weeping child, said to him: "You must dry up your tears and go and wait upon your sisters, and don't let them know, by your crying, that your ma is dead, for it may hurt them." Brave little fellow! He went instantly and washed his face, and dried up his tears, and entered the room where his sick sisters lay. The first question which was asked him was, "How is ma?" No tears betrayed the heavy heart, but, choking down his sorrow, with cheerful tone he answered, "Ma is better off now," and the sisters did not find out their loss. Noble boy! May God spare your father and sisters. Surely there is other heroism than that which is on battle-fields.—*Memphis Presbyterian.*

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like the queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

Beautiful Extract.—There is a legend of the early Church, that the Saviour left His image miraculously impressed upon a napkin which he placed upon His countenance. The napkin has been lost; and men now attempt to portray that countenance from the heathen models of Jupiter and Apollo. But the image of Christ is not lost to the world. Clearer than in the precious napkin, clearer than in the colors of the marble of modern art, it appears in every virtuous deed, in every act of self-sacrifice, in all magnanimous toil, in every recognition of the brotherhood of mankind. It shall be supremely manifest, in unimagined loveliness and serenity, when the commonwealth of nations, confessing the true grandeur of peace, shall renounce the wickedness of the war system, and shall dedicate to labors of beneficence all the comprehensive energies which have been so fatally absorbed in its support. Then, at last, shall it be seen that there can be no peace that is not honorable; and there can be no war that is not dishonorable.—Charles Sumner, *before American Peace Society.*

HOW A QUAKERESS STOPPED BORROWING.

An exchange says the subject of borrowing and lending came up in the course of a conversation with one of its subscribers the other day, when he suddenly recollected a funny occurrence of that character that had happened in his neighborhood. He said he had a neighbor whose family were great borrowers, but seldom, if ever, returning the exact amount borrowed. An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured these invasions for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of eventually putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time her good man went to town he had a separate and express order to purchase a pound of the best tea, and also a new canister to put it in. As he knew she already had plenty of tea, and also a canister, he was puzzled to determine what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister; but his questionings and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order.

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister! Now go along, and do as I bid thee."

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and new canister were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usually placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister, set it on the shelf for special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back in the canister any remittance of borrowed teas which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to make. Time went on, and after something less than the one hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for "just another drawing of tea," when the oft-visited tea canister was brought out, and found to be empty, and the good old lady and obliging neighbor was just one pound of tea poorer than when she bought the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life. She said: "Thou seest that empty canister. I filled it for thee with a pound of my best tea, and I have lent it all to thee in driblets, and put into it all thou hast sent me in return, and none but thyself hath taken therefrom or added into it, and now thou seest it empty; therefore I will say to thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out, and I can lend thee no more."

The *Rechabite Magazine* says: "Several clergymen traveling together were much annoyed by a fellow who had been drinking, but he feigned much of his drunkenness that he might more readily attack the ministers. Standing near them, he remarked: 'Well, it's singular, yes, it is, that I never get drunk only when in the company of ministers.' He repeated something like this, when one of the gentlemen turned upon him, asking: 'Do you know the reason for it?' 'No,' replied the fellow, 'perhaps you can tell me.' 'Because,' replied the clergyman, 'when with such company you get all the drink to yourself.'"

"My son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices. They are like rats, and men's minds are like traps; prejudices get in easily but it is doubtful if they ever get out."

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VOL. III. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1874. No. 9.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day—
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
In needful, nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls academic, amply graced,
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few,
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

We are to work and learn. Life should have its quiet pauses, in which to gather rest for work, but no idle hours. The poor are to be ministered unto, the wicked to be reclaimed, and the sorrowing to be comforted.

Think before you speak, and think before whom you speak, think why you speak and think what you speak.

THE CUT-GLASS CUSTARD CUP.

On the top shelf of Grandmother Graham's china-closet stood a dozen cut-glass custard cups, as sacred in her eyes as if each were a solid diamond, and used only on the very grandest occasions. Indeed, I had never seen them except standing in that precise row on that identical corner of the shelf. Being a mischievous child of course a great longing took possession of me to examine them nearer, and I clambered up with infinite difficulty to such a height that I could touch them with the tip of my extended forefinger. I expected some judgment would instantly fall upon me for such a daring deed, but the tumblers, cups and saucers, teapots and plates all kept standing on in their accustomed places, white and spotless as ever; so the next time I was alone in the room I clambered up with a less quaking heart and to a higher point, till I actually had one of the sacred cups in my very hands. How pretty it was and how the light sparkled through the little rows cut around the bottom as I held it up to look through it! I turned to replace it but by some unfortunate slip it fell out of my hand and the handle was broken off. If an earthquake had shaken the foundations of the solid earth it would not have terrified me more.

What could I do? what would become of me? I could go to my grandmother and tell her just what I had done, but I was a timid child and dared not, for I had been expressly forbidden to go to the china-closet, or touch anything it contained. I think life has brought me few such terr ble moments as that. Guilty, frightened, cowardly, I knew not which way to turn. There was a tempting voice at hand, there always is in such emergencies, that whispered, "Put it back, no one will see it, or if they do no one will know who broke it." So I clambered up once more and put it on the shelf with the broken part back so as not to be seen by a careless glance, hoping all would be ended then.

But all was not ended, only begun. If my grandmother opened the closet door I was in an agony of fear, and she was perpetually opening it after that; if she made custards I was in an agony again, and she never made them so often as that summer; if she looked at me a little more closely than usual I was sure she had found it out, and her large black eyes seemed perpetually fastening on my face. I was perfectly wretched for days and weeks. Some children perhaps would not have cared, but I was by nature a nervously timid child, and my dear old, straightforward grandmother, who never had known

fear, did not always make allowances for such a temperament, or make confession so easy as she might; so I was like Damocles of old, who lived with a dagger suspended by a single hair over his head, which might fall at any moment.

But the dagger did not fall, and the summer at length waned into autumn. With the September shadows came a guest, a distant cousin and a Quakeress. What a serene, fair face she had under her quaint, drab satin bonnet, and how I liked to sit and watch her every motion; all she said and did seemed so new and charming to me. Her name was Deborah, and to this day it seems one of the sweetest of names to me for her dear sake. She had such lovely eyes and such delicious tones of voice that it was like looking at a picture, or listening to music to see and hear her.

But no guests could delay the inevitable house-cleaning, when everything from the garret above to the cellar below was taken out of its place, scrubbed, shaken and put back again. Indeed, so far as appeared, that was the object for which most of them were kept. Of course, that prison-house of secrets, the china-closet, would be searched to its utmost crevice; and one day when I came home from school and rushed into the dining-room I found my grandmother standing in the middle of the room, holding the broken cup in her hand! If the ground would only have opened and swallowed me up! but not a rent in the strong home-made carpet appeared.

"I can't imagine how this could have been broken," she said, turning it round carefully. Her face was not toward me, but Cousin Deborah saw me turn red and then pale, like the criminal I was. My grandmother was called out and Cousin Deborah said, in her most musical tone,—

"Perhaps thee broke the cup, little cousin? If thee did, hadn't thee better say so?"

How easy it was to tell *her* with that tender voice in my ear and that gentle hand laid softly on my head.

"Yes," I sobbed, "I broke it a long, long time ago. I have been very wretched ever since, but I can't tell grandmother, she will be so very, very angry."

"She has a right to be displeased, but thee should tell her; it is right thee should. I will go with thee and thee can tell her now."

"Oh, no!" I cried, "I can't," and I drew back, trembling.

"Thee mustn't be a coward, Olive, but a brave little girl who isn't afraid to do what is right," she said, in her most persuasive tone, and taking my hand in hers, led me into the kitchen where my grandmother stood washing plates and tumblers.

"Aunt, I have brought thee a little penitent to confess her faults," she said, still keeping my hand in hers.

That touch gave me courage, and when she whispered softly, "*Now*, don't wait!" I stammered out,

"I broke the custard-cup, grandma."

Not another word could I have spoken had all the wealth of California been offered.

"Broke it!—how?—when? How dared you go to that closet when I have told you a hundred times not to?" and her black eyes flashed and her voice sounded terribly in my ears, making me tremble like a leaf.

"She is sorry, Aunt Jane, and will never go there again," said my kind pleader, "and thee knows we must all forgive as we need to be forgiven."

Grandmother stared, first at me, then at Deborah, but her face relaxed, and she said,

"I will let you off this time, but if you go there again, I shall certainly punish you," and Cousin Deborah led me away,

"I am glad I told her, Cousin Deborah," I said, "and I did feel as if a thousand pounds weight had been taken off."

"I am glad too, little Olive, and I want thee to remember always that when thee has done wrong thee should confess it without waiting. Tell it first to the dear Lord and he will give thee strength to tell it in the ear of man. Never sleep on a sin thee has committed. Thee will remember that?"

I have remembered it. Many long years ago my good grandmother passed away, and the china-closet was torn down with the dear old house, but I keep the broken custard-cup, and when I look at it I seem to hear Cousin Deborah's sweet voice saying, "Never sleep on the sin thee has committed. Thee will remember that?" A. B. C.

TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

A man in New Jersey told me the following circumstances respecting himself and one of his neighbors.

"I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up. But, one spring, I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings, so they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined, at once, to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner, as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would be better.

"After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out, and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and broke out in a great fury—

"'You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them. I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.'

"'I am very sorry for it,' said I. 'I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens, I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'

"The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up at the sky—then down at the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club—and then at the poor hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

"'Tell me, now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I cannot afford to lose the love and good will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or anything else.'

"'*I am a great fool*,' said the neighbor. 'The damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine.'" —*A Kiss for a Blow.*

THE WAGES OF WAR.

"Whene'er contending parties fight
For private pique or public right,
Armies are formed and navies mann'd.
They combat both by sea and land.
When, after many battles passed,
Both, tired of war, make peace at last,
What is it, after all, that people get?
Why—widows, taxes, wooden legs and debt."

SAYING AND DOING.

Two brothers used to go to school together. One evening they thought they should like to have a holiday the next day; so they asked their father to give them one. He said, "I cannot because it will put you back in your studies; so mind you go to school."

One of the brothers said, "Yes, I will," but the other said he would not, and his father was very angry with him.

The next day the one that said "Yes" played truant, but the other that had refused went to school. Then the father said to them in the evening, "Both of you are in the wrong; but you that promised to go and broke your promise, are the worse of the two."

Our Father in heaven speaks to us every day, and says, "Do my will;" and whenever we kneel down and say, "Thy will be done," we answer God and say, "Yes, I will." Now, if we say we will do God's will, and yet do not try to do it, are we not like the boy that first made a promise and then broke it?

Some people never pray to God at all, and never promise to do his will. Perhaps you are inclined to say, "They are very bad people." But if you promise and do not try to keep your promise, are you not worse than they?—*Parables for Children.*

JOSEPH PRICE, THE QUAKER MERCHANT.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

A bright boy might have been seen playing by the sea-shore near Penryn, watching the gentle waves as they came and went. There was loving music in their murmurs, which seemed to say to the little fellow, "Live in peace." He watched the stately ships on the blue water, with their white sails fully spread, wondering what countries they visited; and that fair-haired boy longed to be a merchant, whose barks might brave the mysteries of the main. And still the playful billows came and went, murmuring in his ear the holy refrain, "Live in peace." We have a true incident to relate of such a thoughtful boy, whose name was Joseph Price. He had a gentle mother, who taught him to love his fellow-creatures, the birds and beasts, and every living thing; so that Joseph grew up to be the friend of the friendless, and the advocate of peace.

In a lovely valley amid groves, lawns, plantations, and parks, where the timid fawn gambols at its pleasure, and the honeysuckle sheds its fragrance around, at the head of one of those charming creeks with which the river Fal abounds, stands the Perran Iron Foundry, in the firm of which Joseph Price became a partner.

At the close of the great war that followed the French Revolution, in 1793, when Europe had been ablaze with "military glory" for upwards of twenty years, and privateering was rampant with almost all nations, a schooner belonging to Joseph Price, laden with iron, was bound for the beautiful port of Falmouth. Now, Joseph would never allow any guns, or other arms of defence, to be on board his ship; though he was sometimes ridiculed for his seemingly strange conduct. He was a consistent member of the Society of Friends, and boldly declared he had no faith in fighting or in rude equiments for murder. It so happened that Joseph's vessel was taken by a French Privateer; and when the hostile captain found that there were no arms of defence on board, he exclaimed in French to this effect, "Take back your vessel, take back your vessel, and good speed to you. I would not be so mean as to capture an UNPROTECTED SHIP." Bravo, French captain! and bravo, Joseph Price! If the example of this good man were universally practised, there would soon be a settled and a universal peace, when the great Prince of Peace would see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Let men and nations refuse to fight, and the war-monster would die of starvation.

This incident in the life of the Quaker Merchant proved to be the foundation of the LONDON PEACE SOCIETY. Joseph Price continued to labor for the great cause which he was instrumental in establishing. One of his latest acts was to join a deputation to wait on the Earl of Arberdeen, then Prime Minister, with an appeal against the Crimean War — a war which those who promoted at the time, afterwards confessed was a great national blunder. This was on the 16th of December, 1854, and on the 25th he died at his residence at Glynvellyn Cottage, near Neath, aged 71 years. In recording his death, the *Herald of Peace* says, "We have lost one of the main pillars of our cause."

SCATTER FLOWERS.

BY MRS. H. N. GEEENE BUTTS.

There are some little children in this world whose lives seem to be cast among the flowers, who have pleasant homes, kind parents, and many things to make life sunshiny and beautiful. But it sometimes happens that these favored children are not the most amiable and lovable in their dispositions. They often appear proud and insolent, and treat, with contempt, their companions who have humbler homes and poorer surroundings. This is unkind and almost cruel, for the children who are deprived of the luxuries of life, have often refined and sensitive natures and are deeply pained when they are thus treated by their companions. Those little ones whose paths are rough and thorny, who dwell in darkened homes with little love to brighten them, should be treated very kindly by those children who dwell among the birds and flowers.

It is children with kind hearts and lovable natures, that inspire us with love and tenderness; no matter whether they dwell in palace or cottage, or are dressed in rich or poor apparel, we are instinctively drawn toward them.

A fair-haired little girl, with a sad face and winning ways, comes often to my door and asks for flowers. She is one of those unfortunate children whose home is made sad and desolate by intemperance; and but few flowers grow in the soil of her darkened home.

This little girl of delicate organization, is one, I am quite sure, to whom the Saviour would say were he again upon the earth, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

No matter how busy or how tired I am, I never have a heart to turn this little girl away from my door empty-handed. I think, that perhaps the bright flowers I gather for her may add a little to her small store of happiness, and that the lessons they teach may be of innocence and peace. The best use we can make of our lives is to fill them with deeds of kindness. Children should learn to be peacemakers, and settle all of their little difficulties by arbitration, if they are unable to adjust matters themselves. What a pleasant world this would be if love and good will were the rules of action. The lesson that all should learn is how to make each other happy, how to create the most sunshine in our homes, how to scatter flowers instead of thorns, and how to bring peace to our own hearts, and to the hearts of those who dwell in our households. Those who rule their own spirits, are greater than those who conquer nations.

Grace Darling was an English woman, born in 1815. In 1838 she rescued nine persons from the wreck of the Forfarshire steamer. She launched a boat, and in spite of all remonstrances, proceeded to the rescue of those who survived the wreck. She at once became a heroine, and was loaded with gifts. She died in 1842.

Kindness is the real wealth. Property is owned alike by the best and basest.

CRUELTY KILLED BY KINDNESS.

A young woman in Vermont married a poor, but worthy man, against her father's wish. He drove them from his house, and closed his door and heart against them. They came down near Boston, went to work, and prospered. After many years, the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a cold reception. His daughter and her husband received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them awhile, he went back to Vermont.

One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in my life," said the weeping and broken-hearted father. "They have broken my heart —they have killed me—I don't feel as though I could live under it."

"What did they do to you?" asked the neighbor. "Did they abuse you?"

"*They loved me to death*, and killed me with kindness," said he. "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter, who loved me so affectionately. I feel as if I should die to think how I grieved the precious child when I spurned her from my door. Heaven bless them, and forgive me my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see in this an infallible cure for difficulties between man and man? There is not a child nor a man on earth, who would not feel and say, that that daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. That father was her enemy, but she was not his. He hated her, while she loved him.

A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

ORARE, LABORARE, ET CANTARE.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm.
Whoso these blissful words may know,
A bold blithe-fronted face shall show,
And, shod with peace, shall safely go
Through war and wild alarm.

First, ere thy forward foot thou move,
And wield thine arm of might,
Lift up thy heart to Him above
That all thy ways be right.
To the prime source of life and power
Let thy soul rise, even as a flower
That skyward climbs in sunny hour,
And seeks the genial light.

Then gird thy loins to manly toil,
And in the toil have joy;
Greet hardship with a willing smile,
And love the stern employ.
Thy glory this the harsh to tame,
And by wise stroke and technic flame,
In God-like Labor's fruitful name
Old Chaos to destroy.

Then mid thy workshop's dusty din,
Where Titan steam hath sway,
Croon to thyself a song within,
Or pour the lusty lay;
Even as a bird that cheerly sings
In narrow cage, nor frets its wings,
But with full-breasted joyance flings
Its soul into the day.

For lofty things let others strive
With roll of vauntful drum;
Keep thou thy heart, a honeyed hive,
Like bee with busy hum.
Chase not the bliss with wishful eyes
That ever lures and ever flies,
But in the present joy be wise,
And let the future come! —*John Stuart Blackie.*

PEACE IN FAMILIES.

Peace at home, in the family, is in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel, while family broils are irreligious. One great enemy to family peace is scolding, and it appears to be contagious. Why not shut this enemy out and let peace reign in the family? One writer makes the following remarks on this practice:

"Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there is nothing else, they fall a-scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. It is contagious. Once introduced into a family it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members."

There was a beautiful river; but the river was very discontented, and made even of its beauty a source of discontent.

It had a sore grievance. There was a canal which, for a long way, went almost side by side with the river, and at such a little distance from it, that, on placid evenings, when even the fluttering of winged insects makes a gentle noise of joy, the river and the canal could hear one another speaking.

"This straight hideous thing," exclaimed the river, "why do men forsake me for it, stealing the water from me to feed its frightfulness!"

"I may be hideous," replied the canal, "and I certainly am straight; but then you see I am always of the same depth, whereas you brawl along, in a shallow way, over the stones here; while, at the further reach, you are deep enough to drown a giant. Now men, and they are not to be blamed for it, like what is of even depth and always serviceable."

The river murmured to itself something about its unrecognized beauty and merit; but did not make any distinct reply to the canal. For it could not.—*By the Author of Friends In Council.*

God is forgiving us every day — sending from between him and us our sins and their fogs and darkness. Witness the shining of his sun and the falling of his rain, the filling of their hearts with food and gladness, that he loves them that love him not. When some sin that we have committed has clouded all our horizon, and hidden him from our eyes, he, forgiving us, ere we are, and that we may be forgiven, sweeps away a path for this his forgiveness to reach our hearts, that it may by causing our repentance destroy the wrong, and make us able even to forgive ourselves. For some are too proud to forgive themselves, till the forgiveness of God has had its way with them, has drowned their pride in the tears of repentance, and made their heart come again like the heart of a little child.—*MacDonald.*

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TOILING.

How many weary steps to take
Before the race is run!
How many milestones yet to pass
Before the journey's done!
How many toilsome steeps to climb
Before the height is won!
And yet, with tenderest love and care,
The Father leads us on.

How many hours of patient toil
Our faithfulness to test!
How many burdens yet to bear
Before the hands may rest!
How many crosses, ere they lie
Calm, folded on the breast!
Yet toil and burden, cross and rod,
Divinest love hath blest.

How fierce the battle, ere we win
The conqueror's robe and palm!
How sharp the wounds before we feel
The healing drops of balm!
How loud the Babel sounds of strife
Before the evening psalm!
And yet, o'er all, the Heaven extends
Its soundless deeps of calm!

So, step by step we take the height —
A patient, pilgrim band;
We lift the burden, bear the cross,
With worn, but willing hand,
And bend to hear, amid the strife,
The Master's calm command;
Content, dear Lord, if thine at last
Our finished work shall stand!

TO OUR READERS.

GENTLE READERS: Your friend, the writer, has recently returned from a brief but pleasant tour to great Britain, visiting England, Scotland and Ireland, the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and London. Of course we saw, heard and enjoyed much well worth remembering and telling, did our limited space permit. Taking a supply of the *Angel of Peace* to distribute on the way, it was pleasant to see how eagerly our pure little paper was received and read by old and young, out in mid-ocean. We fell into conversation with a lady on a railroad train in Derbyshire, who said her son was a subscriber for the *Angel*, and that it was the only paper coming to their house in which she could find nothing to object. In London, the friends of peace were pleased to speak in the strongest terms of commendation of the good *Angel*. We brought the story of "George Smith, the Children's Friend" from the Peace Office in London, and insert it in this number. Like many others which will grace our columns, it will be read with lively interest. Indeed, it will be our "end and aim" to make the *Angel of Peace* all that its name indicates, and expect our friends — that is, *all our readers* — looking at its fair face and terms, will aid in the laudable work of putting an *Angel* into every house in this great land, and also sending it over seas and continents, telling the sweet story of "*peace on earth, good will to men.*" Who responds at once? Let them write to their friend,

H. C. DUNHAM.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND TO THE CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Have you ever heard people talk about Providence? Here in England, and I expect in America too, they say, "What a *providential* circumstance!" or "Providentially it happened so," or this or that was "A *providence;*" and sometimes they say this seriously and thankfully, but very often the word is used without any consideration of its meaning, just as we should say in playing a game of cricket or croquet, that one or another had made a lucky hit. But this is not the right way of thinking or speaking of Providence, nor at all the way that Abraham thought and spoke when he called the top of the Mountain of Moriah, "Jehovah-jireh," because the Lord had provided a ram for him to offer as a sacrifice in the place of his dear son Isaac; but now I am going to tell you the story of a little girl named Pollie Howitt, and how God has *provided* for her.

In this big town where I live there are some very pleasant places where there are nice houses and gardens and happy families living in them, but there are also many wretched places where the houses are very small and there are no gardens, and where the people are dirty and careless, and many of them living without any thought of God. In one such place as this, four years ago, a little girl was born. Her parents were some of the lowest and most degraded in the town, and her home was vile and wretched. If you could have gone to see that poor little baby you would have thought there could be no chance of her growing up to a useful and happy life. No one was near to teach her anything but what was wrong, and the prospect was that she would follow the example of her mother and lead as bad a life as she was doing ; but this was not to be, for by God's providence the little girl was rescued from this place and taken by a kind gentleman to live in a home for little girls, and here it was I saw her first. She was a bright, pretty child that liked to be loved and petted ; she used to come and sit on my lap and stroke my gloves and my clothes, and was quite the little pet in the Home.

Now, I must tell you about this Home. It is a nice house, with three rooms down stairs, two large, bright rooms, one for school and the other for meals, and another comfortable little room, which is the matron's, and here the children are petted and allowed to lie on the sofa if they are not well. This place is called the "Children's Emigration Home," and about twenty children live in it for a year, and then the gentleman it belongs to takes them over the sea to Canada, and finds homes for them there, where they may grow up as respectable servants and live useful, happy lives.

To this Home it was that Pollie Howitt was brought, and last May she started with the others in her little grey cloak and scarlet hood to go the long voyage over the sea, but on the way poor Pollie was taken ill with fever, and as soon as they came to land she had to be taken to a hospital and left behind, while the other children went on without her. Now, this seemed sadly against Pollie, and if she had been old enough and well enough to think much about it, she might have thought that after all God did not mean to take care of her ; but if she had done so she would have made a great mistake, as you will see when I tell you the rest of my story.

In this place, somewhere near the hospital, lived a lady and gentleman who were in great trouble, for they had just lost their little girl, and the poor mother felt as though all the brightness and happiness was gone out of her home now that the little feet were no longer heard pattering about the house, and the high chair by the table was empty, and no one lay in the little cot by her bedside ; when one day she heard of the child who had been brought over from England and left behind at the hospital, and she thought, " I will take that child to be my own in the place of the little one I have lost."

Very soon it was all settled, and when the kind friend who had taken the children to Canada returned and inquired for Pollie, he found her sitting up at the tea-table by this lady, and looking as though she were her own little daughter.

And now my story is done and I have only one thing to remind you of, and that is that the same good Father who has taken care of Pollie and provided for her, will also provide for you, and perhaps sometime when the clouds seem darkest over you the sun will suddenly shine out the brightest.

I am your English friend, PHILIPPA.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, " was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was a shepherd boy, and it was my business to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said :

" ' Never mind, Jonathan, my boy ; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.'

" ' What does grandfather mean by that ? ' I said to myself. ' I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge and had been to Congress in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson ; 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things ; I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. ' Never you mind who neglects his duty ; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.'

" I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said : ' Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took this meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

" Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said : ' You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are ! Fidelity in all things ; do your best for your employers ; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

One beautiful spring morning a merry-hearted shepherd boy was watching his flock in a blooming valley between woody mountains, and was singing and dancing about for very joy. The prince of the land was hunting in that neighborhood, and seeing him, called him nearer, and said, " What makes you so happy, my dear little one ? "

The boy did not know the prince, and replied, " Why shouldn't I be happy ? Our most gracious sovereign is not richer than I am."

" How so ? " asked the prince ; " let me hear about your riches."

" The sun in the clear blue sky shines as brightly for me as for the prince," said the youth ; " and mountain and valley grow green, and bloom as sweetly for me as for him. I would not part with my two hands for all the money, nor sell my two eyes for all the jewels in the royal treasury. Besides, I have everything I really need. I have enough to eat every day, and good warm clothes to wear; and get money enough every year for my labor and pains to meet all my wants. Can you say the prince really has more ? "

The kind prince smiled, made himself known, and said, " You are right, my good boy. Keep fast hold of your cheerful spirit."

Contentment makes one happy and rich as the greatest king. — *Christian Weekly.*

PEACE AND BEAUTY.

From Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford's remarks at a recent peace meeting in New York, we take the following extract : —

" Our children ought to be taught the principles of Peace if we would have coming days in our land without the blight of war. I know of but one religious society where the children are specially and early trained to peace principles and peaceable action, and that is the Society of Friends, into which I had the privilege of being born. I have no doubt that the placid beauty of many an aged countenance among the Quakers or Friends arises from this very fact. Trained to the principles and practice of peace and virtue, they are free from the fierce and angry passions that sweep over the soul like a tornado, and leave their impress on faces whose wrinkles are not ' lines of beauty,' but the scars of sin. Let the young be trained in the love of peace, and when their smooth faces and dark locks show the lines and silver of age, they will be like our dear Lucretia Mott, and like the world-renowned blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, whose calm brows are worthy of the crowns that will soon rest upon them."—*The Voice of Peace.*

GEORGE SMITH, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

A living writer has very prettily called children "The flowers of humanity;" and, truly, beautiful flowers they are, whether they bloom in the cottage of the laborer, or shed their fragrance through the palaces of kings. And shall the leaves of these lovely flowerets ever be stained with the best blood of their kindred, or their own, on the hot field of strife, and their rich bloom be trodden in the mire of death, where Anger and Horror rush unrestrained? God forbid. As, much depends upon the nurture of the flowers of the garden, so, very much rests upon the training of these human flowers, that the beauty of their lives may gladden those around them. Oh, do not train them to the sword and the spear, as if war would aid mankind, but teach them the precepts of truth, and the loveliness of peace. Nothing can be more important in the broad field of philanthropy than the education of the young, and in guiding the feet of the little one into the way of wisdom. And he who lessens the ills of childhood, and dries up the tear on the gentle face, leading the young wayfarer over the rough places of earth, filling his ears with the music of love, performs a labor of charity in which angels might joy to engage.

George Smith, of Coalville, is the true champion of children. His love is deep-seated and intense, and entirely free from mercenary bias. As a child, he himself has suffered; hence he knows how to sympathize with the young sufferer. Mr. Smith was born at Clayhills, in Staffordshire, February 16th, 1831. His father was a brick and tile maker, and George was brought up to the trade. His education, if such it may be called, was conducted by an old Primitive Methodist woman, who was well-known in the neighborhood, called Betty Wedgewood, from his third to his seventh year, when he began his toilsome work of brick-making. Let this fact suffice for those whose early education has been limited. At this early age George Smith was employed in making bricks, and his master foolishly believed that kicks and blows formed the best means of obtaining work from the lad. At nine years of age he had to carry some forty pounds of clay, or brick, upon his head, for thirteen hours each day, and sometimes working all night at the kilns. His night-work was often heavy, when he had to carry more than a thousand nine-inch bricks from the maker to the floors, thus walking a distance of fourteen miles, bearing an aggregate weight of more than five tons, and receiving for this severe labor the sum of sixpence!

Sometimes he was kicked, rolled in the mud, or beaten by an angry workman with a stick, until his existence became a mere burden. No wonder that he determined, if Providence should spare him to be a man, to labor with all his might to aid the little sufferers.

When in his teens, George Smith worked six days a week, and sat up two nights to watch the ovens, making a total of ninety-six hours. His noble nature accomplished this, that he might have the means of attending an evening school, so as to be useful in future to those by whom he was surrounded. This he continued to do for two years, earning a shilling a week by working two extra nights, and spending it half in his schooling, and half in books. He had but little leisure, which was not wasted in idleness or the public-house, but passed in useful studies; a worthy example to the youths of the present day. He joined himself to a Sunday-school, in which he received most valuable instruction, and, what is infinitely better, found the Lord and Saviour, and is now a Sunday-school superintendent. His business life has been successful; he rose step by step. He spent thirteen years in the service of one firm, which became prosperous under his management. He is the inventor of ornamental bricks, now so largely used in superior buildings throughout the country. Finally, he commenced business on his own account: and the poor, plodding boy of thirty years since, is now at the head of the firm of George Smith & Co.

But the great work of Mr. Smith's life has been his successful effort to benefit the brickyard children. This has been the one labor of his existence, dearer to him than his own comfort, and has cost him hundreds of pounds, years of toil, and thousands of tears and prayers. Through misrepresentation, disappointment and neglect, he labored on. He published his book, "The Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of England," and scattered gratuitous copies over all the land. And great men and high personages deigned to listen to his appeal, and began to correspond with him. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, the Kings of Holland and the Belgians, and the Presidents of the United States and the French Republic sent him encouraging letters. The newspapers did him good service; the subject was taken up in both Houses of Parliament, a law was enacted, and in January, 1872, more than 10,000 little workers were sent home from our brickyards to be educated. All honor to such a man. No sword-hero, skilfully slaying his fellows, deserves such a crown.

Mr. Smith is at present laboring on behalf of our canal boatmen and their families, 100,000 of whom have no home on land, but live perpetually in their cabins. Vast numbers of the men are unable to read, and multitudes of the children go not to any day or Sunday-school. But his best life and labors are still with the little ones. Noble man! without military badge or military plume! Away with whetted swords, follow the example of Mr. Smith, and the world shall speedily be more like heaven. He says truly, "We cannot do too much for the children."

The mother with her offspring, the grandam in her chair,
The widow at the altar, when comes the hour of prayer,
The father at the table, when light and labors end,
Invoke Jehovah's blessing upon "The Children's Friend."

How to Return a Favor. — An old Scotchman was taking his grist to mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled, and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, he being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would appeal to him for help. But the horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he quickly dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John — for he was a gentleman too — lifted his Kilmarnock bonnet and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT.

In a noble castle there once resided a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling, but he gave very little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle, and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him, and said : —

"This castle is not an inn."

The pilgrim replied : "Permit me to ask two questions, and then I will depart."

"Upon this condition, speak," replied the knight; "I will readily answer you."

The pilgrim then said to him : "Who dwelt in this before you?"

"My father," replied the knight.

"And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said : "With God's will, my son."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but a time in the castle, and in time must depart and make room for another, what are you here otherwise than guests? The castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, then, spend so much money adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short time. Be charitable ; for he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given he will pay him again."

The knight took these words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was ever afterward more charitable unto the poor.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

"And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?"—*Matt. xxi :* 10.

Who is this that cometh lowly
On his heaven-attended way ;
Meek and gentle, harmless, holy,
With no sign of earthly sway ;
With no hostile, warlike banners,
With no worldly weapons seen ;
Yet with children's glad hosannas
Waiting on his course serene?

'Tis the Prince of Life and Glory,
Heaven's supreme Anointed One!
Subject of prophetic story,
David's Lord and David's Son!
Wonderful his name, and greater
In his strength than earth has known ;
Saviour! Counsellor! Creator!
Sharing the eternal throne!

On no life-destroying mission
Comes he battle's blade to wave ;
But of gentlest disposition,
Mighty, all mankind to save ;
Known by his divinest token,
Not of evil, but of good—
That by him the sword is broken ;
Burned the garments rolled in blood.

O that, from Time's tireless pinion,
He may strew his bright awards ;
Wide and wider his dominion—
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!
Of his Kingdom, earth shall never
Hear the tidings of decrease ;
Fix'd his word and name forever,
Lamb of God and Prince of Peace!

Simplicity is that rectitude of soul which forbids a too anxious attention to ourselves and our own actions. This amiable virtue is very different from sincerity, and far excels it, for we often see very sincere persons who are devoid of simplicity. They would not pass, indeed, but for what they are, but they are continually apprehensive of appearing to be what they are not. The child of simplicity affects neither virtue nor truth, and is ever inattentive to that self of which the generality are so jealous.—*Fenelon.*

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron ; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw ; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken ; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed ; I'll show you the way ;" but at his first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame ; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries ; but there is power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

THE THREATENED BLOW.

I want to tell my young readers a true story that lately occurred about Eddie and Willie ; the one eight, the other six years of age. Bright little fellows they were, and loved each other dearly. They would play happily together for hours, while their dear mother was attending to the wants of their sweet baby sister. But it happened one day, as they were enjoying their plays, that Eddie, the older brother, did something that exceedingly displeased Willie. In an instant, he raised his little fist and said : "I would strike you, Eddie—if mother was willing!" Though he was very angry, the hand fell. The blow was not given. A long pause ensued, but they finally resumed their sports.

How many children, do you suppose, would have been thus thoughtful, when angry, of mother's wishes?

When any thing occurs to displease you, and your naughty tempers rise and make you feel as if you would just like to strike your brother or sister, or any other playmate, remember Willie. Stop and think if mother would be "willing."

It will save you many a heartache.

PETER AND THE SWORD. — Our Lord said to Peter, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?" No words could more plainly declare that the kingdom of the Redeemer is not to be supported by the weapons of earthly warfare. Where the celestial powers, which are ever at His command, are not summoned for the maintenance of His cause, it is not for His followers to supply their lack by unsheathing the sword. All "crusades," "holy wars," persecutions in the name of Christ, are contrary to the spirit of His religion. Well would it have been for mankind if the Church, which makes its boast of Peter's name, had laid to heart the warning thus addressed to him in the garden of Gethsemane.

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LIVING AND DEAD.

A mother sits by the glowing hearth,
And she dreams of the days that will come no more,
When the cottage echoed with youthful mirth
And the patter of feet on the kitchen floor;
When three little jackets in a row
With three little hats hung on the wall,
And three soft voices whispered low
The prayer the mother had taught to all.

But the ruddy rays of the firelight
Checker a floor that is silent now,
And the mother's hand in vain to-night
Reaches in search of an upturned brow;
And the three little pegs stand brown and bare,
And the mother cries, "O, but to see
The three little jackets hanging there,
And the three fair boys who knelt by me."

But one lies under the ocean wave,
Down with the nameless dead;
And one lies in a Southern grave—
God alone knows the soldier's bed.
But the day will come when the trumpet's sound
Shall waken the dead to life again,
From the ocean wave, from the battle-ground,
The mother knows, and it soothes her pain.

And what of the youth with the eye of light
The last who clung to the mother's breast?
Better by far did he lie to-night
Dead with the twain in their peaceful rest.
Better to die in his youthful grace,
With never a blot on his fair young name,
Than live with the curse of a bloated face,
And a soul that is steeped in the dregs of shame.

And never that mother wept, I ween,
Such bitter tears for the boy who lies
Somewhere under the grasses green,
Or he who sleeps where the sea-gull flies,
As she weeps for the one Death left to her,—
Her baby-boy who walketh now
In the ranks of the great destroyer,
With the seal of the drunkard on his brow.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me kind of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought

soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-laces, and colored soap. There were no gentlemen present to be impressed with the lady's kind act, so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveller went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.

"THE OLD WOMAN."

Once she was "mother;" and it was—"mother, I am hungry;" "mother, mend my jacket," and "mother, put up my dinner," while mother, with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the impetuous little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth. Now she is "the old woman," but she did not think then it would ever come to that! She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown, and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he, honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years! Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her on the brink of a dark despair. She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amid the mists of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But, alas! that son has forgotten the "mother's" tender ministrations. Now adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless, and "mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is "the old woman," wrinkled, gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheek! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but who, in return for all this wealth of tenderness, has only given back reproach.—*Western Rural.*

YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the South. There is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this North quarter."

So the wind blew for the South, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"O, please to turn me from the South," said the Weathercock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here, *rain it will*, and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the Wind shifted into the West, and there came soft drying breezes day after day.

"O, dear, dear!" said the Weathercock, "here's a pretty *to-do!* such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning. The grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a fierce puff sent the Weathercock into the East.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weathercock; "why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there is not a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it is impossible for you and me to please everybody, so in future I shall *blow* where I like and you shall *go* where I like, without asking any questions."

HATTIE'S MOTTO.

"Even Christ pleased not himself."

BY AUNT FLORA.

Last Sunday as I was returning home from Sunday-school I heard the following conversation between two little girls:

"Hattie, I think our teacher has given us a beautiful text for this week, don't you?"

"Yes, Susie, but I do not think any of the texts she has given us has been as nice as the first one she gave us,—'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

"Yes, I know, Hattie, *that one* was always your favorite, and I also think it beautiful, but this text she gave us to day I think is a noble one,—'She hath done what she could,' and I think if we *always* do what we can and all we can, we will certainly please Jesus. But, Hattie, if you so love that text, 'Even Christ pleased not himself,' why do you not take it for your daily motto?"

"Why, Susie, it *is* my motto. I love it better than any text in the Bible."

"But, Hattie, do you practice it whenever you can? Do you deny yourself some pleasures for the sake of pleasing others and pleasing Jesus?"

"Yes, Susie, I do try."

"Dear Hattie, if I speak very plainly to you about this, you will take it in love and kindness, as I really mean it, won't you?"

"Certainly I will, Susie."

"Well, Hattie, you know you never come to our little prayer-meetings, and our dear teacher does so earnestly wish us to attend and try to be good and do good; you grieve her so much by staying away, and you grieve your best and dearest friend, Jesus. You know it is right to go, but because you do not like to go you stay away to please your ownself and thereby displease your teacher and the dear Saviour; and, Hattie, I am sure if you would go you would soon learn to love that dear little meeting. I would not stay away a single Saturday that I could possibly go. Oh, Hattie, won't you take your motto *in earnest* and hereafter determine you *will* do *everything* you can to please Jesus?"

"Dear Susie, I never thought of it in *that* way before. I will come to the meeting now whenever I can. I do not profess to be a Christian, you know, yet I do want to try to please Jesus."

"But, dear Hattie, you neglect the very thing that would please Jesus best. I do not think you can fully please him unless you first come unto him for a new heart. O, Hattie, I have felt so much happier since I gave my heart to God, and I want so much to have you come to Jesus. Won't you be a Christian, dear Hattie?"

"Well, Susie, I will think about it. I do believe you are in earnest, and that you love and obey my motto better than I do. I wish I was a Christian."

The next Saturday I saw Hattie at the children's prayer-meeting, and I think she loves her beautiful motto better than ever, and that she is trying more earnestly to put it in practice.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but once being driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—*Burton.*

WATT WILLOW.

"I do not see any smoke ascending from our house," said Watt Willow, as he hobbled along the lane on a crutch, with the trowsers of his lopped leg flapping to and fro in the wind; "I do not see any smoke arising from our chimney, and I begin to fear that my dear old mother has been obliged to go to the workhouse. Nothing would do for me but to be a soldier and wear a red coat and cockade, and carry a musket by my side. I enlisted, and left our village when the reapers were singing among the sheaves, little dreaming that I should so soon aid in the red harvest of war and see my fellow countrymen mown down like stalks of barley. My mother cried much at our parting, begging me not to go, but to stay at home and tend our few sheep, and try to comfort her in her declining days; but I would not listen to her entreaty, and walked away. When I last saw her, she was watching me from the door, bending forward a great deal, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes. O boys! the grand stories of the glory of warfare are false as the shifting sands that forever give way beneath the traveller's feet. I have been hungry and thirsty, with no bed but my knapsack by night under the silvery stars, and no shelter by day but the waving plume I wore. I have marched from early morning till long into the night, until I was ready to fall upon the earth, and cared not whether I lived a moment longer. I have heard the thunder roar when my bed was the lee side of a rock on the moorland, and the rain rushed down from clouds as black as ink. Then came the battle, with fire and vengeance, clashing swords, the neighing of horses, and shouts and groans of men, when the earth appeared a huge wilderness of ruin. In the gory havoc I lost my leg, and nearly lost my life. O, boys! do not think of being soldiers, where lessons are learnt of wickedness and wrong it is a sorrow to reveal. How often have I repented of my folly, that ever I was so fascinated with the grandeur of the sergeant's dress and the shrill sounds of the fife and drum. All the fame I have won is the loss of a limb, which has made me a cripple, and, perhaps, a beggar for life. I scorned the advice of my only parent, absented myself from school, associated with idle boys, robbing bird's nests, ill using donkeys and committing other acts of cruelty. As I grew older I frequented the village ale-house, drinking and carousing, until in an evil hour at the parish feast I enlisted as a soldier, and have earned what you now behold. O, boys! follow peace with one another, and then you will grow up under the shadow of the Tree of Peace, be made a blessing to the world, and the God of peace will be with you. I must now go on to seek my mother."

Watt Willow passed down the road with the tears in his eyes, the wreck of his former self. There was no one in the cottage, and the door had a rusty padlock upon it. In looking about, Watt found a piece of paper carefully folded, which was placed under the sill. He took it out and read the following inscription in his mother's handwriting:

"I am gone to Uncle Ralph's."

Uncle Ralph lived three miles away, but Watt turned his face in that direction, and in the dusk of the evening he reached the farm gate just as the milkmaid had filled her last pail. A funeral left the porch as he arrived, and Watt followed in the train towards the little church in the valley. The bell tolled with a mournful sound, echoing through the darkening dingle, and up the sides of the old hill, and far away over the woods where the green pines rustle forever: and its voice was like the voice of a prophet, saying, "Prepare to meet thy God." The solemn service was read by the minister, and when the first shovelful of earth was falling on the coffin, Watt asked a woman who the dead might be, and as she told him he knew it was his OWN MOTHER.

Watt Willow was seen hobbling along the hollow, with his face towards the great moorland, and his back upon his native place. And after the lapse of a few months there was another funeral in the village; for Watt had died of hunger and want in a deserted hovel on the common, uttering with his last breath in the hearing of an old Gipsy woman who was present, "O! woe's the day when I became a soldier."

BE KIND TO EVERYTHING.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Touch those gaily-painted wings:
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things.

Softly, softly, little sister,
Twirl your limber hazel twig:
Little hands may harm a nestling
Thoughtlessly, as well as big.

Gently stroke the purring pussy,
Kindly pat the friendly dog;
Let your unmolesting mercy,
Even spare the toad or frog.

Wide is God's great world around you;
Let the harmless creatures live;
Do not mar their brief enjoyment,
Take not what you cannot give.

Let your hearts be warm and tender—
For the mute and helpless plead:
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion, at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester, Hannah Moore urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied, "I cannot drink a little, child, and therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as intemperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined. The difference between Dr Johnson and many others is that he was a wise man and knew his own weakness.

SPEAK KINDLY.—A man once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him:—

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, the tears gushing from his eyes; "I ain't got a mother, like some of them."

BIRDS IN THE WOODS.

One cannot go far into the woods in any direction without observing what a protest all the birds utter at first. There are harsh screams, sharp notes of warning, and general scolding. Every bird has a great deal of curiosity to take a look at strangers. For a time they flit about in the tall tree-tops, and afterwards begin to hop down to lower limbs, and, gradually descending, come to the ground, or to low bushes. By remaining quiet an hour or two, a dozen or more will circle around within a few feet, turning their heads on one side occasionally, and quizzing in a saucy, merry way. In a little while one may be on intimate terms with the very birds which protested so loudly at his coming. They will tell him a great many secrets. The leaves of his book on ornithology may be a quarter of a mile square, but what cannot be read on one day may be read on some other. Even an owl burrowing with a ground-squirrel, and both agreeing very well as tenants, in common with a rattlesnake, may suggest questions of affinity and community which it might be inconvenient to answer at once. If you prefer to have some readings in the book of nature, you can turn down a leaf and go back the next day with the certainty that no one has lugged off the volume. And if your finger-mark is a tree two hundred and fifty feet high, there will be no great difficulty in finding the place.—*W. C. Bartlett, in Overland Monthly.*

THREE WISHES.

Three children once, on a bright summer day,
Having fairly tired themselves out at play,
Lay down on the banks of a rippling stream,
To dream of the future, as young hearts dream,
And tell over, each to the other, again,
The deeds they would do when they were men.

The first one carelessly lifted his head,
And his dark eye flashed, as he proudly said:
"A few short years, and the sound of my name
Shall ring through earth on the voice of fame!
I will lead men on the field afar,
I will come from thence with the spoils of war!
A mighty power will I hold in my hand,
Thousands shall wait on my least command;
The fairest and bravest to me shall bend,
Craving the life that is mine to lend;
And the laurel wreath, and the sounding lay,
And the rush of proud music shall greet my way!"

The second looked up, and his eye of blue
Flashed prouder than his of the darker hue:
"Boast of your slaves with their suppliant knee!
You and your peers bend your souls to me;
My life shall be like a beautiful dream,
Toilless and careless, by thine, will it seem;
I will send my fancy, on gossamer wings,
Roaming the earth for beautiful things;
But the pen that I wield with my own right hand,
Shall mightier be than your strongest band;
I shall master the heart with its exquisite skill;
You shall laugh, you shall weep, hope, or fear, as I will!"

But the third had silently stolen away,
While his playfellows talked of the future day;
For he feared, if he told of his choice on earth,
It would only awaken their mocking mirth.
But a vision flitted across his thought
Of happiness only by labor wrought.
Care and toil he would willingly prove,
Might it only be a "labor of love."
For well he knew that the joys that spring
From the power to remedy suffering,
Come back to the heart in its hour of sorrow,
With sweeter voice than fame can borrow.

A man who smokes is a fool, because he parts with his money for mere smoke; because he is made no fatter, richer or wiser by it. . he cannot stop the practice when sick of it; he is a nuisance to persons of cleanliness and taste.—*Chronotype.*

SAMMY HICKS AND HIS PIPE.

It is said of that good man, Sammy Hicks, the Macclesfield blacksmith, that "as he understood the words of the Lord Jesus, it was quite enough for him to see the path of duty steadfastly to travel in it."

An instance of this feature of his character was exhibited in his sudden abandonment of tobacco. One day he gave a sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him, and could hardly find words enough to express her thanks.

He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence makes that poor creature so happy, O how many sixpences have I spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!"

He made a vow instantly never to let a pipe enter his lips again. Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not, you will not live."

"Bless the Lord, then," said Sammy. "I have made a vow to the Lord that the pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall."

Sammy Hicks kept his vow, and lived to be an old man.—*Rev. T. E. Thorsby.*

Beams of Gold.—What is it that cheers the weary and heavy laden mother who toils early and late that her little ones may be fed? The golden beams of happy anticipation of a future when her children are men and women, able to care for her and themselves. God only knows what she suffers, and how the mother instinct makes her strong to endure. When the covers are snugly tucked around the dear little bodies, and rosy faces speak the story of gentle sleep, the widow on bended knees, thanks heaven for health and strength, and prays that not one of her darlings shall be taken from her care. She will work and slave to support her children, and if at night she can gather them all around her knee, to tell them of their father who lies out in the cold churchyard, and of their Father in heaven, and the beautiful world he has given them to enjoy, she will count all privation pleasure.

After years of toil and care, the golden beams gather to crown the brow of a woman who is faithful to the last. Her children strew her pathway with roses of love. Or, if one, two, or all are insensible to their obligations to her, and every earthly thing seems fraught with bitterness, beams of gold make her radiant in immortal robes, and Over There angels will gladly nestle in the warmth of her great mother's love.

Cruelty to animals should be resented more than anything. Brute beasts are defenceless, and to torture them is despicable. The assassin at least risks his life, but the torturer of animals risks nothing; and I do not hesitate to place him lower in the scale of humanity. There are men who have committed great crimes, and yet in whom the spark of humanity is certainly not extinct; but he who takes pleasure in the sufferings of a dumb animal, and prolongs them, regardless of its supplicating looks, I pronounce—without a heart; and when the heart is dead all is dead.—*Comte de Gasparin.*

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PEACE.

BY E. ALICE KINNEY.

The happiest word ears ever heard,
The tenderest and the sweetest,
The one that like a song of bird,
Rings purest and completest
Against earth's wall of night and sin,
Bursting its gates asunder,—
Is this which tells where storm hath been,
And night, and wave, and thunder,
But now is Peace!

O winds! that know no rest nor sleep,
O clouds that never brighten,
On shores which fret the weary deep
In ceaseless waves to whiten,
O hearts! that beat like frightened birds
Amid life's wild commotion,
O keys! that fashion sorrowing words,
O restless sails of ocean!
At last comes Peace.

The winds shall moan awhile—then rest,
Blue rend the storm asunder,
The clouds in gold robe all the west,
The bird song drown the thunder!
The restless hearts that ached so long
Thro' years that know no sweetness
By suffering pure shall grow, be strong
To most divine completeness,
Hope, Rest and Peace.

Trust on, faint heart! toil on, brave hands!
God who forgets you never,
Shall loose at last your heavy bands
Forever and forever.
Sunshine shall come, the storm be past,
All stilled the wild commotion,
And, in the harbor rest at last
The wandering sails of ocean
In perfect Peace.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

Mrs. Helen C. Weeks writes for *The Independent* an account of a recent interview at Washington with Sojourner Truth who, she says, is as "tall and straight as a pine tree." Though now very aged, she retains much of her bodily vigor and the remarkable mental and religious earnestness for which she has long been noted. Her special ambition is to found a colony for needy colored people, before she dies, upon government lands at the West. "I can never give you," Mrs. Weeks writes, "the power and energy of the thin black face, a little braid of gray wool on either side, and a white muslin handkerchief crowning the whole, instead of the gay turban oftener seen." To Mrs. Weeks, Sojourner said: "I'm most done with earth; but I'm goin' to try for one thing more before I die. Out West, on the big prairies, there's room for every one, an' there's no call for my folks to pack in here like they do, an' steal an' lie an' forgit how to be decent. Now, I've mortgaged my little house to come on here an' beg Congress to give some land for a big farm, where de poor old people can go an' the young ones git some trainin'. Let all dese wicked little niggers, that go to school a few hours an' den come out an' steal everything they can lay their hands on—let 'em be sent out dere, where there ain't no chance to steal, an' be trained into farmers an' workers. Reform schools pay. De government can't lose, an' it'll do a heap of good. Here I've been workin' five years for this thing. I want a-trainin'. Train boys a year or two, an' the farmers all around would hire 'em an' be glad to get 'em.

"Oh! dear chile, maybe I don't make it plain; but every friend of de black folks ought to pray for it. How dey are tryin' to learn. They ain't fit to be anything till they've learned something more'n they know now. Here they feed de Injuns, and give 'em guns too, to kill de white folks with. I don't ask for guns. I only want a chance. We black folks earned a right to some land. It's wet with our blood in places. Ain't that earned it? Chile, I'm goin' to have meetins, an' you must tell folks an' help all you kin. I want a start that'll last for the black folks as long as God does. Mr. Sumner said he'd help me; but de Lord took him. Do you suppose there's any senator anywheres near like him? Do you think they'll help?"

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

PEACE THROUGH WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

Why should any man ever become a soldier, when we have such instances as the following, of what a human being can do, on that higher plane of devotion, through self-sacrifice and of prayer through personal appeal :

In the time of Cromwell a young soldier, for some offence, was compelled to die, and the time of his death was fixed "at the ringing of the curfew." Naturally such a doom would be fearful and bitter to one in the years of his hope and prime, but to this unhappy youth death was doubly terrible, since he was soon to be married to a beautiful lady, whom he had long loved.

The lady, who loved him ardently in return, had used her efforts to avert his fate, by pleading with the judges, and even with Cromwell himself, but all in vain. In her despair she tried to bribe the old sexton not to ring the bell, but she found that impossible. The hour drew near for the execution. The preparations were completed. The officers of the law brought forth the prisoner and waited, while the sun was setting, for the signal from the distant bell tower.

To the wonder of everybody it did not ring. Only one person at that moment knew why. The poor girl herself, half wild with the thought of her lover's peril, had rushed unseen up the winding stairs, and climbed the ladders into the belfry-loft and seized the tongue of the bell.

The old sexton was in his place, prompt to the fatal moment. He threw his weight upon the rope, and the bell, obedient to his practised hand, reeled and swung to and fro in the tower. But the brave girl kept her hold, and no sound issued from the metallic lips.

Again and again the sexton drew the rope, but with desperate strength the young heroine held on. Every movement made her position more fearful, every sway of the bell's huge weight threatened to fling her through the high tower window, but she would not let go.

At last the sexton went away. Old and deaf he had not noticed that the curfew gave no peal. The brave girl descended from the belfry, wounded and trembling. She hurried from the church to the place of execution.

Cromwell himself was there, and was just sending to demand why the bell was silent. She saw him—

——" and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with hope and courage now ;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face still haggard with the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light—
'Go ; your lover lives,' cried Cromwell ; 'curfew shall not ring to-night.' "

MICHAEL VERRAN—A PEACE HERO.

Mr. John Gill, of Penryn, Cornwall, has issued another (No. 9) of his valuable *Peace Pages for the Young*. It contains an account of a brave Cornish miner, from which we extract the following :

" Somewhat more than thirty years ago, Michael Verran and two other men were sinking a shaft in South Caradon mine. They had bored a hole in the bottom of it in the usual way, then one had climbed to the windlass, leaving the other two to attend to the blasting. They had been to cut the fuse to its necessary length, before placing it in the hole ; then one should have ascended in the bucket, the single man left in the pit should have waited until the bucket came down again, fired the touch-paper placed under the fuse, given the signal, and the two men should have drawn him to the top before the explosion took place. In the present case, however, they had acted carelessly, having left the fuse attached to the coil. Then they cut it with a stone and one of their blunt iron drills. In doing this fire was struck ; the fuse was ignited, hissing sparks fell around them, the hole might rattle at any moment ; they both dashed to the bucket, and shouted the signal. But the man at the windlass, though strong and hale, could not draw up the two. He tried, and tried in vain ; one could escape, both could not, and delay was death to both. O, what a solemn moment in the history of their lives!

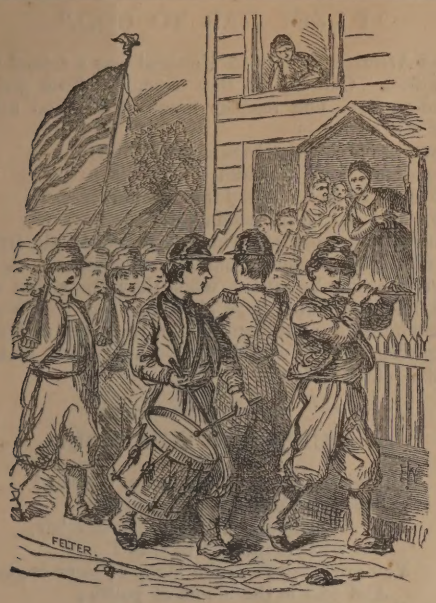
" It is the general custom of the Cornish miner who attends especially to the charging of the hole to remain behind and fire it. It was Michael Verran's turn to have ascended; but, looking for a moment at his comrade, and stepping from the bucket, he cheerfully exclaimed, 'Escape for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute!' The bucket sped swiftly up the shaft, until it reached the platform, and the man was safe. Oh! how eager he was to learn the fate of his deliverer, who had given up his own life to save him! He bent over the pit, gazed into the great gloom, and listened. Then came the hollow rumbling roar of the explosion, hurling a fragment of the rock to the very foot of the windlass, which left a deep and an abiding scar upon his brow. The smoke poured from the mouth of the pit like a furnace: they listened with beating hearts and throbbing temples, but not a sound was now heard in the working below. Down they went through the sickening sulphur, down, down, until they stood upon the rended earth in the bottom of the pit. Rocks lay here, and rocks lay there, in wild confusion ; but the Christian hero they saw not. With faltering lips they called upon his name, 'Michael, Michael Verran, where art thou?' And a voice came up from among the flints, sweeter than the voice of morning in the dewy vales, 'Thank God! I am here.' Yes, thank God he was there! and his pulses were beating yet, and his faith in Christ was unshaken. With eager hands they removed the rubbish, rock after rock, and stone after stone, until they found him under the flints, with one sharp pillar hurled by the blast on his right side, and one sharp pillar on his left, both standing upright, with a rocky cover upon them. Brave, good man! With shouts to the King of Heaven they took him out; and there was not found a rent upon his garment, or a scratch upon his flesh. When he was left alone by the hissing fuse, he sat down in a corner of the shaft, held a slab of rock before his eyes, commended his soul to his Maker, and waited the issue. And the God in whom he trusted delivered his faithful servant.

" His mining life was changed from that hour; kind and good people from the Society of Friends rose up to encourage him. They placed him on a small farm, where he passed the remainder of his years in comparative plenty. He served his God in secret, as well as in the great congregation; and when the time came for his departure, he was, as he felt in the bottom of the shaft at South Caradon, quite ready. He now sleeps in a quiet country graveyard, where the daisies blossom in the grass, and the birds sing at the opening of summer." — *Herald of Peace.*

INTERNATIONAL MEETING.

My Dear Young Friends :—As you have not all been able to attend the great international camp-meeting, held at Round Lake, N. Y., during the past summer, you will read with pleasure anything of a peaceful and joyful character which transpired there. A long time ago, and I might say at different times in the history of the great Methodist church, there have arisen controversies, as in several other churches, which caused a division. They might be characterized as a species of war although there was no bloodshed.

This meeting has been so rich in peaceful sentiments that it is but just for us to indulge the hope that these family quarrels are quite at an end. Here were men from India, and from Australia, and others representing the Canadas, and the Southern, and every portion of our country all baptized with the spirit of brotherly love. Do you believe they would engage in war? Never. Some of these men had been separated for thirty years, and as they met in Christian worship and bowed before a common Saviour, it reminded one of the meeting of Esau and Jacob, who kissed each other as they wept. The services held for the children and for the vast congregations were so filled with the spirit of peace and love, that had Mars looked on with war chariots and all, methinks he would have withdrawn to another planet where he had more hope of causing discord and strife. We doubt not that notes of peace have been sounded here that will never cease to vibrate. M.



SOLOMON SLOOP.

BY JOHN HARRIS.

The field in which Solomon Sloop was ploughing was called the Wood Meadow, because many years ago there was a large clump of oaks on the northern side of it; but they had long since disappeared, except one or two by the farm-house, in which the rooks on this spring morning were cawing vigorously. The larks, too, sang deliciously overhead, and the linnets and chaffinches made melody in the brake, while the daisies and daffodils in their emerald bowers sweetly spoke of summer days to be. As Solomon Sloop followed his plough round and round, drawn by two tall red horses, he had ample time for meditation; and his thoughts flew back to the days of his boyhood, when the music of his mother's voice was in his soul, and the landscape of life was thickly strewn with flowers. On went the red horses dragging the great plough after them, and on went Solomon Sloop travelling round and round, seriously thinking all the while, until he uttered his thoughts half-aloud, on this wise:

"What a wrong thing it was to play at soldiers when we were boys, and march up and down with sticks for swords, hollow tubes for muskets, a tin-kettle for a drum, and a colored rag on a long piece of wire for a flag of honor! But we only imitated children of larger growth—old men and youths in our neighborhood—and deemed this to be the only way to glory and the good of our country. We could not then see the folly of striving to imitate the wicked customs that nations have practised from the earliest times,—of settling disputes by the wholesale destruction of their fellow-men, which has been such a curse to the world. The instructions imparted to me by my parents, saved me from the life of a wanderer, and caused me to be contented at home. But it was not so with some of my companions, many of whom grew up to become soldiers, and waste those gifts which God had bestowed upon them. This was especially so with Caleb Cord. Poor Caleb! I wonder what is become of him now? How he used to brag that he would join the army, and be a hero! Time passed away, and when the brightness of youth was on his forehead, and the fire of hope in his eye, he left his aged father to go into the workhouse, and went off to the wars. A letter came to our Rector some time ago, saying that Caleb Cord was a wanderer in the wilderness, with but one hand to hold forth for charity. Poor Caleb! The last I have heard of him was his being seen by a pedler in the Highlands, ragged and shoeless, sitting upon a rock by the wayside with his face towards the setting sun."

Solomon Sloop looked up from his plough, and saw approaching the gate a poor creature who had hardly strength to stagger. One side of his hat-rim was completely gone; his shapeless coat was collarless, and rent across the back; one leg of his trowsers had left to the knee; he had only one old boot for two feet; a long tangled beard hung down upon his dirty vest; he carried a knotty stick in his only hand, and a greasy wallet was slung over his left shoulder. 'Twas Caleb Cord, and he was a beggar. Solomon took him into his barn, and gave him the best his house afforded. But he was very weak, and soon became quite prostrate. In his moments of consciousness he talked of his old father, and requested Solomon to take a letter from the breast pocket of his ragged coat, which he did. It was written by his aged parent in the Union, many years before, and though somewhat crumpled, was preserved tolerably clean in two coarse wrappers. Caleb asked him to read it, and the great tears ran down his face. It spoke of the old man having found the Saviour, of his near approach to the city of rest, concluding with an earnest prayer that he might meet his son in heaven. Soon after this he died; and the letter became a treasure not to be bartered for gold. Caleb Cord then asked Solomon to read a little from the Bible, of the prodigal son. "This," said he, "is a type of my poor self."

Then the twilight deepened, a great silence fell upon the earth, and touched the soul of the watcher; and when Solomon again held the clear, cold water to his lips, poor Caleb Cord was dead upon the straw.

Which of the two would you prefer to be—Solomon Sloop in the fields of peace, loving and loved, living to benefit mankind and aid his fellow-men; or Caleb Cord in his gay uniform, studying the art of dexterously beheading his brother, adding another huge weight to the high heap of human misery, grasping at glory only to feel the gash of sword-blades, and the sulphur of carnage drying up his blood, houseless and homeless, a cruelty to his parent and a burden to the world?

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

(Paraphrased from Southey.)

"Is war right, mamma?" said little Lucy to her mother one day, while they were sitting together after the child's lessons were over.

"No, dear, war is not right, because, you see, men then send each other unprepared into eternity, and wives and children are left without any one to take care of them. I shall tell my Lucy a little story, which relates to war, if she can sit still for five minutes longer."

"Please do, mamma."

"Well, then, one summer's evening, a long time ago, in the village of Blenheim, in front of a pretty cottage, sat an old man, whom we will call Kaspar. He had two little grandchildren—Wihelmina and Peterkin—who were playing at a little distance on the green. Peterkin presently found something, which was large and smooth. He could not make out what it was, so he took it to the old man. Kaspar looked at it, and, shaking his head said, 'Ah, my boy, 'tis the skull of some poor fellow who fell in the great victory; I have found many such while digging my garden.' 'Tell us, grandfather, what they fought about,' exclaimed both the children at once. 'My dears, why they killed each other is more than I can tell. I only know it was a famous victory, and that the English beat the French. I was but a baby myself then, living with my father and mother near yonder stream. Our cottage was burnt to the ground by cruel soldiers, and my parents left without a roof to shelter them. Fire and sword spread terror everywhere. Women and babies too, were slain! But at every famous victory things like those must be. I have heard tell the sight was dreadful, for thousands of dead bodies were left rotting in the sun. Everybody praised the Duke of Marlborough, and our good Prince Eugene.' 'Why, grandfather, what a wicked thing!' 'Ah, my girl, but it was a famous victory.' What thinks Lucy of war, now?"

"Oh, mamma! I wish there was no war. I don't like to think of such sad things."

Men's proper business in this world falls mainly into three divisions: First, to know themselves and the existing states of the things they have to do with. Secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things. Thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things as far as either are marred and amendable.—*Ruskin.*

AN EYE FOR A PIN.

Two boys named Abel and Asa, were at the same school in New York, each about ten years old; not brothers, but school-mates and class-mates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing *pin* was a common amusement in the school. They played in this way: Two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Then each boy would lay a pin on top of the crown, and then knock it—first one, and then the other. The one that could knock the pins so that they would lie across each other had them both. During recess one day, Abel and Asa were playing pin. They knocked the pins about some time. Both became much excited in the game. Finally, Abel knocked the pins so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. Asa denied it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. Asa's anger flashed in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This excited Abel's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried, "Hit him, Abel!" and some "Give it to him, Asa!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel on top. Then Abel, in his fury, went to beating Asa in his face, till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and till Asa lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But Asa could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried Asa in, washed the blood from his face, and recovered him from his stupor. He examined his face and head, and found them bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen, he could not open it. And from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it went out in total darkness. So Asa lost an eye, and Abel put it out, merely for a pin.

An eye for a pin! It was a dear bargain. Yet there was as much sense in their fighting and putting out each other's eyes for a pin, as there would have been in doing the same thing for a state. It is just as displeasing to our Heavenly Father to quarrel for a kingdom as for a pin. Two nations may as well go to war for a pin as for an empire. It is wrong to fight for either.—*A Kiss for a Blow.*

A Little Boy's Lesson to a Carman.—It is told of one of Miss Alcott's "Little Men," that one day he was playing on the side-walk, when he saw a Carman trying to start his horse. We do not know what made the horse refuse to go, any more than we can always know what makes little boys and girls hang down their heads and refuse to obey: but he seemed to have made up his mind to spend the rest of his days on that very spot. The driver was very much vexed with such behavior, and gave vent to his anger in violently beating the horse. This distressed the little boy, and he ran earnestly out to the man and said, "It is wicked to beat the poor horse so; if you want to make him go, *you must love him.*" The little boy had found out the right way to overcome a great deal of naughtiness. I suppose that *telling* the horse that he loved him would not have helped the driver much; but he might have kept his temper and tried the many ways there are for coaxing or surprising a horse into going.

This *loving* is a mighty power for starting not only stubborn horses, but for helping on great folks, and little folks as well.

A landlord who gave to every customer an example of his moderate drinking, complained of the badness of his eyes, and asked a Quaker what he should do for them, removing his goggles and submitting his swollen and inflamed eyes to the examination of his customer. "My advice, friend," replied the Quaker, "is that thou shouldst put thy brandy on thy eyes and tie thy goggles over thy mouth."

Acts grow out of thoughts. If a man's thinking be confined to trifling objects, his acts will correspond. So of religious belief. If a Christian's faith be strong and ardent, a vitality will be imparted to all he does. Pure doctrine, honestly held, begets a pure life.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD."

In West Africa, a society in England has a school for poor native children. One day, in that school, a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck—

"Did not you strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others, when they know that we shall not return the blow, but "*leave them to God.*" Then, whatever our enemies do, or threaten to do, to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them, and make them our friends.—*Uncle Henry.*

A QUESTION FOR YOU.

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?
You have thought of some useful labor,
But what is the end in view?
You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,
And just in the bloom of youth;
Have you tasted the sparkling water,
That flows from the fount of truth?
Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?
Remember He died for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

Will you honor His cause and kingdom,
Wherever your path may be?
And stand as a bright example,
That others your light may see?
Are you willing to live for Jesus,
And ready the cross to bear?
Are you willing to meet reproaches,
The frowns of the world to share?
Your lot may perhaps be humble,
But God has a work for you—
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

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